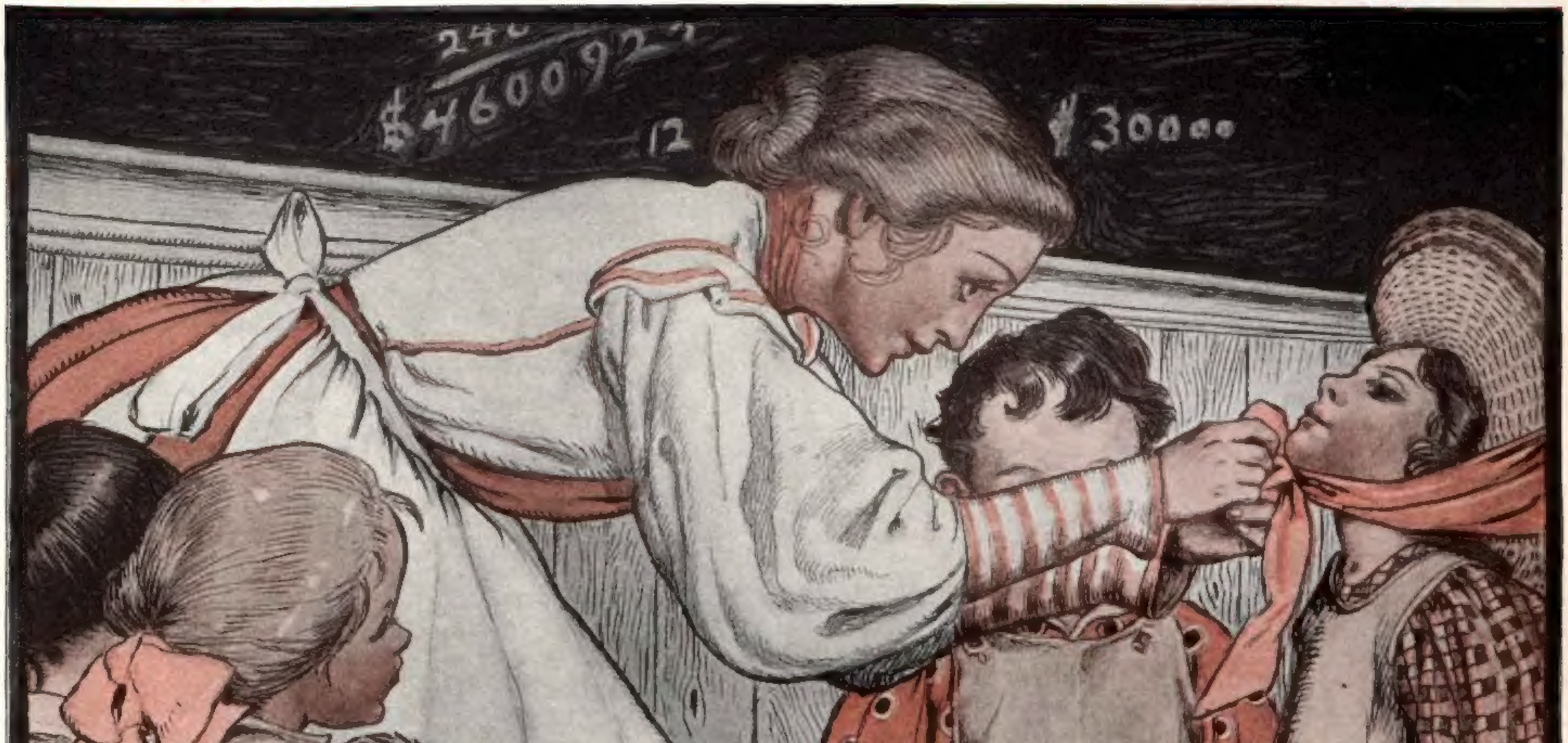
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D! 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

MAY 5, 1906 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



In This Number

The Cry of the Children—By Mrs. John Van Vorst
SAMARIS—By Robert W. Chambers
Three of "The Finest"—Tales of the "Force"

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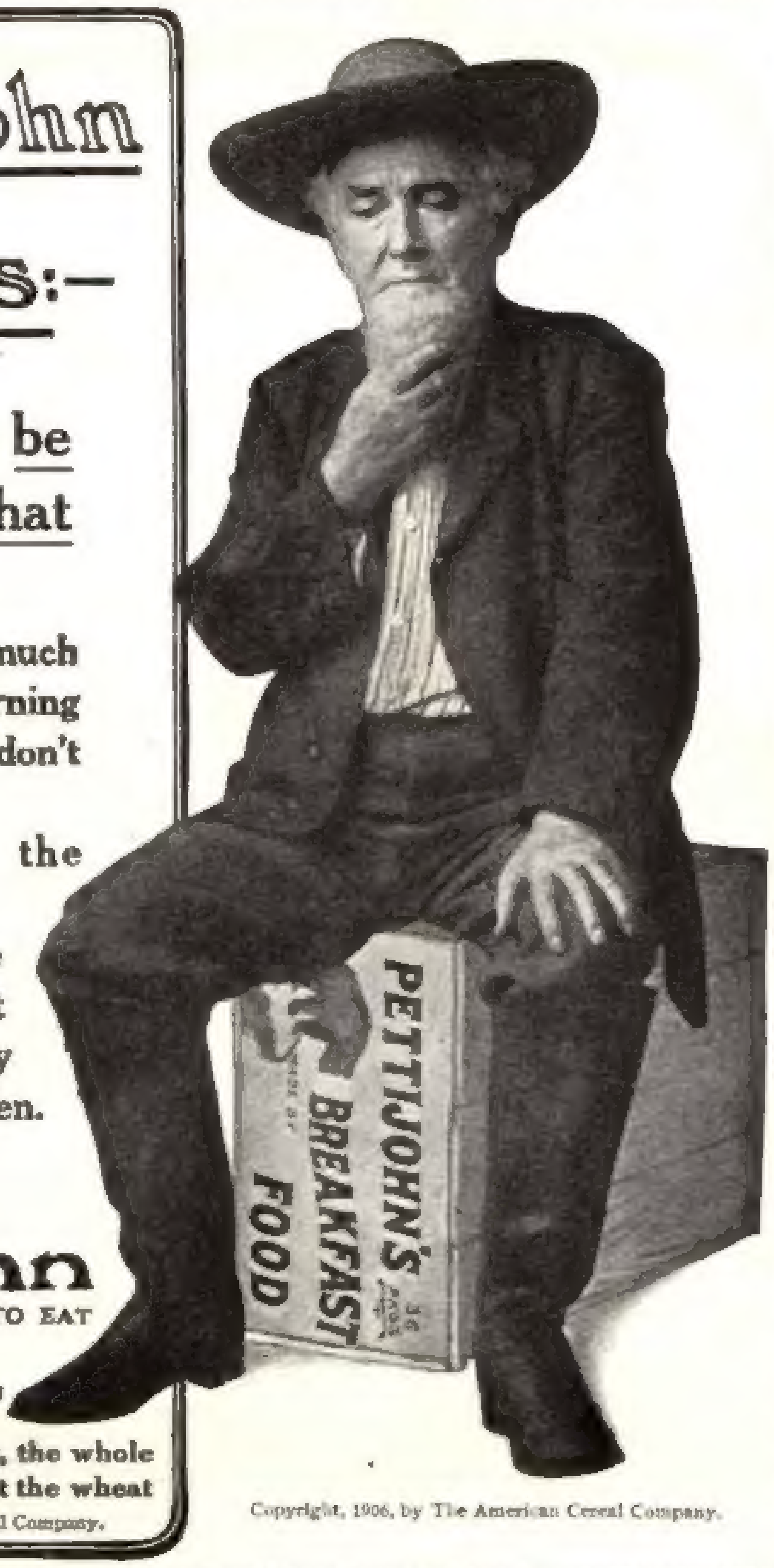

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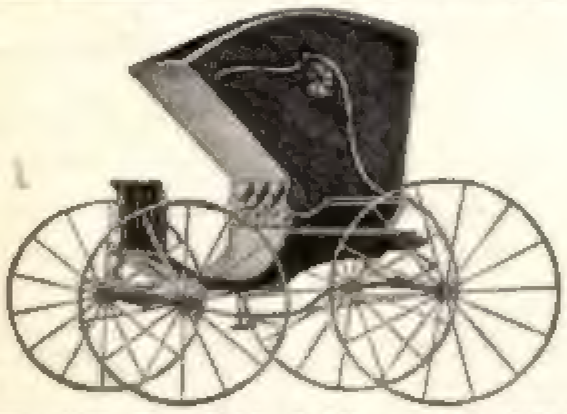

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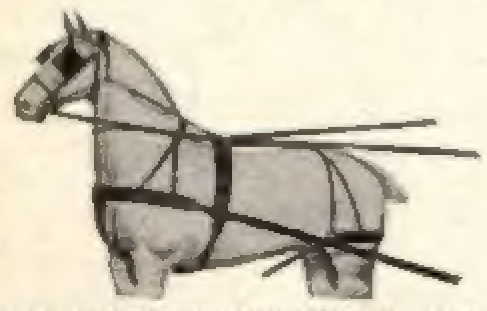

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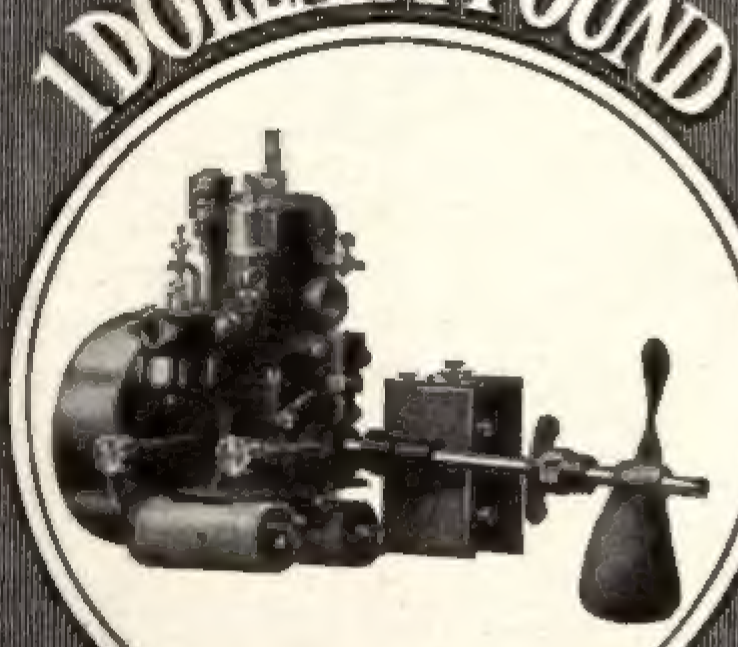

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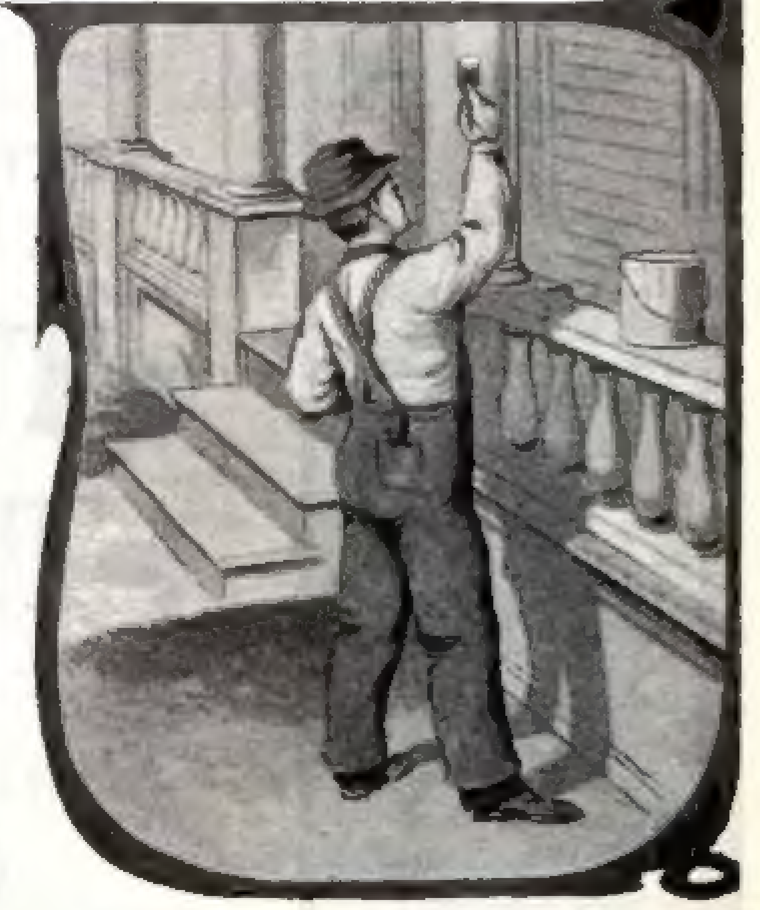
The Reasonableness of Ready Mixed Paints

THE GROWTH OF A GREAT INDUSTRY—From nothing in 1860 to sixty million gallons in 1900.



UP TO the beginning of our Civil War ready mixed or prepared paints were practically unknown. It is true that a short time before this a paint was patented having some of the features of modern prepared paint, but on account of certain inherent defects it soon wore out its welcome. Nevertheless, the alert American people, having once caught the idea that paint could be produced which required no tinting, mixing or other preparation, resolutely demanded paints of this type. It is a mistake to suppose that inventors create demand—demand creates inventors. Whenever a people who are on the upward and not on the downward path catch hold of an idea that means an easier, a cheaper or a better way of doing some familiar thing, they quickly adopt and adapt it. Progress is largely a matter of finding shortcuts across the fields of habit and tradition.

Up to the time of which we are speaking house painting was a serious business. The professional painter was the only man that knew anything about it, and his knowledge was profound only in comparison with the lack of knowledge elsewhere. His paints came to him in the form of "lead in oil"—that term covering all varieties of white paint in the condition of a stiff paste—and dry colors, or the same colors also ground in oil to a stiff paste. These he bought and mixed by rule-of-thumb with linseed oil, turpentine, Japan dryer, etc., stirring the whole mixture in a paint pot until his judgment told him it was about right. He was in the position of the hand-loom weaver before the invention of the power loom.

Then came the ready-mixed paint, crude and inefficient at first, like all innovations, but gradually improving under stress of demand and competition, until at the present day it has become highly diversified and adapted. Here is another fact worth noting: Improvers do not improve because they want to, they improve because they must,—competition makes it a condition of continued existence.

Here is the essential history of progress in the mixed paint business: A bright, Yankee mind got hold of the idea that if people could get their paint ready for use they would use more of it. He patented and produced a crude, cheap mixture—which sold in spite of its defects, because it was convenient. Some manufacturers imitated him—anybody can follow a blazed trail. Other manufacturers saw that there was room for improvement in quality—convenience is not the only desirable quality in paint. Oxide of zinc had been introduced to the trade a few years before this time, and it was soon found that this new pigment had several valuable properties making it specially suitable for mixed paints. Among other good points it gave very pure tints and did not settle in the can like lead paints. The competing manufacturers began to experiment with zinc. Competition soon reached the point where a chemist was required in the paint factory. For the past twenty-five years these technical experts have been busily occupied with tests and experiments, each striving to give to his product some special point of superiority over competing paints. Meanwhile the great paint consumers, led by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, have also been experimenting with paints, and the knowledge gathered by them has been freely given to paint manufacturers.

Side by side with this intelligent work the education of consumers by competing manufacturers has steadily proceeded, until it now requires a very good paint to satisfy the average property owner. He may not know—and there is no good reason why he should know—what his paint is composed of and why; but he does know and he ought to know how much beauty and protection he is getting for his money. And we may remark, parenthetically, that he can buy to-day for less money than ever before, a full measure of these two desirable qualities in any first-class prepared paint bearing the name of a reputable paint manufacturer.

The chemist's analysis will tell a different story for each brand of paint, but the chemist, if he is a practical man, will understand better than the consumer can, how each manufacturer, starting by a different route, reaches practically the same goal at the end of the journey—the goal being a house paint which shall sell for as little money as is compatible with durability, beauty and convenience.

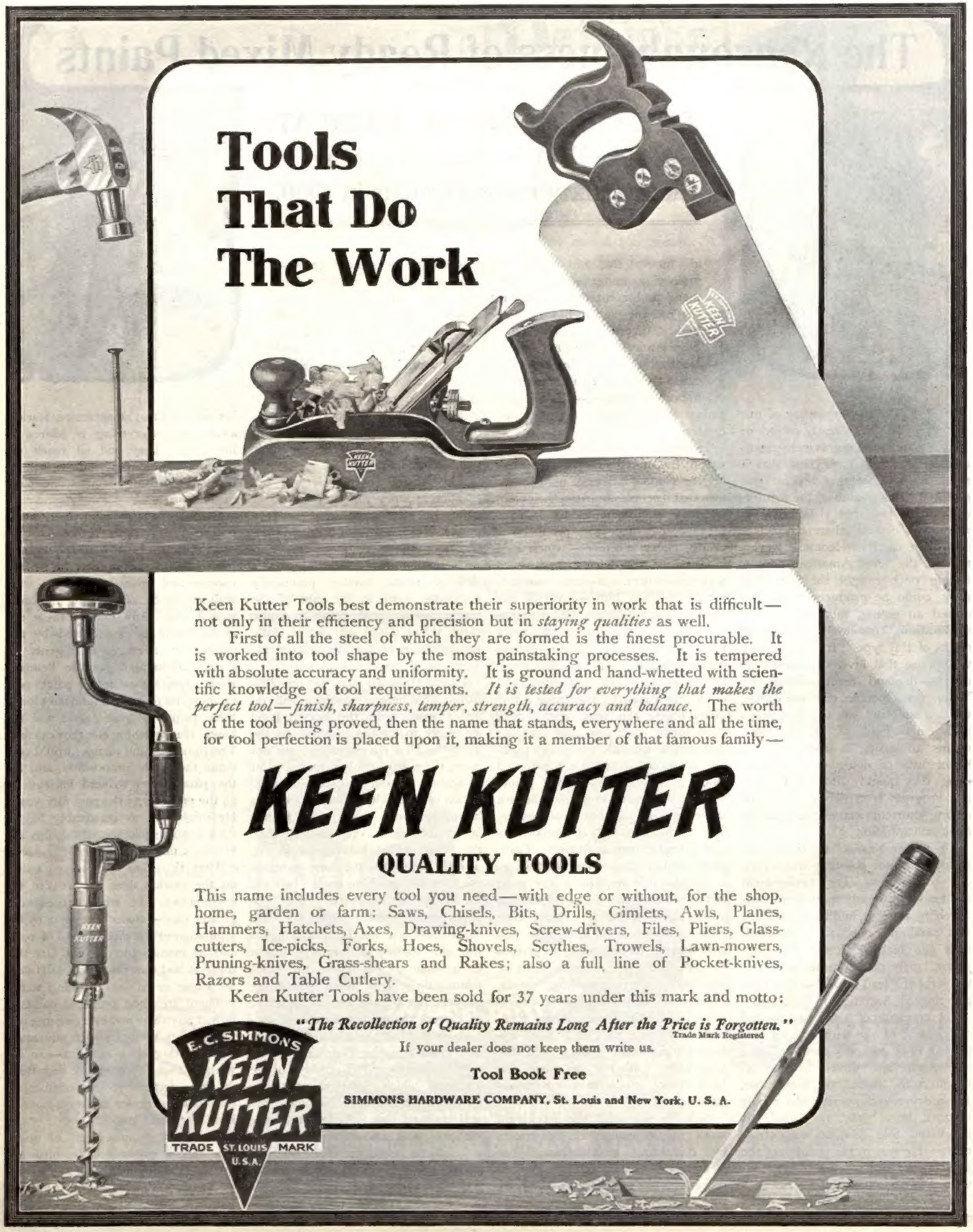
Elbert Hubbard says in the *Philistine*, "Where a machine will do better work than the human hand we prefer to let the machine do the work." That covers nearly, but not quite, the case of ready prepared paint as against the old shop-mixed paint. Steam or electricity, guided by expert knowledge, can make paint better, faster and more economically than the most skilled hand-mixer in the world. Even were the same materials used, the machine-made product would be far the better. But the materials are not the same; for while the hand-mixer has been sticking to the old traditional formulas, like a Congo-man to his fetish, the paint manufacturer has been consuming gray matter by the ton in his effort to capture the golden rewards of success by making paint better, cheaper and more tempting than his competitors. Like the "Philosophy" of the ancients, which included not only all the truths of each individual art and science, but all learning, the modern paint manufacturer uses not only all the good materials used by all the painters, but many more, of which the painters have as yet scarcely heard—not because these materials are not useful and valuable, but because the paint manufacturer is wide-awake and everything is offered to him first. They will all reach the painters in due time, but it will be through the paint chemists and paint manufacturers.

Consider for a moment the example of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The specifications of that road require that paint shall be composed in such a manner and ground in such a way, with so much oil to the hundred-weight, etc. Any one of these formulas would be condemned by any painter of average intelligence as grossly adulterated, yet the Pennsylvania experts have tested paints continuously for thirty years and have found these paints to look better and last longer than anything else they can find. The pure lead and oil man would condemn the whole proposition, and bid the paint buyer to shut his eyes to all the progress of the past fifty years. He might just as reasonably bid us stick to stage-coaches, tallow-dips and flint-lock muskets.

That there are poor mixed paints on the market does not weaken the argument. It only necessitates greater care—closer attention to the reputation of the given brand of paint and its manufacturer. The fact that there is bad water in some wells does not cause us to stop drinking water.

There are good prepared paints to be had anywhere and everywhere; and these paints have one great advantage over all other kinds of paint—an advantage that is frequently forgotten: the manufacturer is responsible for them and the dealer is always right at hand to "make good."

A list of manufacturers of up-to-date mixed paints will be furnished free to those interested in the subject by THE PAINT GRINDERS' ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES, No. 973 Drexel Building, Philadelphia, Pa.



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Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 178 PHILADELPHIA, MAY 5, 1906 Number 45

SAMARIS

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

"FOR THE HARMONY OF THE WORLD, LIKE THAT OF A HARP, IS MADE UP OF MANY DISCORDS"

·HERACLITUS·

ON THE fifteenth day of March, 1906, Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons, received the following cablegram from Alexandria, Egypt:

Keen, Tracer, New York:—Locate Joram Smiles, forty, stout, lame, red hair, ragged red mustache, cast in left eye, pallid skin; carries one crutch; supposed to have arrived in America per S. S. Scythian Queen, with man known as Emanuel Gandon, swarthy, short, fat, light bluish eyes, Eurasian type.

I will call on you at your office as soon as my steamer, Empress of Babylon, arrives. If you discover my men, keep them under surveillance, but on no account call in police. Spare no expense. Dundas, Gray & Co. are my bankers and reference.

JOHN TEMPLETON BURKE.

On Monday, April 2, a few minutes after eight o'clock in the morning, the card of Mr. John Templeton Burke was brought to Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons, and a moment later a well-built, wiry, sun-scorched young man was ushered into Mr. Keen's private office by a stenographer prepared to take minutes of the interview.

The first thing that the Tracer of Lost Persons noted in his visitor was his mouth; the next his eyes. Both were unmistakably good—the eyes which his Creator had given him looked people squarely in the face at every word; the mouth, which a man's own character fashions agreeably or mars, was pleasant, but firm when the trace of the smile lurking in the corners died out.

There were dozens of other external characteristics which Mr. Keen always looked for in his clients; and now the rapid exchange of preliminary glances appeared to satisfy both men, for they advanced toward each other and exchanged a formal hand-clasp.

"Have you any news for me?" asked Burke.

"I have," said the Tracer. "There are cigars on the table beside you—matches in that silver case. No, I never smoke; but I like the aroma—and I like to watch men smoke. Do you know, Mr. Burke, that no two men smoke in the same fashion? There is as much character in the manner of holding a cigar as there is difference in the technique of artists."

Burke nodded, amused, but, catching sight of the busy stenographer, his bronzed features became serious, and he looked at Mr. Keen inquiringly.

"It is my custom," said the Tracer. "Do you object to my stenographer?"

Burke looked at the slim young girl in her black gown and white collar and cuffs. Then, very simply, he asked her pardon for objecting to her presence, but said that he could not discuss his case if she remained. So she rose, with a humorous glance at Mr Keen; and the two men stood up until she had vanished, then reseated themselves vis-à-vis. Mr. Keen calmly dropped his elbow on the concealed button which prepared a hidden phonograph for the reception of every word that passed between them.

"What news have you for me, Mr. Keen?" asked the younger man with that same directness which the Tracer had already been prepared for, and which only corroborated the frankness of eyes and voice.

"My news is brief," he said. "I have both your men under observation."

"Already?" exclaimed Burke, plainly unprepared. "Do you actually mean that I can see these men whenever I desire to do so? Are these scoundrels in this town—within pistol-shot?"

His youthful face hardened as he snapped out his last word like the crack of a whip.

"I don't know how far your pistol carries," said Mr. Keen. "Do you wish to swear out a warrant?"

"No, I do not. I merely wish their addresses. You have not used the police in this matter, have you, Mr. Keen?"

"No. Your cable was explicit," said the Tracer. "Had you permitted me to use the police it would have been much less expensive for you."

"I can't help that," said the young man. "Besides, in a matter of this sort, a man cannot decently consider expense."

"A matter of what sort?" asked the Tracer blandly.

"Of *this* sort."

"Oh! Yet even now I do not understand. You must remember, Mr. Burke, that you have not told me anything concerning the reasons for your quest of these two men, Joram Smiles and Emanuel Gandon. Besides, this is the first time you have mentioned pistol-range."

Burke, smoking steadily, looked at the Tracer through the blue fog of his cigar.

"No," he said, "I have not told you anything about them."

Mr. Keen waited a moment; then, smiling quietly to himself, he wrote down the present addresses of Joram Smiles and Emanuel Gandon, and, tearing off the leaf, handed it to the younger man, saying: "I omit the pistol-range, Mr. Burke."

"I am very grateful to you," said Burke. "The efficiency of your system is too famous for me to venture to praise it. All I can say is 'Thank you'; all I can do in gratitude is to write my check—if you will be kind enough to suggest the figures."

"Are you sure that my services are ended?"

"Thank you, quite sure."

So the Tracer of Lost Persons named the figures and his client produced a check-book and filled in a check for the amount. This was presented and received with pleasant formality. Burke rose, prepared to take his leave, but the Tracer was apparently busy with the combination lock of a safe, and the young man lingered a moment to make his adieux.

As he stood waiting for the Tracer to turn around he studied the writing on the sheet of paper which he held toward the light:

Joram Smiles, no profession, 613 West Twenty-fourth Street.

Emanuel Gandon, no profession, same address as above.

Very dangerous men.

It occurred to him that these three lines of pencil-writing had cost him a thousand dollars—and at the same instant he flushed with shame at the idea of measuring the money value of anything in such a quest as this.

And yet—and yet he had already spent a great deal of money in his brief quest, and—*was* he any nearer the goal—even with the penciled addresses of these two men in his possession? Even with these men almost within pistol-shot!

Pondering there, immersed in frowning retrospection, the room, the Tracer, the city seemed to fade from his view. He saw the red sand blowing in the desert; he heard the sickly squealing of camels at the El Teb Wells; he saw the sun strike fire from the rippling waters of Sais; he saw the plain, and the ruins high above it; and the odor of the Long Bazar smote him like a blow, and he heard the far call to prayer from the minarets of Sa-el-Hagar, once Sais, the mysterious—Sais of the million lanterns, Sais of that splendid festival where the Great Triad's worship swayed dynasty after dynasty, and where, through the hot centuries, Isis, veiled, impassive, looked out upon the hundredth king of kings, Meris, the Builder of Gardens, dragged dead at the chariot of Upper and Lower Egypt.

Slowly the visions faded; into his remote eyes crept the consciousness of the twentieth century again; he heard the river-whistles blowing, and the far dissonance of the streets—that iron undertone vibrating through the metropolis of the West from river to river and from the palisades to the sea.

His gaze wandered about the room, from telephone-desk to bookcase, from the table to the huge steel safe, door ajar, swung outward like the polished breech of a twelve-inch gun.

Then his vacant eyes met the eyes of the Tracer of Lost Persons, almost helplessly. And for the first time the full significance of this quest he had undertaken came over him like despair—this strange, hopeless, fantastic quest, blindly, savagely pursued from the sand wastes of Sais to the wastes of this vast arid city of iron and masonry ringing to the sky with the menacing clamor of its five monstrous boroughs.

Curiously weary of a sudden, he sat down, resting his head on one hand. The Tracer watched him, bent partly over his desk. From moment to moment he tore minute pieces from the blotter, or drew imaginary circles and arabesques on his pad with an inkless pen.

"Perhaps I could help you, after all—if you'd let me try," he said quietly.

"Do you mean—*me?*" asked Burke, without raising his head.

"If you like—yes, you—or any man in trouble—in perplexity—in the uncertain deductions which arise from an attempt at self-analysis."

"It is true; I am trying to analyze myself. I believe that I don't know how. All has been mere impulse—so far. No, I don't know how to analyze it all."

"I do," said the Tracer.

Burke raised his level, unbelieving eyes.

"You are in love," said the Tracer.

After a long time Burke looked up again: "Do you think so?"

"Yes. Can I help you?" asked the Tracer pleasantly.

The young man sat silent, frowning into space; then:

"I tell you plainly enough that I have come here to argue with two men at the end of a pistol; and—you tell me I'm in love. By what logic ——"

"It is written in your face, Mr. Burke—in your eyes, in every feature, every muscle's contraction, every modulation of your voice. My tables, containing six hundred classified superficial phenomena peculiar to all human emotions, have been compiled and scientifically arranged according to Bertillon's system. It is an absolutely accurate key to every phase of human emotion, from hate, through all its amazingly paradoxical phenomena, to love, with all its genera under the sub-order—all its species, sub-species and varieties."

He leaned back, surveying the young man with kindly amusement:

"You talk of pistol-range, but you are thinking of something more fatal than bullets, Mr. Burke. You are thinking of love—of the first, great, absorbing, unreasoning passion that has ever shaken you, blinded you, seized you and dragged you out of the ordered path of life to push you violently into the strange and unexplored! That is what stares out on the world through those haunted eyes of yours when the smile dies out and you are off your guard; that is what is hardening those flat, clean bands of muscle in jaw and cheek; that is what those hints of shadow mean beneath the eye, that new and delicate pinch to the nostril, that refining almost to sharpness of the nose, that sensitive edging to the lips and the lean delicacy of the chin."

He bent slightly forward in his chair.

"There is all that there, Mr. Burke, and something else—the glimmering dawn of desperation."

"Yes," said the other, "that is there. I am desperate."

"*Exactly.* Also you wear two revolvers in a light leather harness strapped up under your armpits," said the Tracer, laughing. "Take them off, Mr. Burke. There is nothing to be gained in shooting up Mr. Smiles or converting Mr. Gandon into nitrates.

"If it is a matter where one man can help another," the Tracer added simply, "it would give me pleasure to place my resources at your command—without recompense——"

"Mr. Keen!" said Burke, astonished.

"Yes?"

"You are very amiable; I had not wished—had not expected anything except professional interest from you."

"Why not? I like you, Mr. Burke."

The utterly disarming candor of this quiet, elderly gentleman silenced the younger man with a suddenness born of emotions long crushed, long relentlessly mastered, and which now, in revolt, shook him fiercely in every fibre. All at once he felt very young, very helpless in the world—that same world through which, until within a few weeks, he had roved so confidently, so arrogantly, challenging man and the gods themselves in the pride of his strength and youth.

But now, halting, bewildered, lost amid the strange maze of byways whither impulse had lured and abandoned him, he looked out into a world of wilderness and unfamiliar stars and shadow-shapes undreamed of; and he knew not which way to turn—not even how to return along the ways his impetuous feet had trodden in this strange and hopeless quest of his.

"How can you help me?" he said bluntly, while the quivering undertone rang in spite of him. "Yes; I am in love; but how can any living man help me?"

"Are you in love with the dead?" asked the Tracer gravely. "For that only is hopeless. Are you in love with one who is not living?"

"Yes."

"You love one whom you know to be dead?"

"Yes; dead."

"How do you know that she is dead?"

"That is not the question. I knew that when I fell in love with her. It is not that which appals me; I ask nothing more than to live my life out loving the dead. I—I ask very little."

He passed his unsteady hand across his dry lips, across his eyes and forehead, then laid his clenched fist on the table.

"Some men remain constant to a memory; some to a picture—sane, wholesome, normal men. Some men, with a fixed ideal, never encounter its facsimile, and so never love. There is nothing strange, after all, in this; nothing abnormal, nothing unwholesome. Grünwald loved the marble head and shoulders of the lovely Amazon in the Munich Museum; he died unmarried, leaving the charities and good deeds of a blameless life to justify him. Sir Henry Guest, the great surgeon who worked among the poor without recompense, loved Gainsborough's 'Lady Wilton.' The portrait hangs above his tomb in St. Clement's Hundreds. D'Epernay loved Mlle. Jeanne Vacaresco, who died before he was born. And I—I love in my own fashion."

His low voice rang with the repressed undertone of excitement; he opened and closed his clenched hand as though controlling the lever of his emotions.

"What can you do for a man who loves the shadow of Life?" he asked.

"If you love the shadow because the substance has passed away—if you love the soul because the dust has returned to the earth as it was ——"

"It has *not!*" said the younger man.

The Tracer said very gravely: "It is written that whenever 'the Silver Cord' is loosed, 'then shall the dust return unto the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto Him who gave it.'"

"The spirit—yes; *that* has taken its splendid flight——"

His voice choked up, died out; he strove to speak again, but could not. The Tracer let him alone, and bent again over his desk, drawing imaginary circles on the stained blotter, while moment after moment passed under the tension of that fiercest of all struggles, when a man sits throttling his own soul into silence.

And, after a long time, Burke lifted a haggard face from the cradle of his crossed arms and shook his shoulders, drawing a deep, steady breath.

"Listen to *me!*" he said in an altered voice.

And the Tracer of Lost Persons nodded.

II

"WHEN I left the Point I was assigned to the colored cavalry. They are good men; we went up Kettle Hill together. Then came the Philippine troubles, then that Chinese affair. Then I did staff-duty and could not stand the inactivity, and resigned. They had no use for me in Manchuria; I tired of waiting, and went to Venezuela. The prospects for service there were absurd; I heard of the Moorish troubles and went to Morocco. Others of my sort swarmed there; matters dragged and dragged, and the Kaiser never meant business, anyway.

"Being independent, and my means permitting me, I got some shooting in the back country. This all degenerated into the merest nomadic wandering—nothing but sand, camels, ruins, tents, white walls and blue skies. And at last I came to the town of Sa-el-Hagar."

His voice died out; his restless, haunted eyes became fixed.

"Sa-el-Hagar, once ancient Saïs," repeated the Tracer quietly; and the young man looked at him.

"You know *that?*"

"Yes," said the Tracer.

For a while Burke remained silent, preoccupied, then, resting his chin on his hand and speaking in a curiously monotonous voice as though repeating to himself by rote, he went on:

"The town is on the heights—have you a pencil? Thank you. Here is the town of Sa-el-Hagar, here are the ruins, here is the wall, and somewhere hereabouts should be the buried temple of Neith which nobody has found." He shifted his pencil. "Here is the lake of Saïs; here, standing all alone on the plain, are those great monolithic pillars stretching away into perspective—four hundred of them in all—a hundred and nine still upright. There were one hundred and ten when I arrived at El Teb Wells."

He looked across at the Tracer, repeating: "One hundred and ten—when I arrived. One fell the first night—a distant pillar far away on the horizon. Four thousand years had it stood there. And it fell—the first night of my arrival. I heard it; the nights are cold at El Teb Wells; and I was lying awake, all a-shiver, counting the stars to make me sleep. And very, very far away in the desert I heard and felt the shock of its fall—the fall of forty centuries under the Egyptian stars."

His eyes grew dreamy; a slight glow had stained his face.

"Did you ever halt suddenly in the Northern forests, listening, as though a distant voice had hailed you? Then you understand why that far, dull sound from the dark horizon brought me to my feet, bewildered, listening as though my own name had been spoken.

"I heard the wind in the tents and the stir of camels; I heard the reeds whispering on Saïs Lake and the yap-yap of a shivering jackal; and always, always, the hushed echo in my ears of my own name called across the star-lit waste.

"At dawn I had forgotten. An Arab told me that a pillar had fallen; it was all the same to me, to him, to the others, too. The sun came out hot. I like heat. My men sprawled in the tents; some watered, some went up to the town to gossip in the bazar. I mounted and cast bridle on neck—you see how much I cared where I went! In two hours we had completed a circle—like a ruddy hawk above El Teb. And my horse halted beside the fallen pillar."

As he spoke his language had become very simple, very direct, almost without accent, and he spoke slowly, picking his way with that lack of inflection, of emotion characteristic of a child reading in a new reader.

"The column had fallen from its base, eastward, and with its base it had upheaved another buried base, laying bare a sort of cellar and a flight of stone steps descending into darkness.

"Into this excavation the sand was still running in tiny rivulets. Listening I could hear it pattering far, far down into the shadows.

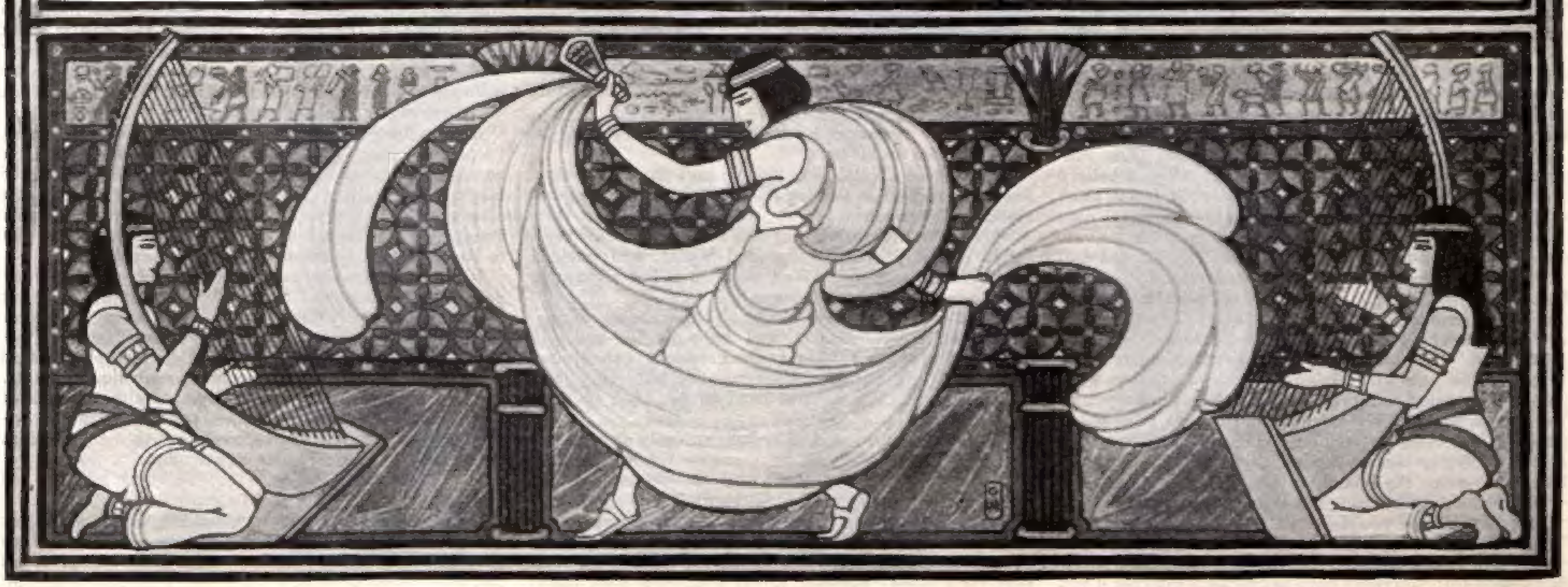
"Sitting there in the saddle, the thing explained itself as I looked. The fallen pillar had been built upon older ruins; all Egypt is that way, ruin founded on the ruin of ruins—like human hopes.

"The stone steps, descending into the shadow of remote ages, invited me. I dismounted, walked to the edge of the excavation and, kneeling, peered downward. And I saw a wall and the lotus-carved rim of a vast stone-framed pool; and as I looked I heard the tinkle of water. For the pillar, falling, had unbottled the ancient spring, and now the stone-framed lagoon was slowly filling after its drought of centuries.

"There was light enough to see by, but, not knowing how far I might penetrate, I returned to my horse, pocketed matches and candles from the saddle-bags, and, returning, started straight down the steps of stone.

"Fountain, wall, lagoon, steps, terraces half buried—all showed what the place had been: a water-garden of ancient Egypt—probably royal—because, although I am not able to decipher hieroglyphics, I

(Continued on Page 22)



THREE OF "THE FINEST"

Tales of the New York "Force"

BY ANDREW I. ALBERT

I

THESE are the inside facts of one of the most curious episodes in the history of New York City. It happened many years ago; just how many may not, for obvious reasons, be told. But the Democrats were completely routed that year by a reform ticket, which, up to the fateful day, was not even regarded as dangerous. In those times the "Tiger" was the king of beasts in municipal politics, and his defeat was the more surprising because there seemed to be no particular cause for it. The number of franchises stolen or given away (for a consideration) had not been greater than usual; the press was not more than ordinarily hostile; nor had the braves and warriors been ungratefully treated. Of course, everybody knew who had caused the disaster; the newspapers of the day had it in big, black headlines: it was the work of a traitor high in the party councils. But I could number on the fingers of both hands the names of the persons who knew *what* made O'Brien do it.

Certain causes which, up to a few months ago, prevented the publication of this tale have since disappeared. Still, it has been found necessary to disguise some of the characters and to suppress many facts and incidents of a confidential nature. In the main, however, what is printed here is the truth, and the whole truth,

A little irresponsible East Side girl was the primary cause of all the trouble. To her, and to a green policeman with unfashionable ideas on morality, may be attributed the blame for the temporary downfall of a great political party. Her name was Lily something-or-other—Goldberg or Goldman, I think it was; I am not sure. The policeman's name was Dick Sheldon—"Little Dick," as his friends call him. He was the only candidate who ever passed the physical examination with a mark of a hundred per cent.

Little Dick was eventually assigned to plain-clothes duty in the "Green Light" district, and this is how it came about. Dennis Riley was captain of this precinct, but he was not the highest resident authority in it. The real power was vested in a policeman named Phelan, whose word was law, even to the captain. Mr. James Frederick Henry Phelan was the "Big Chief's" collector of revenues, his deputy treasurer of the exchequer, his ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary—in short, his wardman. Later the worthy Riley reaped the reward which inevitably attends on true merit, and was made an inspector—for a reasonable consideration.

When Phelan decided to have Sheldon transferred to his precinct he told his nominal superior of it, not because it was necessary, but simply as a matter of courtesy.

"Friend of your'n, I suppose?" asked Riley.

Phelan leaned back in the comfortably upholstered chair, which should rightfully have been occupied by his superior, and calmly put his feet on the said superior's roll-top desk.

"Yes, I believe he is a friend of mine. I'm certainly a friend of his. That's the man I told you about—carried me about a mile to a doctor when I put a bullet through my own leg when I was in the mountains hunting. He bound up the wound, too, and saved me from bleeding to death." Phelan meditated a moment, and then continued slowly and with great emphasis: "Yes, I believe I am a friend of his. And I'm going to let him feel it, too."

The new patrolman arrived at the station-house the next morning, and the wardman took him into his private office and talked to him long and earnestly. A good deal of it the young mountaineer did not understand. Perhaps if he had understood, subsequent complications might have been avoided.

"You must keep your mouth shut and your eyes not too wide open," said the worthy plain-clothes man in the course of his sermon. "It's not what you do but what you don't see that counts in this business. I know you've been brought up in the country and caught religion. I have no objection to religion—on Sundays; but if you feel it coming on during the week, just take a trip to the race-track or to the Island, or anywhere else where you won't get into trouble. You'll buck up against some things that maybe you'll find it hard to stomach at first, but your digestion will get tougher after a while, and you won't mind it so much. And you just remember this—it's a good tip: you don't have to overwork yourself if you don't want to. You're my friend, and I'm running this precinct. But if you take advantage of that, you're not the boy I took you for. There's no money in fooling away your time. Some of these 'gum-shoe' fellows come down about once a month and can't look the paymaster in the face when he hands them their checks; they think they're cheating the Department. Well, they're not; they're fooling themselves. If a man wants to get money or position here, he's got to keep moving. Look at me, now; I've been working hard for pretty near sixteen years. I didn't have to, some of the time. But what's the result? When I'm caught with the 'goods' I can leave the business and live pretty well without the salary I'm getting from the Police Department."

Sheldon wondered what particular line of "goods" the worthy wardman expected to be caught with, but refrained from asking for fear of being thought ignorant. Later, he learned.

"This is a paying district"—the wardman moved closer and spoke in a lowered tone—"and I'm going to let you in on it. Only—I'm responsible for you. And remember, the 'Big Feller' is not a man you can trifle with. You can't jolly him; he knows too much. So be careful and don't make any breaks. Oh, and by the way, be nice to the pencil-pushers—reporters, you know. All right now. I've got a good thing for you to-day, straight from the stables: Highflyer, third race; play him across the board; he'll be five to one I guess, straight. So-long!"

The next day came a squad of new men in spotless blue uniforms and bright gold buttons, who had been appointed on the same day as had Sheldon. There was one young fellow who caught his attention immediately. He was tall and dark and clean-shaven, with blue eyes set deeply under heavy, overhanging brows, and a skin whose texture and tint any woman might have envied.

"A swell," remarked Phelan, who was inspecting the batch, "down on his luck."

And, indeed, Walsh was morose and gloomy enough. Sheldon caught him looking fixedly down at the uniform and the gold buttons.

"Feels like livery, don't it?" he said in a friendly tone.

"It certainly does," responded Walsh, and Sheldon continued consolingly: "Well, every man is a servant to somebody or something, I guess."

"That's true," assented Walsh; "but we're servants of the public," he continued, "and that's not half-bad. In fact, we're in the same class as the President of the United States, and the Senators and Congressmen, but—they don't wear uniforms. It's a little hard to get used to that, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Sheldon, and looked curiously at him.

II

THE fault lay not so much in Sheldon's lack of intelligence or moral fibre as it did in his dislike to appear ungrateful. He had gauged Phelan perfectly, but Phelan did not understand him in the least. It never entered his head that, for a purely abstract moral quality, a man might prefer the drudgery and small pay which are the lot of the ordinary patrolman to the easy life and fat commissions of a wardman's assistant. And Sheldon could not find it in his heart to talk plainly to him.

But, although he said nothing, Sheldon began patrolling that precinct with a "chip on his shoulder," which, as any one who knows that district will tell you, was bound to be knocked off. And indeed, things began to happen immediately.

He walked into "Little Buck's" headquarters one Sunday afternoon, placed that confident gentleman under arrest, and hauled him to the station-house, while the most desperate gang in the city stood by and gaped in perplexity and astonishment. For one man, single-handed, to dare perform, or even attempt, such a feat was unheard of. That he ever got out of the dive in safety with his prisoner was due as much to the wardman's public declaration of friendship as to the boldness of the performance itself. Of course, Little Buck was set free immediately. What else could be done with a man who had a thousand votes in his vest-pocket? In fact, no entry was even made of the arrest in the blotter, which was a direct violation of the police rules, and the whole affair was hushed up as well as it could be. Some inkling of it, however, reached the public press, and while it redounded to Sheldon's credit in the eyes of the disinterested, it strained the situation still more. Letters of congratulation poured in from priests, ministers and women; even the sergeant, who was at the desk when the prisoner was brought in, though he told Sheldon that he was a fool, insisted on shaking hands with him several times. As for Little Buck, being a good-natured gentleman, he accepted the captain's apology, spoke admiringly of the detective's "nerve," and consented to call the incident closed. And so it would have been if Sheldon had not reopened it afterward.

Whether Phelan remained intentionally blind to the attitude of his friend after this incident can only be surmised. Certain it is that he said nothing at all to Sheldon, and, in fact, seemed bent on avoiding police subjects whenever he met him. Meanwhile, affairs began approaching an acute climax. Flashy-looking gentlemen came daily to the station-house for private interviews with the wardman and the captain. Also came certain women, who drove up in fashionable rigs, and flounced and rustled loudly into the captain's office, without deigning to glance at the desk-sergeant.

All these well-dressed ladies and gentlemen seemed to be in a state of great agitation when they arrived. Their interviews with Riley and Phelan, especially the latter, were often the reverse of amicable, if the scraps of conversation that now and then floated through the door could be taken as a criterion. One full, deep voice declared very loudly that "Business is going to smash; that feller is warning all the customers away! I won't stand for it any longer." And the sergeant informed the clerical man: "That's Ticho, the man who owns the joint at —— Street." And just then, as Max, the reporter for the Sun, came sauntering in, he hastily left the desk to warn the speakers that they could be heard outside.

An irascible Frenchman declaimed with great eloquence: "I pay ze assessment et ze taxes, why am I both*er?*" He accented the last syllable with great emphasis, and waved his hands excitedly. He was going to enlist the support of every man of prominence in the country, from the President to the French Consul. A warship should be sent to New York from France—a fleet, if necessary.

It was all very vexatious, and not only disturbed the peaceful conduct of "business" in the precinct, but also caused a visible diminution in His Majesty's revenue. In the face of it all, however, Phelan remained unwaveringly loyal to his friend, who, on his part, continued doggedly doing what his conscience told him was right.

The climax was not long delayed. When it came it was followed by the flood, which, springing from an apparently insignificant source, swelled into a torrent that swept a great political party out of office.

III

"I AIN'T got no grudge against him at all, Jim; I've forgot all about that. But he's hangin' around my place and spoilin' my business. I ain't made a cent in the last two Sundays." Little Buck was virtuously indignant.

"Well, then, why don't you go around and see him? Why don't you treat him right? You know what I mean." Phelan's voice was irritable and impatient.

"He's always growlin' nowadays," remarked the sergeant who was outside, and the captain answered: "Well, he's got enough to growl about, by hookey."

And indeed he had. Everything was going wrong; the "Big Feller" was getting slightly restless, and complaints were coming in thick and fast. Worst of all, Sheldon's latest exploit had been to conduct a personal raid on a dive, of which the "Big Feller's" brother was part owner. About a thousand dollars' worth of furniture had been damaged, and Little Dick's police career would have ended then and there had not Phelan intervened.

"Be good to him!" Buck's voice was full of tears. "Ain't I tried twice? First time he chased Micky Dolan a block just for wantin' to give him a twenty; next time he tried him with fifty dollars and got kicked into the gutter for it. Be good to him? What do you call being good to him? Will I hand over the whole business to him? Will I give him a automobile? Will I——"

"Oh, quit your infernal crying!" Phelan broke in wearily. "If he won't take fifty, offer him a hundred. You can afford it; you're making enough down there to give him a hundred every night. And if you're afraid he'll hurt you, why—don't stand too near him." He smiled grimly.

Little Buck became indignant.

"What you puttin' it on me for?" he demanded. "What you soakin' me for? You're trying to run me out of business, that's what. I'll see the boss about——" He sprang back suddenly as the wardman rose from his chair and came toward him.

"If you say a word to anybody I'll—— Look here, my boy, you had better leave well enough alone. You've made lots of money where you are now; you can afford to make a little less for a while."

"Well, y'needn't get mad about it. You never heard me raisin' trouble, did you? I've always been a friend of your'n, ain't I?" He stepped closer to the wardman: "Say, can't the gang tickle that guy up a bit, so he won't be so fresh?"

A heavy hand gripped his shoulder so forcibly that he winced.

"If you so much as scratch his skin I'll tear your liver out!" said Phelan solemnly.

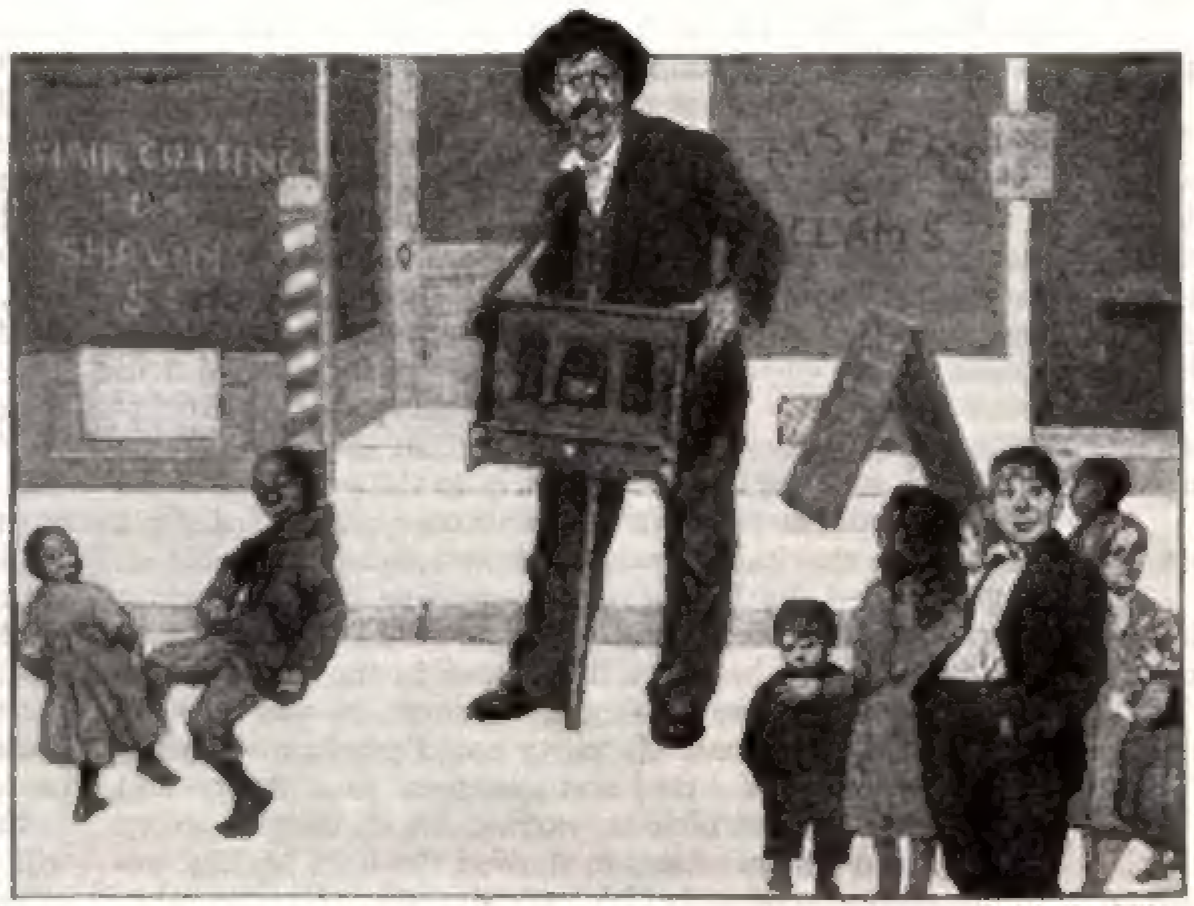
Nevertheless, as Little Buck's light-checked suit disappeared through the swinging door, the worthy wardman wiped the drops of perspiration from his forehead and sighed heavily. His friendship was costing him dearly. I think it highly probable that he may have determined to come to an understanding with Sheldon after that, or at least to warn him, or remonstrate with him; but, as it appeared afterward, if he did come to such a determination he never had an opportunity to carry it out.

That very night, on the last hour of his tour, matters were precipitated.

Sheldon had grown more and more restless. Day by day he grew to like his work less. True, he was not an active participant in that part of the police work which was not permitted to see the light of day, but he felt that he knew of it, and even to remain impassive irked him. In fact, he seemed to assume personal responsibility for it all.

It seemed fated that for the iniquity of the whole precinct Little Buck should be made the particular scapegoat. Certainly, Sheldon patrolled that portion of his post on which the "Gayety" was located rather frequently. Being a plain-clothes man, his area of patrol included the whole precinct.

On the night in question he noticed a large crowd gathered in front of the "Gayety," as Little Buck's establishment was called, and, of course, promptly came running up to see what the trouble was.



THE URBAN PAN

By Bliss Carman

Once more the magic days are come
  With stronger sun and milder air;
The shops are full of daffodils;
  There's golden leisure everywhere.
I heard my Lou this morning shout:
  "Here comes the hurdy-gurdy man!"
And through the open window caught
  The piping of the urban Pan.

I laid my wintry task aside,
  And took a day to follow joy:
The trail of beauty and the call
  That lured me when I was a boy.
I looked, and there looked up at me
  A smiling, swarthy, hairy man
With kindling eye—and well I knew
  The piping of the urban Pan.

He caught my mood; his hat was off;
  I tossed the ungrudged silver down.
The cunning vagrant, every year
  He casts his spell upon the town!
And we must fling him, old and young,
  Coppers or nickels, as we can;
And every heart must leap to hear
  The piping of the urban Pan.

The music swells and fades again,
  And I in dreams am far away,
Where a bright river sparkles down
  To meet a blue Ægean bay.
There, in the springtime of the world,
  Are dancing fauns, and in their van
Is one who pipes a deathless tone—
  The earth-born and the urban Pan.

And so he follows down the block,
  A troop of children in his train,
The light-foot dancers of the street
  Enamored of the reedy strain.
I hear their laughter rise and ring
  Above the noise of truck and van;
And down the mellow wind fades out
  The piping of the urban Pan.

Taller by many inches than the people around him, he was able to see what was going on almost as soon as he reached the outskirts of the throng. But at that time the doors of both the saloon and hall were closed and there was no sign of anything unusual.

"What's up?" he asked, and a young gentleman of well-ventilated and variegated raiment volunteered the information that "a Sheeny family was lookin' for their gal in Kelly's place"—Kelly being the name by which Little Buck was known to his intimate friends.

Sheldon began elbowing his way through the crowd toward the door of the hall, which was an annex of the saloon. He was still several feet away when it was suddenly swung back, and a white-haired, frail-looking old man shot through it and fell prone on the flagstones of the sidewalk. After him came an aged woman, evidently his wife; and then, struggling, fighting, kicking, with tears of helpless rage streaming down his face and mingling with the blood which dripped from nose and mouth and eyes, a young fellow who looked no older than twenty was thrust violently out. A moment later Big "Mugsy" McDermot, the official "bouncer," huge and ugly and scarred, appeared at the doorway, grinning from ear to ear.

The boy, who had fallen almost on top of his father, picked himself up, and, dazed, half-stunned and staggering, made again for his assailant, with a doggedness which was all the more pitiful because of the great physical disparity between him and his antagonist. As soon as he came within reach the "bouncer" nonchalantly knocked him down with a blow in the face, laughing coolly as he did so. Some one cried "Shame!"—and a ragged woman shook her fist in the brute's face and shrilly cursed him. He spat tobacco juice at her and grinned derisively.

What occurred after that the chivalrous "Mugsy" has never been able to tell definitely. A great, hairy hand, sinewy and strong as the limb of a Samson, closed around his throat and choked him and beat his head against the heavy wooden door. Once he broke away for a moment and faintly and hoarsely sent forth the distressed cry of the brotherhood, and then the steel fingers closed around his throat once more and two burning, terrible eyes looked calmly at him as he writhed and gasped for breath. Larger and larger the face above him grew; it wavered indistinctly before his eyes—and after that, some one else must finish the tale, for to "Mugsy" it had lost all interest.

Sheldon dropped the limp form on the sidewalk and breathed deeply. It seemed as though a great load had been lifted from off his heart. The man lying before him had committed almost every crime mentioned in the code, from petty larceny to murder, yet such was his physical prowess and political value that neither citizen nor policeman had ever successfully molested him.

The crowd pressed around the big detective, the men admiring, the women hysterically grateful. He pushed his way through them to where the boy stood, leaning against the plate-glass window of the saloon, and placed his arm around his shoulders.

"What's the trouble, son?" he asked gently. The old man and his wife had come close to him and were talking quickly and unintelligibly in broken English and Jewish jargon, clawing at him in frantic appeal.

"It's my sister; they've got her in there," the young fellow explained, and Sheldon nodded understandingly. Then he put something to his lips, and a moment later the loud, shrill cry of the police whistle summoned a uniformed patrolman to his side. When he came, Sheldon was glad to see that it was his new friend, Walsh.

"I'm going to break in there, John," he explained, for the door had been closed and bolted from the inside. And then briefly he told what had occurred.

"Got a warrant?"

"No; but they're violating the excise law and selling liquor on Sunday, anyhow."

Walsh looked doubtful. He realized more fully than Sheldon the risk the latter was taking.

"Got no evidence either, I suppose?" He turned to the boy. "How old is your sister?"

"Nineteen, sir; but she's here only a month and don't know nothing about things."

Walsh whistled and looked at Sheldon quizzically.

"It means both our jobs if we do," he said, and the plain-clothes man answered sullenly: "If a man must stand by while things like that are done, I don't want the job. I'm going in. You can stay outside if you need your job so badly."

Walsh flushed hotly, and, for answer, swung his nightstick against the door. Then he asked, with great deliberation: "Shall I smash the window?"—and lifted his club again.

But Sheldon put him aside with great gentleness, and lifted the unconscious form of the redoubtable Mugsy and laid it on the sidewalk. He leaned back a little for impetus, and then threw himself against the door. It shivered on its hinges and groaned warningly. Before he could repeat the onslaught, it was opened and a waiter in conspicuously soiled white appeared. Sheldon pushed him roughly to one side and strode into the vestibule leading to the large hall inside. The boy and his parents followed.

As they passed him, the whiter made some remark in a low tone to the old man, but stopped suddenly as the detective turned around and looked at him.

Through the hall marched the strange procession, straight into a long room whose foul air, reeking with the smell of liquor and heavy with clouds of smoke, made it a source of wonder how human life could exist in it. The place was filled with the usual crowd of sailors and roughly-dressed men and women.

A very young fellow was singing in a high falsetto when they entered. He looked at them, but did not stop.

"Over there," said the boy, and they walked far to the rear, where, in a small anteroom, they found a party of five women.

"Which one?" asked Sheldon briefly, but the question was unnecessary. Leaning back in her chair, stupefied with drink or drugs, sat a young girl, from whose face the city had not yet had time to rob the bloom of the country. The old woman and her aged mate threw themselves with Semitic abandon upon their daughter, while the lad, with a self-control imbibed from association with more stoical races than his own, stood silent, with clenched fists and features working convulsively.

Sheldon escorted the girl and her parents home, and here they drop out of this story entirely. If he ever saw them again he has told no one of it. Walsh returned to patrol his post after having sent the unfortunate "Mugsy" to the hospital, where he sojourned for many a long week before he was fit to resume his duties.

IV

HAD the matter been permitted to rest here it is probable that the climax, though inevitable, might still have been delayed. But the young mountaineer was soft-hearted and hot-headed—a dangerous combination in a strong man—and the story told him by the boy and his parents on the way to their home in the heart of the East Side was not of a soothing nature. He had heard similar tales before, but now, face to face with the victims themselves, the sordid cruelty of it all struck him with overpowering force. Perhaps, with the added wisdom which experience has brought, he might act differently now, although, knowing the man as I do, I doubt it. But no sooner was he rid of his charges than he retraced his steps to the "Gayety" as quickly as his feet could bring him, rapped on the door with great emphasis, and, when it was opened, entered and inquired briskly for Mr. Kelly.

"Mr. Kelly is out," answered the bartender.

"He's out, eh?" said Sheldon grimly. "Well, you'll do! You're under arrest for violating the Sunday law. Come on, now; close up this place and put on your hat and coat."

The bartender looked up incredulously, and then continued his work, while he asked calmly: "Say, what you giving us? Quit yer kiddin'."

It took quite a little while to convince him that the detective was in earnest. When this had been accomplished, however, he put both hands on his hips and looked with wonder and defiance at the officer.

"You don't care much for yer job, do you? Well, if you want me, come and take me. Guess you'd better get out of here, though, or you'll get hurt."

Several men who had been attracted by the loud altercation began gathering closely around, and a couple of revolvers and black-jacks began to come in evidence. Out of the corner of his eye Sheldon noted this, and, turning suddenly when one man pressed too near him, shoved the intruder backward.

Very fortunately for all concerned, Mr. Kelly himself walked in at this juncture. The officer, who was thoroughly aroused now, no sooner saw him than he shouted:

"You're under arrest, Mr. Kelly! Now close up this place right away, if you want to avoid trouble."

"Go for him, boys!" shouted the bartender, and Little Buck looked as though he would like to see nothing better. For a time it seemed as though a very serious fight would take place. Prudence, however, dictated a different line of conduct to Little Buck. He waved his retainers back and called for his hat and coat with ominous restraint.

"Close up the place first," insisted Sheldon resolutely.

"Say, Mister," began Kelly, "if you weren't——" He broke off and turned away abruptly. "Come along, Tim," he said; "we won't be gone long. And close up the saloon. We'll please him for a little while."

Sergeant Halligan was at the desk when Sheldon arraigned his two prisoners in front of it.

"Oh!" he murmured, and licked his lips as though they were dry. Then he picked up his pen again, and asked very laconically, "What's the charge?"

"Violation of the excise law for Kelly, and resisting arrest and violation of the excise law for this one," said Sheldon, indicating the barkeeper. The sergeant wrote it down carefully—very carefully indeed—and with the solemnity of an angel writing in the Book of Doom. Then he put the usual questions to the prisoners in a dreamy, impersonal way.

"That's all," he remarked at last, and looked very compassionately at the detective. "Never mind putting them in a cell." He walked from behind the desk, and with great politeness led the way, while Mr. Kelly and his bartender followed grandly in his wake.

A few moments later he returned and, passing Sheldon, who was leaning gloomily against the desk, he remarked:

"Know who that feller is, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, you needn't get huffy. This is none of my business; I'm only telling you because you're a green hand. Rooney is that man's brother-in-law, and what Rooney says goes at 300 Mulberry Street—that's all."

"If I lose my job for it," answered Sheldon passionately, "that scoundrel is going to jail!"

Phelan came in about an hour later, and the whole story had to be told over again. He said nothing, but whistled very low and very long. Then he drew Sheldon into the office, and they stayed there for quite a while, talking, and when at last they came out each understood the other thoroughly. To their credit be it said, with enlightenment came no abatement of friendship.

Kelly had not been bailed out, and the wardman went into the back room to talk with him. He came back a few moments later, looking red and angry.

"Watch yourself, Dick," he said tersely. "They're going to do you if they can—and me too, I guess."

At the door he turned again.

"You know what that means, don't you?" he asked. "That means that when you go out at night, especially in lonely streets, keep looking behind you. And for my sake, if not your own, don't sass Rooney when he comes here."

"I've got you in a peck of trouble, Mr. Phelan, haven't I?" asked Sheldon contritely.

The wardman walked back quickly, with outstretched hand.

A moment later he was gone.

Rooney came in a few minutes later. He was a stout, florid man, of medium height, with extraordinarily long arms, which would impress even a superficial observer with their muscular power. A square, aggressively protruding jaw was partly concealed by a Vandyke beard of reddish hue.

"Where's Riley?" he asked, and, at the sound of his voice, the captain came quickly from the inner room, where he had been trying to appease the irate Kelly.

"Why, Mr. Rooney, sir, how do you do? How are you, sir? Come right in!"

He opened the door of the private office invitingly, but Rooney did not move.

"Make out that bail-bond for Buck," he ordered sharply. "And hustle, too."

He walked up and down the room, and then asked suddenly: "Where's the chap locked him up?"

The captain looked embarrassed and whispered something in his ear.

"I don't care a continental! What's his name, anyway?" asked Rooney in a loud tone. "If I don't get his buttons you can call me a liar."

"Do you want me?" said a quiet, pleasant voice. The irate politician turned and confronted a very tall, very well-built man, who was, moreover, standing quite close to him; so close, in fact, that Rooney had to step back a little to prevent his chest from rubbing against the giant's middle waistcoat button. He eyed him up and down for an instant and then turned loftily away but his voice was much gentler when he asked: "Is that bail-bond drawn yet?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," Sheldon drawled; "I thought you wanted me."

Of course, after that there could be no compromise. Rooney announced that the "fresh cop" must go. But Phelan had not been idle, meanwhile, and so it was that Mr. Rooney found himself confronted with an unexpected obstacle. For a certain very influential district leader declared with great positiveness that the "fresh cop" should stay. Corry was Phelan's political leader, and I cannot help saying something about him here.

The name I have given him is, of course, fictitious, but there are many who will recognize him when they read this. He was a big-hearted, chivalrous little man, generous and loyal, and honest according to his own peculiar notions of honesty. No one, for instance, had ever known him to break a promise. In money matters he was a very Rothschild of integrity; and yet, on election day, it must be confessed, his henchmen came early to the polls and voted often. He did more effective charitable work in his district than all the charitable institutions and societies combined. Single-handed, he had closed every dive in the precinct where the police had long been powerless. Loyalty to friends, of whom he had a host, even in the ranks of the opposing parties, was his fetish. In short, he was the very best type of politician his party could produce—unscrupulous, but warm-hearted and generous to a fault—and the majorities by which he carried his district at every primary and general election showed the hold he had acquired upon the hearts of his constituents. His assembly district adjoined Rooney's and its population was of the roughest and most motley character.

The quarrel between Rooney and Corry waxed more and more bitter, until at last it was carried to the "Big Boss" himself, who promptly espoused the former's cause. The "Big Boss" didn't like Corry; it was well known that he, O'Brien, held the leadership of the party only through Corry's sufferance.

The first inkling Corry had of the new turn which affairs had taken came when Phelan, Sheldon and Walsh were all transferred to a precinct on the very outskirts of the city. There they remained for two days, and were then sent to another precinct in the very heart of the business district, and after that the transfers came thick and fast, and, as Phelan said, "our funeral has begun." One day they would find themselves patrolling dreamily amidst wheatfields and barnyards, inhabited only by squawking hens and browsing cattle; the next day they were doing their utmost to prevent little ragamuffins from making a public swimming-pool of the lake in Central Park. They gave up hiring lodgings by the week; they rented them by the day thereafter.

A significantly opportune transfer had made it impossible for either Sheldon or Walsh to appear in court to prosecute Kelly and his bartender, and a complaisant judge freed both these virtuous gentlemen immediately, with a public rebuke to "policemen who oppressed citizens in the pursuit of an honest calling; made arrests without provocation and then failed to appear to testify against them."

But the hardest trial was yet in store for the unfortunate policemen. It came when the "shoo-flies" were sent on their trail. "Shoo-flies," it may be explained, are roundsmen sent from Central Office to tour the city and see that patrolmen perform their duty properly. Through the efforts of these gentlemen, who, of course, had orders not to be too tender-hearted where any member of the trio was concerned, the greater portion of the salaries of the two new officers went in involuntary contribution to the police-pension fund, in the shape of fines. Phelan was not molested so persistently as were his companions, although even he suffered. The pecuniary loss itself was not the only injury worked by these fines; they were also a handicap in any examination for promotion. To an outsider it may appear strange that the patrolmen did not avoid these fines by performing their duty. But when one remembers that the police manual contains several hundred technical and practically obsolete rules, patrol-duty becomes less simple.

"The best policeman that ever wore shoe-leather," Phelan complained, "can be caught if they go after him. Yesterday I was transferred clear over to —— Street. When I started down there the cars were blocked and I was ten minutes late at roll-call. I got twenty days' fine for it."

"Two days fine for every minute you were late, eh?" Corry laughed grimly. "How is your friend, Sheldon, getting on?"

"Last I heard of him he got thirty days on two complaints; one for patrolling six inches too near the curb, and the other for not smiling when he saw the "shoo-fly"—or something like that. I saw it in the Police News. I haven't had a post within two miles of him since this began."

Corry had been introduced to Sheldon some time before, and the little politician had at once conceived an immense liking for the big, earnest young patrolman.

"Guess they're in debt to the Police Department at the end of the month, instead of getting any salary, aren't they?" he laughed, and then added: "You'd better carry some money around to them to-morrow."

Phelan shook his head gloomily.

"They won't take it," he answered. "If the chief would only 'break' us—he knows we'd get back through the courts."

"Where's Sheldon's post?" asked Corry.

"In —— Street this morning. He'll probably be around this neighborhood to-morrow, because that's farthest away from where he is now."

The two men smoked in silence for some time, and Phelan was dozing off in his chair when a thought seemed to strike him, and he opened his eyes and spoke abruptly.

"Little Buck's gang tried to do Sheldon yesterday, I hear. He got away with a couple of them, though—and then got a complaint for discharging his revolver."

"Oh!" said Corry thoughtfully. "Well, we will stop that quick enough. That is something we can do, anyway."

That very night the Black Hawks, reënforced by many volunteers, swooped down on the Gayety, and if anything in the place remained unbroken or unmarred when they left it was due to accident or oversight entirely. Later, a message reached Kelly from quarters that could not be disregarded, and thereafter no more bricks or pistol-shots came, inadvertently, in Sheldon's direction.

The rest of this story has become municipal history, and will be stated only briefly here. The primary election brought with it some tremendous surprises. The "Big Boss" was defeated in his own district by a candidate who had been put forth by Corry; Rooney won by a very small margin, indeed, and Corry became the virtual leader of the party. In the general election that followed the party ticket was defeated, chiefly, as was proven, through the efforts of O'Brien and Rooney, aided by district leaders who trusted them and were their dupes. Their reward was political oblivion; in fact, Rooney lost his district at the next annual primary, and has never since been of much importance politically.

To the ears of the reform police chief, who succeeded the "Big Feller," came a story of great interest, imparted in strict confidence. Of course, it was somewhat embellished, but in the main the facts given were true. The police chief told it to his society friends, also in strict confidence, and at last the press got hold of it, but by the time it was given to the public it was so distorted as to be unrecognizable. However, both Sheldon and Walsh received a good deal of adulation, and to climax it all, the reform chief, who never did things by halves, remitted all their fines, and appointed both of them detective sergeants as soon as their lengths of service rendered them eligible for such promotion. As for Phelan, he was fully content to be unmolested until he was ready to retire.

MEN & WOMEN

Blacksmith, Cornetist, Watchdog

BLACKSMITHS have become artists, teachers, preachers, poets, soldiers and pretty nearly everything else, but it is unlikely that any man of the trade of Tubal Cain ever got so far, in great affairs, as James A. Tawney, of Minnesota, who is torn with conflicting doubts whether he is prouder because he once pounded out horseshoes on an anvil or because he played the B-flat cornet in the Punxsutawney Silver Cornet Band.

Tawney is chairman of the Committee on Appropriations of the House of Representatives. This year he will control the disposition of some six or seven hundred millions of dollars. The total is necessarily approximate, because the money bills are not yet laws. Next year he will control the same amount or more. Conservatively estimated, his two years as chairman will see the appropriation of thirteen or fourteen hundred millions. And, if the Republicans continue in power in the House, he will remain as despot of similar vast sums, for ever since the days of Speaker Reed this has been a "billion-dollar country," and pretty soon it will take a billion-and-a-half Congress to run things.

Money bills originate in the House. The chairman of the Appropriations Committee has final jurisdiction over the items that go into these bills for report to the House. The House trims some and increases some, but the groundwork generally remains about the same. Most of the schemes for getting Government money sift through this chairman's fingers. He gets the official estimates, which are liberal to the point of prodigality, and pares them with a cold-heartedness that makes heads of executive departments weep. He decides who shall have and who shall not, subject to the votes of his colleagues, and his colleagues usually do what he says, for a chairman is an autocrat from whom Nicholas, of Russia, could profitably take lessons by mail.

"Watchdog of the Treasury" is the pet name of the Appropriations chairman. Disgruntled seekers after Government money have intimated before now that this watchdog never barks except when the people from the minority try to get a few dollars, but that isn't really true. Sometimes the watchdog barks at members of his own party. The fact is he rarely bites.

Of course, Tawney doesn't handle any of this vast sum of money. He doesn't see any of it, except $5000 a year, $1200 clerk hire and twenty cents a mile for mileage from Winona to Washington, with a $125 stationery allowance. Still, he has a great say in directing how it shall be spent and in making the law giving it to the legal spenders, and that is no slouch of a job for a chap who quit school when he was fourteen years old, went to work at the forge and never did get to school again until he was twenty-seven, when he took a law course.

Tawney was born in Pennsylvania. He was a boy in Adams County and then went to Punxsutawney, where he learned to be a blacksmith and was the cornet player in the band. When he came to Congress in 1890 he came from Minnesota, where he had worked at the forge, studied law and gone far enough into politics to get elected. He was and is a snappy, black-eyed, broad-shouldered, barrel-chested man, quick, vigorous and alert. Uncle Joe Cannon looked him over. Uncle Joe fancies young chaps like Tawney, who appear to have red blood in them. When Cannon was chairman of the Appropriations Committee, Tawney was under his wing. When Cannon became Speaker and Hemenway left the House to go to the Senate, Tawney was chosen for the Appropriations chairmanship. Before that he had been the Republican whip.

His musical abilities are various. Aside from knowing the B-flat cornet he has a sweet tenor voice. This endeared him to Speaker Henderson, for when Henderson wanted to sing There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea, Tawney supplied the high notes and could sing for six hours on a stretch, if necessary. He was recognized as a good party man, had his district behind him, and was getting along swimmingly when—biff—bang—boom—away he went one day in 1902—left the reservation and became an insurgent in the famous Cuban Reciprocity fight of that year. He had been whip. He knew the ins-and-outs of the House, and he was made leader of that band of beet-sugar warriors who fought and bled and bled and fought again for their homes, their firesides and their sugar-beets.

PHOTO BY
CLINEDINST

Congressman James A. Tawney, of Minnesota

Tawney is a good fighter. He is resourceful and untiring. He whipped the organization in that fight by tacking an amendment on the Cuban Reciprocity bill abolishing the differential on sugar. That caught the Sugar Trust between wind and water, and it killed the bill—for the time.

There were one or two insurgent movements after that, but the clarion voice of Tawney did not cheer them on. Tawney refused to insurge. They expected him to lead in the Statehood revolution this year. There were two reasons why he didn't. The first is that he is chairman of the Appropriations Committee, and the second is that Uncle Joe Cannon put him there. He wanted to get his bills through. He was wise enough to know that he couldn't if the organization was against him, so he washed off the war-paint, buried the hatchet, came back to the reservation and sat down. It is grand and heroic to lead an insurgent movement. It is a fight against odds for one's life. Still, it isn't politics, and the blacksmith of Punxsutawney has some small skill at that game.

Tawney looks like a man of thirty-five. He is fifty-one. He is one of the "comers" in the House. His long service has made him a master of the intricacies of legislation. He knows the machinery. When there is anything to be done he can tell how to do it. That is the secret of Congressional success—to know the machinery. If the House remains Republican, Speaker Cannon is bound to retire, and then Tawney will be a strong probability for Speaker.

He is no sudden product. He has been fifty years bringing himself to one of the biggest places in the Government, for, next to the President, the Speaker and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the chairman of the House Appropriations Committee ranks with anybody else. Tawney has plugged along from the time he was fourteen, and his two attributes of success have been a good, clear mind and a good, clean courage. He did this year what man after man has shirked—recommended the retirement of the superannuated clerks in the Government service. There are hundreds of them more than seventy years old. He knew there would be a howl, for many of these men are old soldiers. He knew, also, that some provision must be made for them, and he opened a way by advocating the reduction of their salaries. This brought the matter to a head and produced a fair settlement, and that was what Tawney wanted.

Colonel Ewing's Facer

COLONEL ASH EWING was sergeant-at-arms of the Missouri Senate for many years. He was a typical Missourian and well liked by the lawmakers.

One of the Senators met him one morning, and, after the usual salutations, remarked: "Why, Ash, what's the matter with your face?"

"My face?" said Ewing. "Nothin's the matter with my face. My face is all right."

The Senator smiled a knowing smile and went to his seat. Pretty soon another Senator, to whom the word had been passed, saluted Ewing.

"How are you this morning, Ash?"

"Oh, fust rate, fust rate."

"But, Ash, what's the matter with your face?"

"My face? Nothin's the matter with my face, nothin' at all, suh."

Three other Senators asked Ewing the same questions and got the same reply. Then Ewing began to be worried.

Another one came along. "How are you this morning, Ash?" he asked.

"Oh," said Ewing, "fust rate, fust rate, if it wasn't for this durn face of mine."

Conservative Senator Tillman

SENATOR TILLMAN, the eat-'em-alive statesman from South Carolina, and former Senator William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, are close friends. When Chandler was in the Senate he had a habit of jumping in when Tillman was speaking, goading him to fury—for Chandler has a waspish way with him—and then sitting down and watching Tillman perform.

Tillman took it all in good part and now they are bosom companions. After Tillman had been put in charge of the railroad rate bill in the Senate he consulted Chandler about his report. Chandler took the manuscript and read it carefully. He came to a sentence which concluded: "Men so rich they do not know within a score of millions how much they own or, more properly speaking, how much they have stolen from the people."

"I think, Tillman," said Chandler, "that I would change that word 'stolen' to 'seized.'"

"You would do what?" asked Tillman in amazement.

"Change that word 'stolen' to 'seized.'"

Senator Tillman took the report and studied the sentence a long time. Then he sighed and said:

"All right; I'll change it, but 'seized' is almighty conservative for me."

A Suggested Improvement

SENATOR BEVERIDGE was making an impassioned speech. In the midst of one of his most flowery periods, the venerable Senator Pettus, of Alabama, arose.

"Does the Senator from Indiana yield to the Senator from Alabama?" asked the presiding officer.

"Certainly," said Senator Beveridge. "I am always glad to yield to the Senator from Alabama, who never interrupts without shedding knowledge on the subject which is under discussion, and who always adorns every speech into which he may come with his rare and graceful humor. What does the Senator from Alabama desire to ask me?"

"Nothing," said Senator Pettus solemnly. "I move that we adjourn."

Frankness—to Mr. Armour

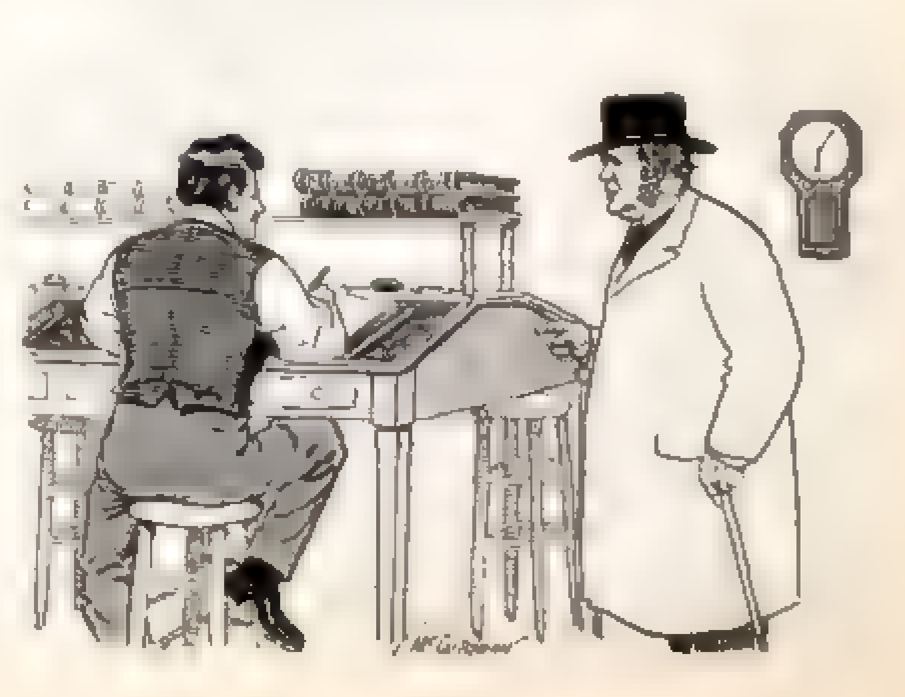
CHARLES TOLLES, a Detroit man who now has a good position with Armour and Company, went to work in the great Chicago concern in a small place at a small salary.

One morning the late Philip D. Armour got to the works shortly after six o'clock. He found Tolles there, plugging away, and he was the only man there, too.

"Do you always get here as early as this?" inquired the gratified Armour.

"Always when you are in town, Mr. Armour," said Tolles, who had heard of the inspection habits of his chief.

Armour laughed, and Tolles got a promotion.



THE QUEST *of the* COLONIAL

Finding Our House and Housing Our Finds

The Elephant Inn—It was a Case of Love at First Sight

By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton

AT LENGTH, while we were still city dwellers, we discovered the house which was to be a further realization of alluring possibilities.

Toward the close of a day in early spring we entered an old-time town, less than fifty miles from New York City. We were visiting friends who lived in a house that stood before the Revolution, and after dinner we strolled down the single street of the attenuated town, a street shaded by beautiful trees and with close-by hills looking sleepily down on it.

At the end of the village stood an ancient quadrupedal sign, placed high upon its pedestal of granite, in the midst of a tiny triangular green. And facing out toward the ancient sign was a large, square-front, red-brick building, stately but desolate, maple-shaded, and with a monster trumpet vine clinging to its front.

At once it fascinated us. In the middle front, beneath a charming beehive window, was a portico, stone-floored, with four white columns rising to its little roof and with an iron railing bending down at either side of the generous stone steps and terminating at the bottom in clustered bars surmounted by a round brass knob at either side.

Solid shutters shut in the windows; yet not forbiddingly —only with a sort of austere reserve. And we peered into the hall through the narrow windows at either side of the door, and gained an impression of spaciousness and freedom.

The owner crossed the street from his house, seeing that a neighbor with visitors was looking at the once-while inn. "Should you like to look through it?" he said.

"Yes, indeed; we are interested in buildings with old fireplaces."

The owner smiled. "There are sixteen of them, counting fireplaces and Franklins!"

We entered through the heavy-paneled door. We walked through the spacious hall, eleven feet wide and thirty-seven feet long. We looked at the arching in the centre with its supports of fluted pilasters.

It was a case of love at first sight. We opened room after room. We handled brass knobs. We fumbled latches. We counted the fireplaces. We mounted to the outlook, in the centre of the roof, and looked at the hills and the sweeping stretches of woods and pasture-land. We went down into the great cellars, ranging beneath the entire house. We stood behind the bar in the taproom. We peered into the mud-turtle roof of the old brick oven. We peered behind the fireboard of the largest of the fireplaces.

Before long we were able to make the fine old house our home, and moved to it with all of our belongings. The building was not constructed until after the Revolution, but Washington himself often rode past where it stands, and once he camped on the low-sweeping ridge over which the morning sun looks in at our front windows. The entire vicinity is rich in memories of brave and stately American officers, and of their proud, peruked and periwigged allies of France.

The atmosphere of a serene and mellow past enfolds the village. And the house itself is associated with many a famous man: with Aaron Burr, and Martin Van Buren, and Horace Greeley, and Washington Irving, and Gouverneur Morris, and many another of national or local fame.

The stately old Georgian house was bare of furniture; but its rooms are of the kind that seem half furnished even when empty, so perfect in proportion they are, and of such dignified fineness of line. And in the rehabilitation one could not but have the pleasurable feeling of restoring to the building its own, of placing old furniture in rooms that had been made for it.

With a garden, and flowers, and an orchard of two-score trees, we could feel that we had delightfully gone back to the land as well as gone back into the delicate atmosphere of the past.

Exceptional, all this? No. Others have done similarly. Almost any one can do similarly if he so wishes. And, in regions where there is nothing of old-fashioned architecture, houses may be built like those of the past. A group of lovers of the old in one of the cities of the West recently bought a village, every house in it, and all the land, and then remodeled the houses with great effectiveness after old designs and are allowing no new houses to be built except of the same general style.

But in many a section no altering, no copying is needed. At almost any place within from twenty-five to fifty miles of New York, Boston, Philadelphia or numerous other cities —often at still nearer points—you may be sure of finding an empty old-time house.

If such a house be desired for use in summer only, or if nearness to a city is not essential, the field is vastly wider. In the Berkshires, sought out though they are by thousands as a place of recreation, there are scores of deserted houses open to the storms of winter and the sun of summer. We counted over thirty in a single day's drive in the Farmington valley.

But it is the possibility of finding old-time houses within easy reach of great cities that is most unexpected and captivating.

Not that they give every indication of being ready for delightful occupancy. On the contrary, they are apt to give a first impression of being highly undesirable wrecks; as being, for one reason or another, impossible; and they are liable to be weather-beaten and in need of paint, and their surroundings to be overgrown with weeds. It is with old houses as it is with old furniture: the eye of faith is necessary.

"Old houses mended, cost little less than new before they're ended!" cried the cynical Colley Cibber; but assuredly that was very far from being the case in the rehabilitation of the once-while inn. For although the building, naturally enough, had somewhat of a dilapidated appearance when we first saw it, it was firm and strong in essentials. The great, thick walls were good, and the roof was good, and the flooring was good, and the ceilings in every room but one were good. With such excellent points in our favor we could afford to smile at Cibber's cynicism; although perhaps a complete restoration, outside and in, including eaves and waxed floors and the addition of porcelain tubs and various convenient sundries not absolutely essential, would make Cibber sager than we think.

The Eight-Foot Brick Fireplace as We Found it

The red and the azure blue of the halls, from top to bottom of the house, a sort of acreage of space when we came to look at it, were among the things imperatively demanding attention. But a man, working for a couple of days, sandpapered away the offending colors, with only the accompaniment of clouds of dust, and then the white for the woodwork and soft buff for the walls were quickly put in place, the walls being treated in *tempera*—that is, the color being applied with size instead of oil.

The old kitchen of the inn was a great room, twenty-six by sixteen, occupying the ground floor of an extension at the rear, opening from the end of the main hall. At the farther end of this room was a huge brick fireplace, whose structure extended from ceiling to floor, the opening in the brick being of the capacious width of eight feet, a height of six feet and a depth of three. At the side was the ancient oven, built in to the depth of the chimney. There were wooden cupboards along two of the walls, there was a decrepit sink, and the fireplace itself was bricked in at either end, besides holding in its middle a dilapidated range.

But in spite of the discouragements in aspect, the lines were there, and the fireplace was there, and the oak floor was there, and therefore the possibilities were there.

And, first, it was a sin against opportunity to use such a room as a kitchen. Its shape, and the hospitably capacious fireplace, and the pleasant location at the end of the hall, and the pleasing view toward the hills, and the fact that this cozy room had a lower ceiling than any of the principal rooms of the house, all combined to mark it out as a sitting-room, a working-room.

He who would successfully adopt an old house must approach it with openness of mind and a readiness to metamorphose, and one of our first cares was to make this room what it was so clearly fitted for.

Nor was it a difficult task. Like most of the eminently fit things to be done about a house, it was easily done.

The wooden cupboards along the walls, snuffy and of no design, were removed, as was also the sink. A pickaxe cleared away, in an hour, the broken old range and the brick at the fireplace ends. The hearth, of brick, was good and sound, and in front of this, before the oak flooring began, was a surface of brick, two feet wide, supported upon an arch in the cellar.

The brick of this two-foot section had woefully sunk, and a workman who was to repair it sent word that he could not come. It was a case of immediate need; and again, like many another case, presented not nearly so formidable a difficulty as it at first sight appeared to do. For, after all, "another man may do what has by man been done!" So, in the evening, with the butcher knife the sunken brick were lifted out, disclosing the bed of sand on which all old hearths are laid. The gutter by the roadside was full of fine sand, and some fifteen bucketfuls raised the bed to its proper level. The bricks were then relaid and sand and water filled up the crevices as the amateur worker had seen men laying brick sidewalks when he was a boy; and in less than two hours what had threatened to be a formidable task was entirely completed.

The walls of the old kitchen had had many a coat of whitewash in the years that had gone. Scaly and yellow and blistered they were; but a man with a hoe soon peeled them down to the original surface.

Friendly discouragers told us that paper could never be made to stick on such a wall; but there is a way to make it

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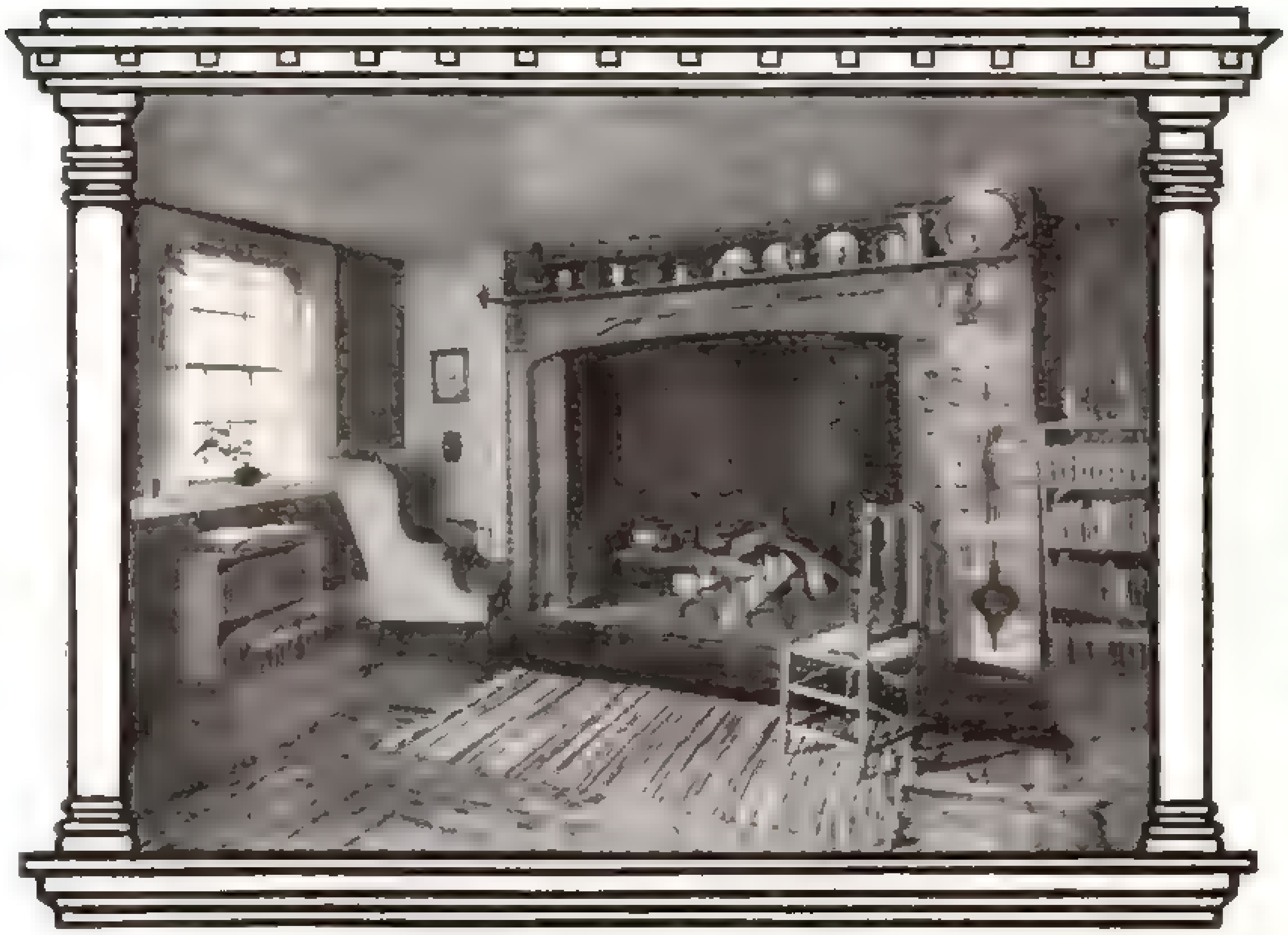
Editor's Note—This is the third in a series of papers by Mr. and Mrs. Shackleton narrative of their own experiences and successes in the quest of old furniture.



The Eight-foot Fireplace as it Is

stick. The paperhanger first put on vinegar to kill the action of the lime, then glue; then, at the end of a day's work in another room, he took what paste he had left and a pound of glue, and brushed over the ceiling and walls with this stickiest of mixtures. Then, indeed, the wall-paper stuck!

Low shelves for books were now placed against the walls, for the greater part of three sides of the room, and then all was ready for the furniture. "There was in the rear of the house," once wrote Hawthorne of another charming old building, "the most delightful little nook that ever afforded snug seclusion." And, somehow, we now had such a nook, except that it was not precisely what one would term little. But it was none the less snug, with its three windows, and the cavernous fireplace in which the flames would leap and roar.

But, having metamorphosed the kitchen into a sitting-room, it was necessary to transform some other room into a kitchen. However, there was a room all ready to our hand—the taproom! For in an inn that is no longer to be an inn nothing so lags superfluous as the taproom. This one was conveniently situated for the new service to which we destined it. It was a matter of putting the wooden bar down in the cellar, of altering bottle cupboards into dish cupboards, of transposing some shelving into a side-table; and the thing was done.

In this room stood one of the ancient Franklins; open-front arrangements of iron with gracefully curving jambs, half stove and half fireplace, of a good deal of dignity in appearance, brass-ornamented and with bands of brass; the fire to burn on a flat open hearth, with the use of andirons; and such things were eminently fitting in a house of this sort because of their really having been the inception of the famous Colonial personage whose name still clings to them: the many-sided genius who, not content with fetching fire from the sky, wanted to show people how to use fire in their own houses.

This particular Franklin, however, had to be taken out, as it was not fitted for kitchen use. It was then a simple matter to have the wall bricked up where it had stood. Then a modern cooking range was set up (for the love of the old does not properly carry with it a love for the defects of the old); and there was our kitchen, with a door into the broad hall directly across from the dining-room.

The double parlors of the inn, one of which we made our dining-room, possessed fireplaces which had been bricked up. This bricking up of the old fireplaces is often done and looks formidably final, but it was the task of less than half an hour to have the brick torn out and ready for removal. Finely proportioned fireplaces were revealed; but alas! there were none of the treasures which we had fancied might be there. In many an old house there are fine andirons, or cranes, or perhaps even a fender, of iron or the now precious brass, hidden away and forgotten behind the boards or brick with which the front of ancient fireplaces is closed. In this entire inn, however, with its wealth of fireplaces, we found but one pair of andirons thus forgotten—but it was a pleasure to find those!

Putting the rest of the house in a state of preparation for furniture was now, in the main, a matter of no lengthy detail.

A hole in the wall, between the once-while kitchen and the dining-room, for convenience in serving, was no longer of use, and it was bricked in and papered. Every Franklin in the house was painted black. Here and there was a hole through the ceiling, made for the putting through of stove-pipes, and wherever was such a mar it was repaired.

Wall-paper had to be chosen for the various rooms, and this was a matter requiring time and care, to secure papers which should accentuate the old-fashioned period, harmonize with furniture and pictures, and be beautiful. In a general way, our choice fell upon greens and yellows, of which, in these days, it is possible to secure specially effective designs.

Some of the doors were without their original brass knobs; and in those cases new knobs were put on—new old knobs, that is, as we possessed a considerable number of old ones, picked up, from time to time, in anticipation of need, at

(Concluded on Page 31)

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN

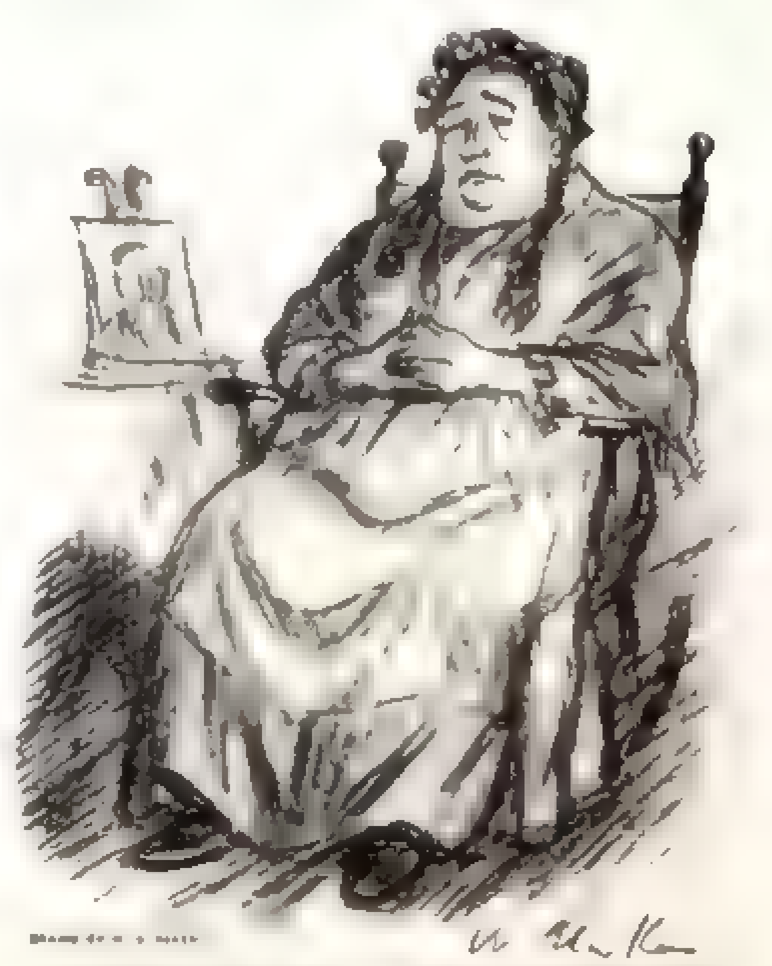
Human Documents in the Case of the New Slavery

BY MRS. JOHN VAN VORST

AFTER visiting a number of the mill towns, traveling always from one place to another in the "locals" patronized chiefly by the nomadic paupers to whom has been unjustly affixed the appellative of "poor white trash," one becomes familiar with this native American type. They produce an impression like one we had long ago when we were children and went to visit some mysterious relative, a grandmother or a great-aunt. On the first rainy day we used to mount into the somewhat awe-inspiring realms known as the attic. Young and vivacious, we reveled at bringing our exuberant animation, like a whirlwind, to toss about the withered, inanimate objects that had long lain dust-covered and in silence. Suddenly in the midst of such disrespectful turbulence we came across some discarded bygone possession which, by its very faded elegance, invoked a past memory that roused in us a feeling of reverence for we knew not what. It might have been only a bit of silk—a bodice, a mantle, an embroidered shawl, a parasol of lace—so worn out, in fact, that, as we touched it, it crumbled in our hands. Yet the very dust that sifted on to us arrested the assurance in our hearts that youth was everything—awakened brusquely the consciousness in us, the consciousness of a past. Thus do the poverty-stricken people of the South—the poor white trash—irresistibly affect one.

Any economist who enjoys riding, roughshod, his hobbies into a "class," can heedlessly confront the mongrels pouring pell-mell from Europe into the Northern and Western slums. But the Southern "mill folk," the hill people or crackers, are of that warp and that woof whose fine original quality, like the faded brocade bodice, exhales a perfume of long ago, which causes one, however militant, rather to dwell upon the charm of past memories than to conjure up any hope of future hygienic and progressive reforms.

These people are the best we have. But they have dwelt too long in exile, cut off by their illiteracy from an outside world, without instruction, plunged in profoundest ignorance concerning practical things. Descendants of the early English settlers, when, two hundred years ago, they moved inland after a primary sojourn among the coast towns, they carried with them the fine principles and moral qualities which no physical deterioration has caused them to forsake. Thefts and crimes are unknown among them; they have a reverential and religious attitude of mind, a pride of family, a sense of honor, the sentiment of gratitude. They are courteous and hospitable. Such probity as theirs, such delicacy of feeling and uprightness of character, show, as do their faces, that inherited capacity for culture which constitutes good breeding.



Gran'maw's Anatomy Consisted of an Implacable Series of Double Chins

Yet it is not, to be sure, with a workman's sentiments and possibilities for refinement that the mill-owner has to concern himself. His interest in the human ends when he has tested his abilities as a "hand." These, alas, in the Alabamian, are limited. Industrially, these English scions—whatever their charm from a social point of view—are poor recruits. It is generally not an energetic resolution that brings them in from the country to the mill, but some misfortune in the family: the death or illness of the father, the extreme youth of the children and delicacy of the mother make it necessary for them to abandon farm-work and turn to something requiring less physical force, and permitting them, nevertheless, to remain together, and to subsist on what they earn.

Long depletion, generations of insufficient nourishment, ignorance and isolation, together with the circumstantial reasons given above, place the "mill folk" below par. The sum of energy drummed out of them—insignificant as compared to the effort put forth by a similar group of toilers in the North—is chiefly supplied by the spasmodic labor of the children. Their pluck drives them to an expenditure of their forces—all too precocious—and that is paid for by premature exhaustion.

It is, to be sure, only eleven years since the first important cotton mill was started in Alabama. Millions of dollars since then have poured from the coffers of the North and from the native resources into this accommodating State. The result is a general awakening to life such as, in modern times, a flourishing industrial status can alone effect.

What brings the money?

The cotton mills.

Who run the cotton mills?

The children.

The children under fifteen years of age! Without their collaboration the mills would be forced to shut down.

"The law," so more than one factory-agent told me, "is, and must remain, a dead letter in Alabama."

What, then, are we to conclude?

That we are a nation financially ferocious? That we are and should be willing to have a generation of girls and boys among the poor, of future mothers and fathers, sacrificed, crippled, deteriorated, starved slowly to death, in order that the cotton-mill industry in a single State shall prosper?

Exactly so, economists respond. A few lives more or less scarcely count in the history of a nation's commercial growth.

Granted. But does not a single one of these human lives, these innocent children's lives, plundered by us, blindly, unwittingly, if you will, with no other thought than our own enrichment—does it not leave an ugly, disfiguring blot upon the annals of our spiritual welfare, which more than effaces all our benefactions to the poor in the name of philanthropy and all our contributions to "progress" in the name of industrial evolution?

And Georgia? Take one of the largest factories in that State! The immensity of the mill, the dreariness of the village, strike one with a melancholy that clings and is insidious: the frame houses all alike, painted a sickly yellow; the invading back yards with dogs and chickens that stray about the steps and porch; the geometrical avenues labeled A, B, C and D; the church without a steeple; the "plant" with its tall chimneys—the only things in town stretching heavenward—which pour forth a blackness that stains the sky and changes its dome of blue to a mantle of dullness; the new roads that cut like scars across the withered earth as it rises in a slope on either side of the mill-stream; the dead cornstalks in the neighboring fields; the cotton resting here and there like flakes of snow on the brown plants which the first frost has killed. Such are the homes and the surroundings offered by Northern capital to the twelve hundred hands who operate the mill.

No one is permitted to visit the spinning-room: no one may watch the monster feed upon human lives. But the miserable débris that, hour by hour, escapes from its clutches can be studied at the schoolhouse and in the "homes."

Lessons are, it is true, given regularly to the children by a number of teachers, a part of whose wages is paid by the company. I found two hundred and fifty children enrolled on the school lists, and an average attendance of about half that number in the classrooms, which are spacious and well lighted.

In the school there was the usual turbulent, restless, eager little group: ragged, barefoot, old in experience, unborn to book-knowledge, kindly—and tragic in all they represented of glorious possibilities suppressed and stifled by overwhelming labor, and slowly crushed by the gradual starvation of their bodies.

With the teacher's permission I put the following question to a primary class of forty-five children between the ages of six and eleven:

"How many of you have ever worked in a mill?"

The attention quickened at this word of work—like a flash the hands went up. I counted thirteen: thirteen out of forty-five, all under twelve years old, who had been already laborers!

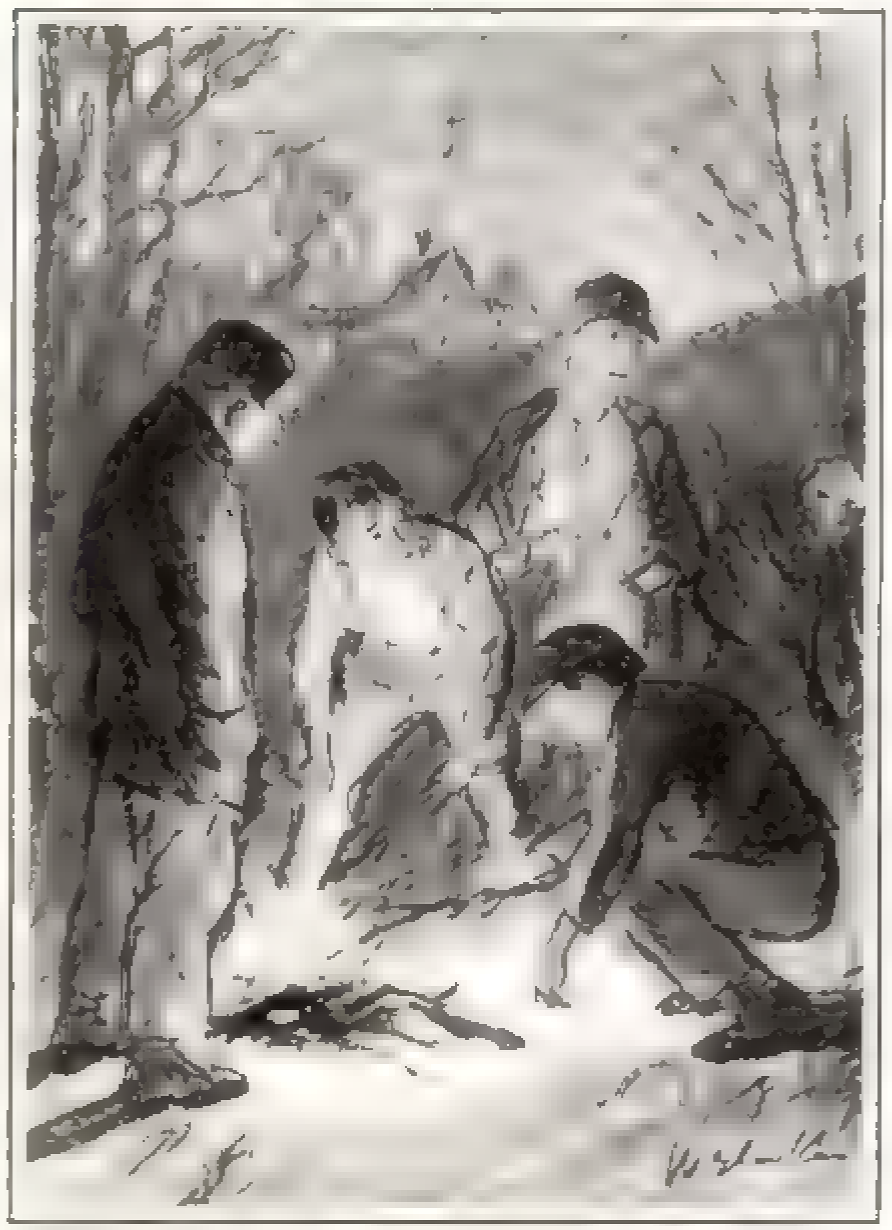
What was there, indeed, to protect them in this State of Georgia? No legislation of any sort regarding an age-limit; a dead-letter clause restricting the number of working-hours a week to sixty-six, and a "gentleman's agreement" made among the mill-owners, whereby each had pledged his word to employ no children under twelve years of age!

Everything in the village belongs to the "corporation." The company charges for a four-room house one dollar and twenty cents a week, and for a building, or half building, with five rooms, six dollars every four weeks. Neither light nor heat is furnished free.

Having taken from the teacher a list of truants, I set out to call upon some of the strange, unknown "other half" of humanity about which such questions are often put as: "Are they really so different from us? Are they as unhappy as we think they are? Do the children suffer as *our* children would?"

No doubt one of our children, were he made to work twelve hours a day, would either rise up in juvenile revolt or be carried to an early grave. But to break the spirit that is bowed and plied by accumulated generations of want and need it takes some time, even for the subtlety of the cotton-mill owner. Yet he accomplishes it! There is a wearing-out among the mill hands, a gradual breaking down, an inward unhappiness, a sensibility different in kind from what ours would be under similar circumstances, because of the opposite æsthetic chord to which their tastes have been attuned, but no less than ours in degree, and keen enough, God knows, to make of their lives and of their children's lives one long, slow martyrdom.

The general impression of these homes was appalling: the dirt, the smells, the disorder, the idle old women and wallowing babies proclaiming innocently the fact of existence which becomes tragic when this uselessness of infancy and old age implies a dependence upon others whose burdens already are too heavy.



A Sad Little Group, and How Unlike Children!

But general impressions of humanity are always appalling, and a crowd never reveals the idea of God. I made straight for one of the addresses given me by the teacher, and on the back porch of the yellow frame cottage I found a miniature being, dressed very neatly, with one arm in a sling, and under the other a pile of newspapers.

"Why aren't you at school?" I asked him, when we had exchanged greetings. "You don't work in the mill, do you?"

"No, meum. I carry the Constitution and help gran'maw mind the baby." This program of political and domestic occupations having been recited solemnly, the following explanation succeeded:

"The Constitution's the Atlanta newspaper."

"Do you sell many copies?"

"No, meum. And gran'maw's not my real gran'maw—I just call her that; and the baby isn't her baby—it's her daughter's that's dead."

His eyes were brown and round and wide open, and his skin had that peculiar clearness which does more than soap for making a boy look clean. He shifted the newspapers on to his knees and rested the lame arm over them.

"Why did you stop going to school?" I asked.

"Got hurt," he answered. "A boy fired off a denamite cartridge. Some men that were boardin' here gave it to him. He didn't know what it was. It'd like to have blowed my hand off."

"But you are well enough to go to school?"

"Gran'maw don't reckon it's wo'th my while startin' in before Christmas; that'll be in six weeks."

Gran'maw's notions of what was worth while seeming rather vague, I asked:

"Have you no parents?"

"Yes, meum. I've got a father't's always movin' reound. Sometimes he comes here. He's t' Alabama City neow." Then he looked at me with his round, wide eyes, and said: "My father's been as *far* as to where there's an ocean. He says he likes that the best."

"And your mother?"

His voice, which had dropped into the communicative tone as he talked, here became almost a whisper.

"My mother died when I was three."

"You can't remember her?"

"Oh, *yes*, I can." His eyes were no longer looking toward me—they had turned their wide gaze, as it seemed, into the short past of the little eleven-year-old life. "Oh, yes, I can remember her," he reiterated very slowly; "but it seems like a dream neow, it was so long ago."

"Why don't you live with your father?" I felt the crudity of my own curiosity which brought the child back from his "dream."

"Well," he said, speaking with a mature sort of wisdom and resignation, "I've been with gran'maw six years neow. I've found one good place, and I reckon it's better for me to stay in it than to go wand'rin' reound the whole world."

And here, having paid such touching homage to "gran'maw," he led me into the house and presented me to the kindly person who had stood him in stead of a family.

Gran'maw's anatomy—it might in her early days have been called a figure—consisted of an implacable series of double chins, formed like the Chinese nest-boxes, each one a trifle larger than the preceding one, and the last in size a mammoth over which her hands were folded. Her face had that stolidity of expression met with among those peculiarly constituted people who "make up their minds" as one would make up a bed, at a given hour, and with the intention of not disturbing it until they consider the proper time has come.

There was an open fire burning on the hearth in gran'maw's parlor. Half a dozen easels supporting family portraits formed the chief furniture of the room, the closeness of which seemed to be rendered stifling by the presence of these crayon images, drawn with that fixed stare which so evidently declares them to be gazing down from another world upon the present company.

"Your children?" I asked, indicating the younger of the chromo group.

Gran'maw's lips drew back over her darkened teeth—it was the first sign of life her face had betrayed—and a jet of tobacco shot out in the direction of the fire and lay for a moment hissing on the andirons.

"Yes," she said, "my children and my husband. All dead, every one of 'em."

"Ah," I answered, struck by what she said, "that is hard for you."

She was silent for a time. Then she repeated the operation, which set the hearth to simmering, and she resumed:

"Yes, meum, it sure is hard. But I reckon it's right."

So much for these two far-away creatures of no importance whatever, but who perhaps serve to show that the human heart among these people varies not according to conditions, but, as with "us," according to what there is in it of vice or virtue, of revolt or resignation. The boy, a castaway of eleven, cherished tenderly a single dream—that of his mother whose arms had enfolded him for three short years only of his little life. For the rest he had taken up his cross on his tiny shoulders, and he was ready for what existence might offer, grateful for the kindness he received by the way.

And gran'maw—the seemingly so vulgar "gran'maw"—robbed successively of all that a woman's heart holds dear—husband, children—was sustained by that faith for which we earnestly pray so that we in turn, when such agonizing trials come to us, may say, as she did: "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

Up in a back yard in Avenue B I found a group of children who belonged in the factory rightly, but who were not at work for the same reasons that big hands are "not at work": some were ill, some were discontented. They made a pitiful group. Ghastly was their pallor in the broad daylight, and pathetic their childish efforts to amuse themselves, this bruised and limping detachment of the child-labor battalion.

"What are you playing?" I asked.

A tall boy of ten or twelve, with an uncertain hip which seemed to give under him at every step, answered sheepishly:

"We don't know how to play."

"Why aren't you at work?"

This was a more suggestive question.

"I got struck in the cardin'-room," he touched his hip. "I'm only takin' a day off."

By his side a fair-haired little mite piped up in her shrill voice:

"*I* ain't a-workin' 'cause they cut me deown to teun a side, and that ain't enough, so I sure did quit!"

Meanwhile I had been watching a tiny boy whose face was swollen so that the eyes were almost closed under a deep gash in his forehead. Thinking, perhaps, that he should account for himself, he said in a quiet little voice:

"A boy hit me with a tin can. It hurt right smart, but I didn't quit the first day. Then my eyes swole up so I couldn't see out of 'em. Now the doctor's taken the stitches out, I expec' I'll go back to work in two or three days."

He touched the discolored wound with his hand, which had the peculiar clawlike posture of all those that have gone early to work. The first joint of his thumb was gone.

"How did you lose that?" I queried.

"Cardin'," he answered in his mild, aged manner. "I been over a year't the mill."

"How old are you?"

"Teun."

"Are there any boys as young as you are in the mill?"

"Heaps of 'em younger," he affirmed; and then, lest I get an exaggerated impression, he corrected:

"There's none younger'n eight years old."

"Do you like to work?" I went on.

His face was pitifully bloated and there was a lassitude about his whole tiny person, yet his response was nevertheless resolute:

"I sure do like work a heap better'n doin' nothin'!"

"Wouldn't you like to go to school?"

He looked at me as Cinderella might have stared, skeptically, at the fairy godmother.

"I never have been to school," he said, "but I reckon I'd *love* that better'n anything."

There is no "race suicide" among the mill folk. I called at house after house where there were families of six to twelve children; three or four married, one or two just able to creep, one still in the mother's arms, and all classified, *not by their real age, but by their approach to the time when the mill could lay claim upon them.*

"We can't keep them out of the spinning-room," the agents over and over protested to me. "These families won't come in from the country unless we guarantee to let the children go to work."

There are two observations to be made in answer to these self-defensive affirmations of the mill authorities. The first is a simple statement of facts: the wages paid to cotton-mill folk are so low that in a family of ordinary size there is no way out of starvation except by letting the children work. The second is drawn from life.

By the time I reached the upper end of the town the shadows of a late November twilight were already creeping over the village, veiling somewhat its crudities in their semi-darkness. When I rapped at the Loftons' door, a cheerful voice called out to me, and entering I found Mrs. Lofton before an open fire, the uncertain flame of which was the only light in the little room. I could perceive an attempt at decoration, in the form of a round centre-table with an album on it, a few pictures against the wall, and crocheted tidies on the chair-backs, which, in spite of the bed and bureau between the windows, clearly said: "This is our parlor." There were three babies, one crawling, one toddling, and the third, pale to blueness, breathing heavily, its eyes closed, on Mrs. Lofton's knees. She hitched forward in her rocking-chair to greet me.

"Rest your bonnet, won't you?" she asked, with that spontaneous courtesy which needs no introduction to suggest that kindness is due to a stranger.

She touched the baby and apologized for not rising.

"He's been awful low with bronchitis. I've had eleven, an' 't seems like it was a hard pull raisin' these last three."

Her voice was agreeable, without the suggestion of a whine. Her chief preoccupation was that I should be comfortable, and the insistent demands of the three little creatures who appealed continually to her while we "visited" were met with such tact as any hostess likes to display in relegating to their proper place all claims which should be secondary to those made by a guest.

I explained the object of my call: "They'd like to have Lizzie back at the school. She's only eleven. You haven't put her in the mill, have you?"

"Well, yes, meum, we have," Mrs. Lofton confessed. And then she went on: "You see, my three oldest's married and two's dead an' the other three's under fifteen, but if I don't keep two in the mill all the time they quarrel with us."

"Quarrel with you?"

"Yes, meum, the superintendent down't the mill. He sure does want two out of every family. He kep' a-calling on me for Lizzie."

"Calling on you?"

"Yes, meum, sendin' messages that he wanted her. I made as though I didn't understand. Then baby took sick"—she touched the pallor-stricken infant on her knees—"and Lizzie was a-helping me and it seemed like I'd have to send her."

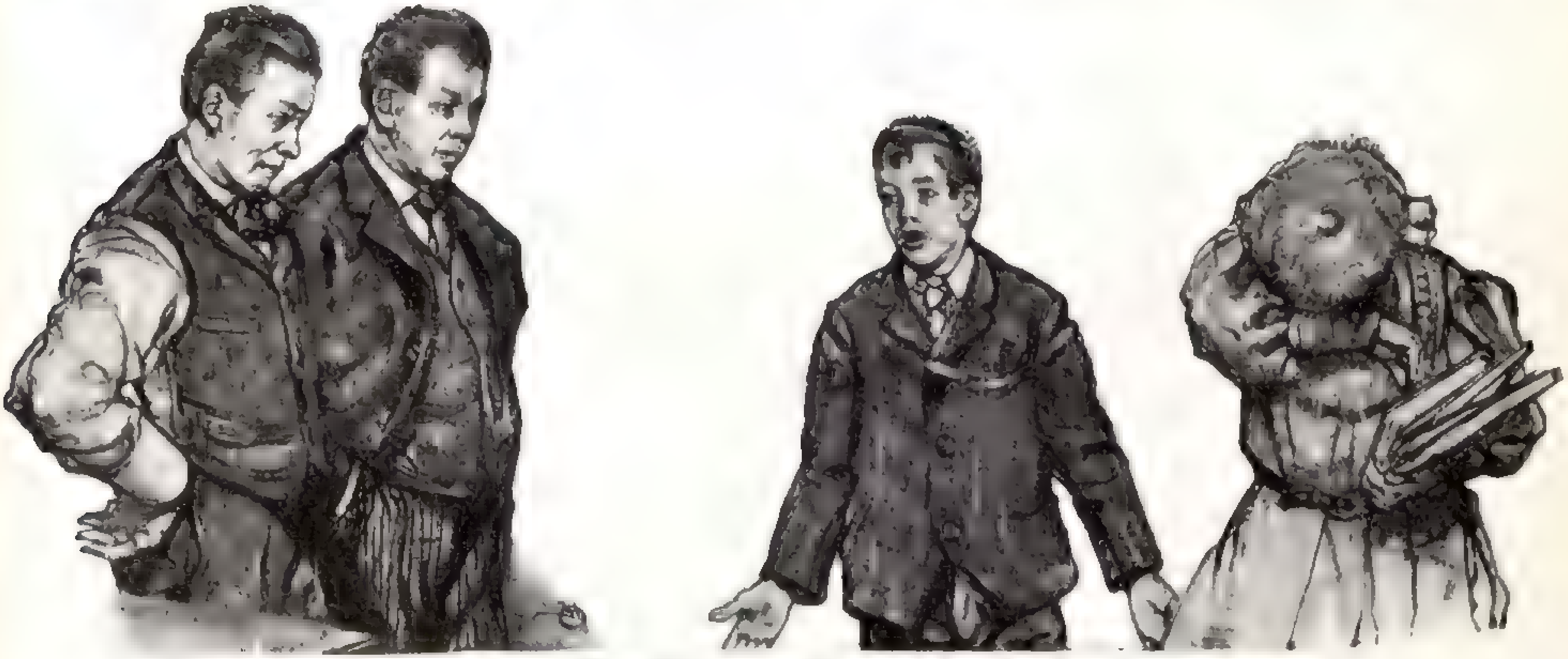
"Does this man quarrel even for the little ones?" I asked.

"He sure does. It don't make no difference how small they are. If he's got 'em in there he won't let 'em go—not if he can help it."

The light in the sky had faded from amber to emerald, and against the sombre mantle of night, which mingled its shadows with the feathery blackness pouring from the factory's chimneys, the mill shone out like a jewel, sparkling, flashing its innumerable rays from the succession of long windows behind which "heaps of little children" were toiling, toiling from a quarter to six in the morning until a quarter past six at night, with one half-hour to rest and eat at noon: a world of little workers, uncomplaining, heroic—"laying off" now and then, perforce, for a day or two, but uniting their share to the effort which keeps the Southern cotton mills in motion. As I walked on back to the station, which was a small frame building caught in the iron clasp of two branch railroads that passed either side of it, I came upon a group of cotton-flecked children busy tending a bonfire they had made in a hollow of the roadside. Convalescents all of them, they suggested the groups of aged men one sees around an old people's home. They moved about slowly, with that peculiar hesitation common to people who are frequently in pain. They spoke only occasionally to each other in the tone of those who, having no reason to recall the past or to invoke the future, reduce their conversation to comments upon the trivial incidents of the actual moment. A sad little group, and how unlike children! Youth in general resembles a rising tide whose own latent energy carries it upward, onward, forward, relentless, cruel even, engulfing every obstacle. But these little mill hands, these child laborers, suggested the waters that have reached their mark and that are now receding, ebbing outward toward the great sea, drifting slowly to "where the ocean is."

Editor's Note—This is the fourth article in Mrs. Van Vorst's series.

Patrick on the Primrose Path



"Uncle Dan, I Ain't Suspended; I'm Jist Playin' Hookey"

Flaherty's Politics and Sarsfield's Heart

By Maude L. Radford

FLAHERTY, from his seat behind the till, looked with a distressed reflectiveness at young Patrick Sarsfield lounging indifferently over his dinner. Osborne, leaning against the desk, asked:

"What's the matter, Flaherty?"

"Well, nawthin' much, I hope," said Flaherty, removing his gaze from Patrick; "but, since I'm publishin' me feelin' so free to you wid me face, I may let me tongue say I'm worried about Pathrick."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Well, luk at the way he ates, fur wan t'ing."

"You mean his manners?" asked Osborne. "Of course, he does hug his plate a bit, and puts his face down lower than need be, but all boys ——"

"Pathrick's manners is as good as the next wan's, I belave," said Flaherty stiffly. "I mane, he don't ate enough anny more. Why, Robert Immit, will you belave me, he has not asked fur two pieces of pie fur two weeks, and I have seen him whin he wouldn't ate wan. There, do you see him now rayfusin' dessert? Is ut nat'ral, I ask you?"

"Oh, it's only temporary," replied Osborne easily. "He'll be making up for it next week."

"Ah, but listen to this," said Flaherty with sad triumph: "fur two weeks, Robert Immit, he's gone widout a worrud to take his Saturdah night bath. Ginerally, he plays th' ould Nick wid Mrs. Flynn, dodgin' her whin she's thryin' to dhrive him in, and ut always ends be me comin' to the fut uv the stairs and shoutin' up to go into the wather immigit, and no more palaver. I will admit to you, Robert Immit, that I have taken some pleasure listenin' below stairs to the schemes he put up on ould Mrs. Flynn; sure, he's that injanious! And I niver dhrive him in till I feel discipline is gittin' bad. But to see him meekly go in like a lamb to the shearin'! And more than that, he comes to her in the mornin' befure school to see is he clean enough."

"Maybe he's getting a little dandified," suggested Osborne.

"Well, now, wud ut be? I did hear him foightin' to git Hugh O'Neill's clane collar from him, and Mrs. Flynn says the number of handkerchiefs he uses is scandalous."

"That's it," said Osborne.

"Ah, but why shud he rayfuse to ate, I ask you? Ginerally, whin they git dandified, they kick about what is set befure thim. But he jist don't notice his food at all."

"What do you think it is?" asked Osborne.

"Well, I dinnaw, but I think maybe he worruks too harrud at school."

Osborne smiled.

"Oh, come, Flaherty, school is a regular party to him, and he never has a textbook in his hands after half-past three."

"He doesn't nade ut," returned Flaherty. "He does twict as well as thim that worruks afther hours. I doubt the confinement is bad fur him. Annyway, I'm goin' to see his teacher to-morra and see how he's thrated. Jist look how slowlike he gits out his chair. Do you thry and raise his spirits wid some worruds. Yes, I'm goin' to the school to see kin I foind out the throuble."

The root of Patrick's trouble was indeed at school, in the second seat of the third row of Room 6. For him, in that huge red-brick building, there was only Augusta Schmidt;

the other fifty children in the room, the remaining thousand children in the other rooms, the teachers, the janitor, even the principal, were but the trivial setting from which radiated the glorious personality of Augusta Schmidt.

Patrick's first view of Augusta had not been propitious. It was during a brief truce when he and red-headed Terence Cahill were combining against three "Orangemen boys" in an upper grade, and together they were shooting home at the noon hour among a pouring volley of other children. Just in front of them were three little girls; the middle one, bursting out of a large plaid dress bisected by a braid of thick yellow hair, had her roly-poly arms about the necks of the two slim children on each side of her.

"Gee!" Patrick had whispered; "ain't she fat, though!"

"She's mighty pop'lar and smart, annyway," Terence had said. "She's comin' up in our grade to-morra."

"Aw, you're gone on her!" jeered Patrick.

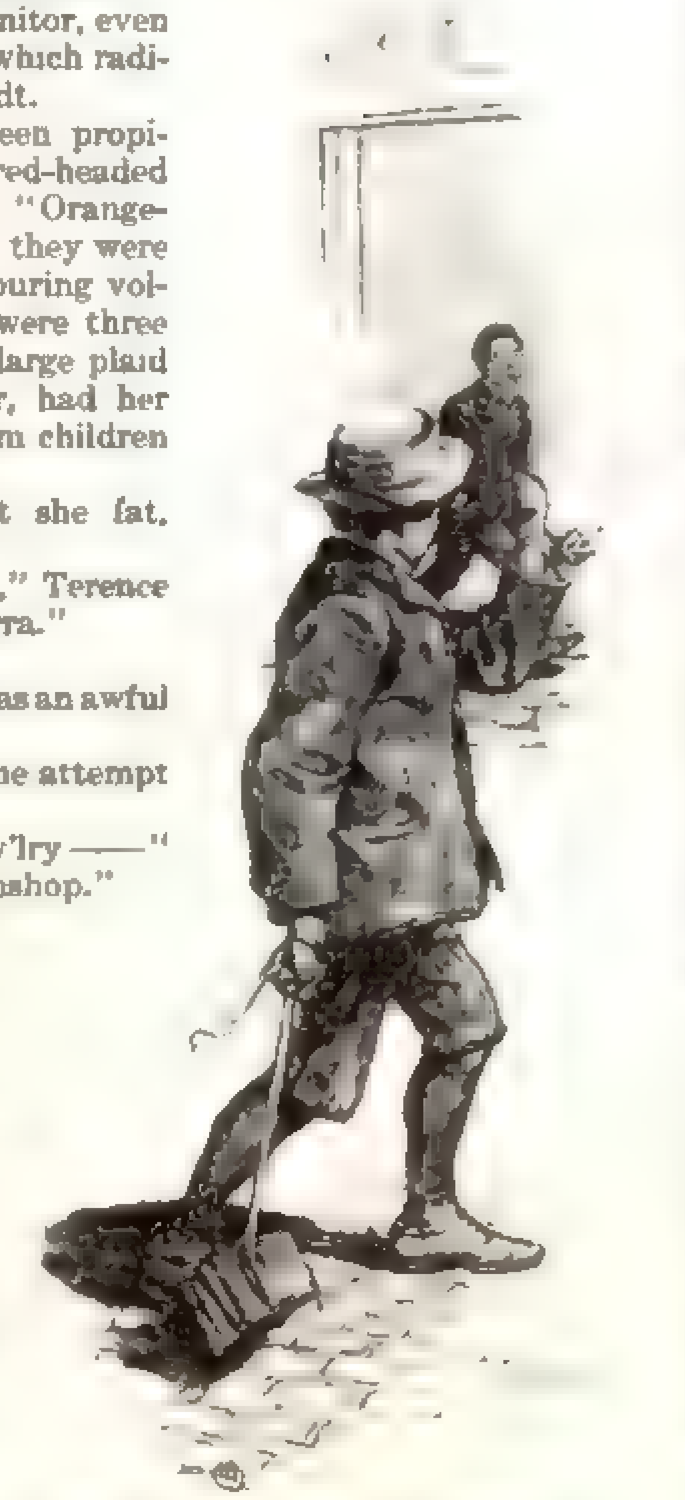
"Aw, g'wan!" replied Terence. "Her father has an awful nice shop. You'd just ought to see ut."

"What's in ut?" queried Patrick, blocking the attempt of a small boy to pass him.

"Oh, books wid the Gaelic, and vi'lins and jew'lry ——"

"Say, I ain't never seen the inside of a pawnshop."

"Aw right; you come wid me this afthernoon."


"Wait Till This Afthernoon, Me Buckaroo!"

The pawnshop of August Schmidt was a dark, narrow little place which looked as if it had drawn itself back from the street in the hope of escaping observation. It contrasted oddly with its proprietor, sitting conspicuously behind the dim window. August Schmidt was stout and shining; his yellow hair beamed in fat little curls; his gleaming blue eyes were wide and guileless; his plump lips drooped open in a vague, friendly smile.

As the boys entered his dark little shop he leaned over the littered counter, nodded to Terence, and said of Patrick:

"He vas Mister Flaretty's poy?"

"Huhuh," assented Terence.

"All right. You can play vere you like."

On three sides of the little shop ran shelves filled with fascinating objects. Odd piles of clothes and of books lay across two chairs behind the counter and even on the floor. The shelves opposite the window were broken by a door, half open, through which the boys caught a glimpse of Augusta's yellow head bent over some sewing.

They spent a happy half-hour among the lower shelves, unearthing bundles which contained all sorts of queer treasures, trying the accordions and mandolins, and fingering the pistols fearfully. They might have stayed until dusk, undisturbed by Schmidt's casual customers, had it not been for the entrance of three grimy and lowering men. These visitors looked at the boys morosely a moment, and then one of them said:

"Ship the kids!"

As the boys passed the men, one of them boxed the ears of Terence by way of good speed. Terence sniveled, got his feet outside the door, and shouted back:

"I'm goin' to tell my cousin, the p'lice captain, on you, smarty, and have you pulled!"

Then the boys took to their heels.

For a week Patrick had thought no more of the plump Augusta or of her father's alluring shop. Then, because of one of his frequent misdemeanors, the teacher had changed his seat, putting him up in the front where she could see him distinctly. Just opposite him loomed a fat bulk surmounted by yellow hair. Patrick looked at Augusta; she looked at him, and smiled. It was only a slow, plump, little smile, but somehow it was like no other smile that had been conferred on Patrick. Undoubtedly, there was something attractive about that serene little face with its round, blue eyes and deep dimples, but only Patrick could tell if it was worth the violent emotion that assailed him—a falling about the region of his heart, something like the feeling he had just before he began to fight with a boy bigger than himself. But fighting had never made him blush, never made him shrink into the middle of his seat in a vain effort to get away from the rest of the world. For the next half-hour he seemed to be studying his geography lesson, and his teacher, secure in the belief that he was, later called on him to recite before some visiting teachers. He failed utterly—much to the disgust of the others of the class, who, however they neglected their work in the ordinary course of the day, always rose to the desire to "show off" before a stranger. Patrick did not care until Augusta looked at him wonderingly, and then he was smitten to the dust.

The shyness of Patrick continued. He stole frequent glances at his heart's dearest, and sometimes she surprised him quickly enough to smile at him. But he never returned the smile, nor did he ever speak to her. He walked home behind her twice a day, talking to his satellites, but really watching the bright yellow braid under her red knitted cap, and hoping that she was noticing how the other boys admired him. That some of the boys admired Augusta was clear; Patrick had suffered the pang of passing to her across the aisle notes that they wrote; he had seen some of them walk home from school with her. He wanted to fight with them, but he vaguely felt that he had no right to do it; that Augusta would have to bind her token on his sleeve, as it were, and send him forth explicitly before he would be justified in knocking down any of her other admirers.

Of Terence Cahill, however, he made an exception. It was some time before he saw that there was anything special in Terence's affection, so natural did it seem to him that all the little world of Room 6 should be drawn to Augusta. But when he had passed three notes from Terence he became suspicious; and when he saw Terence give her an all-day sucker, he no longer doubted.

Patrick despised all-day suckers. Who but a kid would want a lump of taffy on the end of a stick? And then, they lasted all day. Patrick stood for the sudden joys of cinnamon drops and crumbly cocoanut bars. It irritated him to see Augusta at intervals during the morning diminishing the bulk of the confection.

"I'll break the face uv you," he said to Terence, as they went home at noon, "if you give Augusta Schmidt anny more suckers." Terence, though cringing, was Irish, and strong in the affections. "I've got as good a right as you," he muttered.

"I don't give her nawthin'," said Patrick, flushing.

"Well, if she ain't your girl, what right have you to talk?"

"Well, I don't like ut," said the young tyrant; "you jist mind out, that's all."

Terence, having reached his corner, darted away, and at a safe distance yelled:

"Smarty, you ain't my boss, and mother says Dan Flaherty'll niver be boss uv this warrud next year; so now!"

Patrick was about to sprint for Terence, but Augusta, coming down a side street, took the pith out of his legs. Even the remembrance of the taunt against Flaherty did not arouse him. He contented himself with yelling:

"You wait till this afthernoon, me buckaroo!"

Then he glanced in the direction of Augusta. She was standing in front of a tiny confectioner's shop, her little nose almost touching the window-pane. Suddenly he hurried by her, his head averted, into the shop.

"You kin show me," he said commandingly, "your saints."

Now, saints come high, because their halos are gilded, their sugar cloaks painted red, their skirts blue, and their shoes brown. So the shopwoman asked:

"Which wan?"

"You kin show me all uv thim," said Patrick, lavishly drawing out the quarter which should have been saved toward buying his evening papers.

Aware of the shadow of Augusta outside, he chose a broad-faced St. Patrick, St. Peter with a beautiful gold crook, and St. Michael ferociously planted on a purple dragon. He was sustained by his magnificent ability to pay until he reached the doorstep; there he collapsed, and slunk away from Augusta, still holding the saints.

He took his way home slowly, the saints heavy in his hands. He had spent a quarter for them, and she would never know how expensive they were, nor how beautiful they were, nor how they melted in the mouth! He hid the saints behind the hat-rack and went into the kitchen. What was the good of eating, anyway? He smiled bitterly at his noisy brothers and sisters, interested in their corn-beef hash, and talking of the silly little things that had happened to them at school. What was the good of anything, anyhow? He had a great mind munificently to throw the saints among his family, but a vague hope restrained him.

On his way back to school he brightened.

"Ah, sure," he said to himself; "now I know why I didn't give her thim grand saints. She's a Dutchy, and what does a Dutchy care fur thim?"

He lingered before the window of the little confectioner's shop, looking at rows of suckers, too gross for his dainty heart's dearest, and at saints, delicate enough, but unappropriate. Then his eye was caught by a beautiful vision on a high shelf. It was a little pink satin workbox tied with blue ribbons.

"That's the ticket fur her," he thought. "Sure, they say the women Dutchies is great on sewin'. Will me other quarter buy it, I dinnaw?"

He entered the store, and bargained with the woman at the counter, pointing out two fly-specks on the little box, and descanting on its disadvantages until she told him, disgustedly, that he was worse nor a Dago. But she let him have the box, and, elate with the conquest, he hurried away to catch Augusta before the last bell should ring. He imagined himself stopping before the girls' yard and calling to Augusta:

"Say, Augusta, c'm'ere; I've a message from your auntie."

And when Augusta would come he would whisper:

"It ain't a message at all. I jist want to give you this."

But before he reached the girls' yard his feet dragged, and even when he heard the first and then the second bell ring he did not hasten. He arrived just in time to form the fag-end of the boys' line of Room 6. As he tramped upstairs he thought feebly: "I'd 'a' done ut if the bell hadn't rung so soon." But he did not deceive himself, and it was with a sneaking sense of inadequacy that he slipped the workbox and the saints in his desk on top of his unthumbed arithmetic.

Terence, though not quick, felt in some occult way the quailing of his master's spirit, for he sent by Patrick to Augusta two notes and a bright red blotter on which was written "Augusta from T——." The blotter aroused Patrick, who fixed menacing eyes on Terence, and when the teacher turned to write on the blackboard he leaned across two desks to whisper fiercely:

"I'll lam you fur that, and thin I'll lam you fur anny one else's notes I have to pass. I ain't no wan's messenger-bye."

But his bold words did not bring back his self-respect; even thrashing Terence would not do that, he knew. To what point his spirits might have sunk there is no telling, but at about three o'clock the schoolroom door opened and in walked Flaherty, pink-faced, lambent, and in his best clothes. The teacher knew him. Who in the ward did not? While she greeted the visitor, the children turned in their seats to stare at Patrick, who sat crimson, and faintly smiling. Then Augusta—perfection's pink in manners—rose from her seat, and bowing, said:

"Good-day, Mr. Flaherty."

Promptly there was a moving of feet and a clatter of seats, and the other children followed the example of their Augusta, and said, in a ragged chorus:

"Good-day, Mr. Flaherty."

Patrick had a silly desire to say, "H'lo, Uncle Dan," but some good angel restrained him, and he sat still, but looking, as Flaherty said afterward to Osborne, as if he were "mortial" ashamed of himself and his uncle.

The teacher asked Mr. Flaherty to say a few words to the children.

"Sure, I naden't advise thim to be good byes and gurrils; wid you over thim they're that already," said Flaherty. "Lave me tell thim a story."

The children smiled happily, and the teacher nodded assent.

Flaherty looked at the various nationalities before him, and began:

"I'm goin' to tell you uv the deeds uv a great hero. He moight have been a Polish or Russian hero, or a grand Swedish hero, or a grand and iligint Norwagian hero, or an iligint, bould and noble Dutch hero, but he happened jist to be a common Oirish hero—and faith, heroes was always common in Oireland."

And then he told them a story of Finn McCool.

Young Patrick's pride rose and his heart sang as he watched Flaherty and the breathless, shining-eyed children. Was there ever such a man as Dan Flaherty? He forgot Augusta; he forgot the thrashing due Terence; he saw himself walking home that afternoon, the centre of a crowding group of boys with their heads all leaned in toward him while he would be boasting of the other stories his uncle knew, and of what a great man he was down at the city hall where the mayor couldn't govern without him at all, and of how they kept sending messages for him to come home and save Ireland.

But then his eyes fell on Augusta's placid face and his dream crumbled. He bent his head just as the story was ended, and listened to the clapping, broken into by the sound of the dismissal bell. The teacher motioned to Patrick to keep his seat while she put the other children through the usual march to the cloakroom. Augusta did not rise either, for she was the favored one who was allowed to stay after school and "help teacher." While Patrick, his head still bent, began to fumble in his desk, he felt the touch of a little hand, and heard Augusta say:

"I wisht he was mine uncle already."

Patrick looked up. The children had filed out; Flaherty stood lambent in the door, beaming on the little world of people in the hall. The boy forgot his proposed triumphal march home, for he and Augusta were alone in the first bower, and her calm little voice was repeating:

"Yes; I wisht he was mine uncle already."

Patrick brought out his hands with the workbox and the saints between them.

"He's the grand uncle, Augusta," he said; "and I got these for you. Sure, he'd like you to have thim."

Augusta's face grew pink as she opened the packages.

"My, what a lots of money you must make mit your papers!" she cried. "My, but ain't they wunderschön!"

She smoothed the pink box with one plump hand, while with the other she raised St. Michael to her mouth. Patrick ecstatically watched her bite off the dragon's head.

"Here; bite you," she said; and Patrick blissfully went for a section of a wing.

"I thought you were mad mit me," said Augusta softly.

But Patrick had as yet no understanding of the devious ways along which any woman expects emotion to travel. He was uncomfortable; he couldn't talk of what he felt, so he contented himself with saying:

"Naw; I ain't mad. Take another bite, why don't you?"

Meanwhile, Flaherty and the teacher had come into the room, and she was assuring Flaherty that there was nothing wrong with Patrick Sarsfield; that she would have been the first to notice anything so amazing as a change in his spirited conduct. She suggested pleasantly that a slight application to his books out of school-hours might give a fillip to his appetite; it had to her little brother's. She was a pretty girl, and while she spoke her advice seemed to Flaherty very sensible.

Patrick trod on air as he went out of the school beside his uncle Dan, although he so far returned to the practical world as to borrow fifty cents from him before he went downtown for his papers. But he sold them with a skipping ease; he "flipped" needlessly on cars just for the pure joy of motion, and ever and anon, with a kind of shamed delight, he blinked his eyes upon the picture of Augusta, her dimples deeper as she bit smilingly into the purple dragon.

At supper that night no complaint could be made of Patrick's appetite. Flaherty and Osborne had finished before he even began on his pie. As his piece was brought, Flaherty motioned to the window.

"See that little fat Dutchy, Robert Immit?" he asked. "Name's Owgust Schmidt. I want to tell you about him. He's the—well, be jabbers! if he ain't comin' in, and young Owgusta wid him!"

August Schmidt had indeed opened the door, and with a deprecating look at Flaherty, was moving, Augusta in his wake, to a distant table. Flaherty beckoned to the waitress who was about to serve Schmidt.

"Tell the Dutchy there is no coffee left, and he can't send out fur beer. Offer him tay. If he's goin' to ate in my resthrant," he added to Osborne, "he'll take dacint Oirish food, or none."

Patrick was stealing shy glances at his heart's desire, while Flaherty went on:

"Whin I furrust come into the warrud I used to see little fat Schmidt standin' befure the door uv his butcher's shop, and I'd t'row him a worrud, fur I saw 'twas up to me to conciliate the Dutch if iver I was to be boss. Well, by-and-by, whin I was boss, says wan uv the Dutch: 'Little Schmidt wants to be doin' somet'ing in politics; wud you plaze to oblige?'—or worruds to that effect. Well, I had to, annyway, and I liked the little fat scut well enough. But, Robert Immit, he'd no more wit fur politics than a Conamara goose. He thried harrud—wint bankrupt in the butcher's business thryin' to larn politics, and I was that fascinated wid his blunders that I give him lessons in wan t'ing afther another; yes, I did. And he'd lane right over on me as if I was bound to feed him out uv me hand. Well, th' amusement palled, and th' other byes wuddn't sthand fur ut.

"'Are you crazy, Dan?' says th' alderman. 'Sure, he accused wan uv our own side uv bein' a repeater, and him only on the t'ird thry; he was turrunin' his coat and shavin' his mustache fur the fourt'.' And th' alderman wint on and pinted out more uv Owgust's peculiarities, and said he t'ought he acted like a Republican broken into our ranks to do us harrum.

"So I had to shake him at lasht. I set him up in a little pawnshop, and says: 'Owgust, I like you, but don't you iver sphake to me agin till I give you lave. You are too ixpinsive fur a poor politician.'"

"Nice little girl," said Osborne, his eye on Patrick.

"Too much uv a fatty," said Flaherty. "I like thim slim like Sheelah."

"Well, there's tastes and tastes," muttered Patrick to himself.

"But I cud sthand the flesh on her if she'd anny imagination," went on Flaherty. "Sure, two years ago I mind I was visitin' the school as I did to-day, and I tould the childher a fairy story. D'ye raymimber the wan, Robert Immit, about t'ree ugly ould ladies made so be sphinnin'; and they offer to sphin t'ree rooms full uv flax into goold fur a gurrul that's thryin' to git the prince thereby, if in rayturrun she invites thim to her weddin'? At the weddin', the prince asks them how they come to be so ugly, and whin they say be sphinnin', he says niver shall his wife sphin agin. Well, whin I was t'rough, up jumps me fat Owgusta, and says she: 'I don't see phwat th' ould ladies got out uv ut, already,' says she. Think uv ut! An eight-year-old, and no more sowl thin that!"

"Oh, you are prejudiced because she spoiled your story," laughed Osborne.

"It was a rale sensible remark," said Patrick, his face crimson. "I've niver seen anny wan doin' somet'ing fur not'ing in this warrud, annyhow. I'm goin' to give Augusta me other piece uv pie," he added.

He rose and, plate in hand, joined Augusta. She received his offering placidly.

"We don't have pie by our house; I like pie," she said.

As Patrick sat down, August Schmidt turned a beaming face on Flaherty:

"Mr. Flaretty!" he called. "Your poy gif my girl presents; I think uns friends, now; hein?"

Flaherty waved his hand helplessly. Then he beckoned to Patrick, who came forward, red-faced, but brave.

"Sarsfield," said Flaherty, "you are beginning your sentimental entanglements young. I'll say no more to that, but I do say you'll plaze to look afther your fathers-in-law yoursilf. I won't be loaded wid Owgust Schmidt; you mind that, and no worruds more about ut. Now go back to your Eve and your Eden."

Eve and Eden certainly seemed fully satisfying to Patrick. The other boys did not tease him, for he was the best fighter in Room 6. As for the girls, he did not mind their giggling. He talked to Augusta, sometimes walked home with her, and when the fit moved him, wrote notes to her, though he sat only across the aisle from her, and could easily have whispered. He was generous, too, in his new kingdom; he passed her the notes that still came to her from other boys, and let her take licorice drops and picture-cards from them—with one exception. That exception was Terence. Why he was determined that Terence should have no communication with his heart's dearest, Patrick did not ask himself. The young tyrant merely knew that he was not going to have Terence hanging about.

And Terence it was who first brought sorrow into Patrick's kingdom. He noticed one morning that Augusta was not in her seat. After the late bell she entered, her face very sad. At recess he saw that most of the girls fell away from her, and at noon, while his line was marching out, one of the boys whispered to him that Augusta's father was "pulled."

Patrick spent five tiresome minutes getting away from the other boys. When he overtook Augusta she was walking alone, quietly crying. He drew her up a side street, and asked her what was it at all.

"Mine vater—they took him away by the jail—and he says it is Terence made it all—and he says if your uncle was friends mit him it would not have been."

"Here, take my hank'chief; yours is wet," said Patrick. "I got a quarter; let's stop at the store ——"

"No; I can't eat nodings," said Augusta sorrowfully.

And Patrick felt that matters were indeed in a bad way. While he comforted Augusta, escorting her homeward, the little mind of him was planning where and from whom he could get an account of what had really happened.

The result of his questioning was that he and Augusta appeared at the restaurant about two o'clock, when Flaherty and Osborne, their luncheon finished, were arguing fiercely over the new land laws in Ireland.

"Uncle Dan, I ain't suspended; I'm just playin' hookey because Augusta here is in throuble, and you caused ut all," said Patrick in an injured voice.

For a moment Flaherty felt a tight pain at his heart. Never before had his boy sided against him.

"Ah, well," he murmured, half to Osborne, half to himself, "belike at times we all cause our elders to thravel that quare road alone." Then he turned to Patrick, and said in a judicial tone: "So I caused ut, all, did I? Wud you be plazed to ixplain?"

"Well, it's Schmidt, Uncle Dan. He's a poor omadhaun at the best, and you shud have stud his friend, and not let others get a bolt on him."

Flaherty waited patiently.

"Thim t'ree men that did be goin' to Schmidt's so much—well, Terence tould his cousin, the p'lice captain, how they boxed his ears on him, and he tould him all he knew about thim. Well, and the p'lice captain says they're t'ieves and that Schmidt's been buyin' their stuff ——"

"You don't mane that me little fat Owgust is a fence!" cried Flaherty. "Sure, he's not the brains—savin' your presence, Owgusta."

"He says he didn't know all thim furs and t'ings was stole, but the p'lice captain says tell that to the marines ——"

"And mine vater is in jails because you wouldn't make friends mit him," said Augusta, big tears falling down her face. "And the girls say it is fierce when a man stays in jails all night and don't get out on pail."

Flaherty drew her toward him.

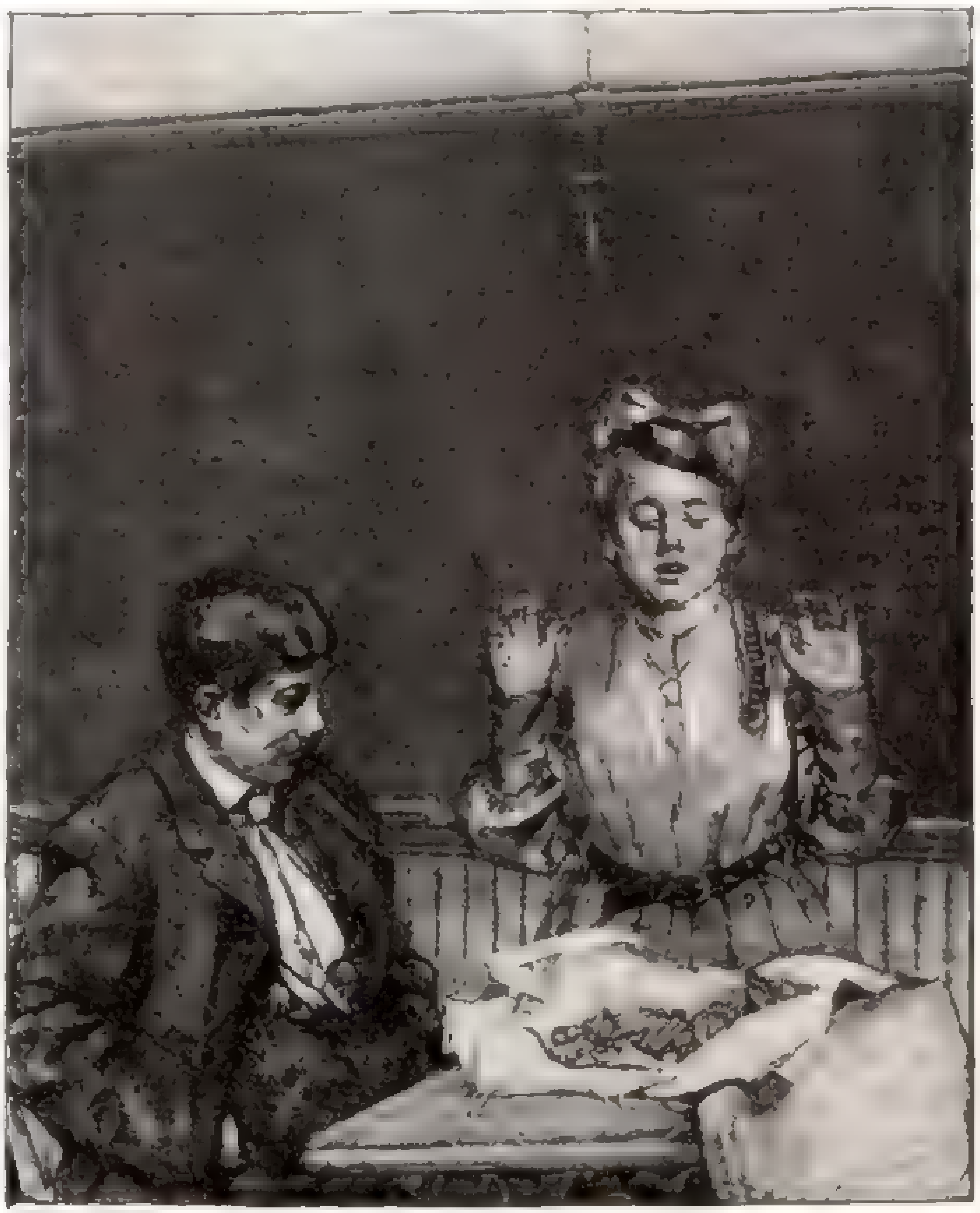
"Don't cry, acushla; I'll bail him out. I'll fix ut," he said. "Nawt'in' 'll happen to him."

Augusta turned appealing eyes on him.

"Since mine auntie went back to Germany two months already, nodings goes right mit us," she said. "I ain't big enough to take care mine vater. I am just big enough that Patrick takes care of me. If you take care of mine vater, nodings can hurt us by our house."

Patrick wore an air of injured expectancy. Flaherty capitulated. He kissed Augusta's smooth pink cheek, and said:

"All right, Owgusta; he'll be safe afther this. Go over wid Patrick to the table there and git some pie. Robert Immit," he added grimly to Osborne, as the children seated themselves, "d'ye raymimber ixplainin' to me what that philosopher said about when a man had childher he was givin' hostages to forchune? Begorry, I undherstand now what th' ould felly was dhrivin' at!"



"My, but Ain't They Wunderschön!"

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 5, 1906

Single Subscriptions, $2.00 the Year. In Clubs, $1.25 Each
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union
Single Subscriptions, $3.25. In Clubs, $2.50 Each
Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

They Need the Coal

WHEN the threat of a strike became acute the railroads began promptly to confiscate coal which had been intrusted to them for transportation. The process is simple, and entirely familiar to persons engaged in the trade. A. delivers to the railroad twenty tons of coal consigned to B. B. does not receive the coal. In due time—that is, at the pleasure of the road—A. is notified that his transportation agent has taken the coal for its own use. Again in due time—also at the pleasure of the road—A. is paid for the coal. As to the method of fixing the price, a Western operator observes: "What price will we get for this confiscated coal? I don't know. We have no contract to furnish the road fuel; but I suppose we will take what they offer us. If you go into court you queer yourself, and it is practically impossible to do any business with the road afterward." Before the strike various bituminous mines were politely notified that the railroads upon which they were dependent for transportation must have seventy-five per cent., or some other large proportion of the output. The mine might be under contract to supply others; but if it resisted it "queered" itself, and science knows nothing unhappier than a coal mine that is "queered" with its railroad.

This is not grand larceny or highway robbery, because it is perfectly understood, and is implied by long-standing custom in every contract between a railroad and a coal mine. It is taken for granted that if the transportation agent happens to want the coal, no matter to whom it may belong, it will simply seize it, and pay for it in its own good time and at its own price. And before, during and after the confiscatory operations which put the nation's fuel supply at its mercy, the road is shouting that it is really only a private enterprise, interference with which by way of governmental regulations is unwarranted and socialistic. Persons and communities whose coal is seized have no day in court. The Senate is not aghast because the property is taken without due process of law. There is no refined legal argument over interlocutory decrees in their favor.

The Real Stand-Pat Attitude

CHAIRMAN PAYNE of the House Ways and Means Committee heroically rounds out, tops and cornices the stand-pat tariff attitude, so that we now see it as a structure not only noble and harmonious in all its lines, but well calculated to endure for ages. Speaker Cannon laid the ample foundation by showing that it was quite out of the question to ask tariff legislation of a Congress which had rate-regulation and other weighty matters on its hands. Later, Secretary Shaw pointed out that the only proper time to revise duties was immediately after a new Administration came in—which, of course, meant that the subject could not be taken up before 1909. Now comes Mr. Payne to warn us that tariff legislation must not be thought of until there is a concurrent view by a majority of the party in power and Congress is in "that calm, judicial frame of mind so necessary in the preparation of a tariff act."

This seems to be about as conclusive as possible. We have only the experience of a century or so to guide us; but in that period Congress has ever fallen dismally short of getting itself into a calm, judicial frame of mind when the tariff came up. On the contrary, every recurrence of that topic appears to have made it look more like a convention of Kilkenny cats. Nor is the outlook for a "concurrent view" of tariff revision much more hopeful. For purposes of the House, "the party in power," it must be remembered, consists of the President, the Speaker, Mr. Payne and Mr. Dalzell. Not one of them will concur. Let us imagine the assembling of the one-hundred-and-fiftieth Congress, with the following colloquy: The Speaker of the House (to the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee): "Are you concurrent this morning?" The Chairman: "I am not concurrent." The Speaker: "Are you calm? Are you judicial?" The Chairman (after earnestly searching his mind): "I am not calm and judicial." The Speaker: "Then, clearly, we cannot take up tariff revision at this session." There is only one slight cloud in this bright blue sky. The people may become concurrent, and put the Democratic party in power.

The Play and the People

IT LOOKS as if Chicago might have some sort of independent theatre before New York. In the latter city they have decided to ask the leaders of society to contribute one hundred thousand dollars apiece for the possession of a box in the new playhouse—and are now debating what leaders are sufficiently sure of their position to be asked. But in Chicago a little group of men are pushing forward a modest scheme for a better form of dramatic entertainment. These men, who have already had some experience in managing musical and dramatic productions—notably in bringing to Chicago the Russian players—are inviting those interested to subscribe to tickets for a series of plays to be given next year. They propose to lease a theatre and get together a competent company under some actor-manager, and to put on plays with a frequent change of bill. So far their scheme has met with a support that promises success; they have enough subscribers to assure one season. They will not be able, naturally, to get the best players: the start will have to be simple, but it is a beginning. If the people interested have sufficient patience they may make of this a strong, independent theatre.

Something must be done before long to improve the conditions of the drama in America. There are a good many intelligent persons in this country who are disgusted with twaddle and bad acting. When the new theatres come, the less they have to do with society patronage the better will be their chance of holding their own in competition with the old theatres. Society isn't interested in art, except as a fad or an opportunity for display. Society seems well enough content with what is provided at the Broadway theatres.

In a Selfish World

IT IS not often that you can get a body of union workmen to judge a man or an act apart from its effect upon union labor. A judge who has issued a strike injunction, or enforced one by contempt proceedings, is conclusively branded as a public enemy. So governors, mayors, legislators are weighed in the one special scale. Public officials who have rendered highly valuable services in many respects have been scathingly denounced and utterly condemned from the pulpit because their policies with regard to saloons, gambling or some other vice were not in accord with the common church feeling on those subjects.

Not long ago a negro divine, excited over wrongs to members of his race, expressed his opinion that the United States was a failure and its flag a rag. There is education in venturing among dive-keepers, gamblers and other criminals, and learning their earnest opinions of the persons who are active in enforcing the laws upon them. Recently, and almost simultaneously, the Supreme Court of the United States handed down several decisions which were injurious to capital—in the so-called tobacco trust and paper trust cases and in that involving the franchise claims of the Chicago Union Traction Company. The latter especially wiped out a score or two of millions of alleged assets. Then one might have heard a sad doubt expressed as to whether the highest tribunal had not finally become infected with some socialist microbes. The Street thinks that some State courts that have rendered injurious decisions are little better than bands of anarchists.

The simple life abides with us. We retain the ingenuous directness of childhood. If we are hurt, we devote ourselves to roaring against whatever it was that hurt us.

Our Own Affair

A NUMBER of cities, especially in that energetic part of our country known as the Middle West, are coquetting with the idea of municipal ownership of one sort or another. The conservatives—and they control the better newspapers—are naturally timid about venturing into any scheme that will involve city governments in further business enterprises. The record of our cities in managing their affairs does not encourage business men to hand over added responsibilities to politicians. The pessimists, among them of course the present owners of public utilities, are busy telling the people all the horrible things that will happen when the "gangs" get control of street railways, lighting, telephones and so forth. The few precedents to be found in our country argue for them, and European examples are of no value, for the conditions over there are always different. The conservatives and the pessimists undoubtedly have the better end of the argument.

But there is another side to the question—one that does not appeal to the practical man who wants immediate results and nothing more—and that is the educational value for the future of increased responsibility to-day. The only way to learn how to do things is to do them and make mistakes. The only way to teach a boy how to spend money and take care of himself is to give him some money to spend. It is of no use to be always afraid. So with city governments: they must have their educational period. The people will educate them. For the public will put up with bad service and rottenness only up to a certain point, especially when the matter touches its comfort closely. Then it always rebels, cleans house, and though a reaction toward old conditions is likely to come, they rarely get to the same low point before another reform wave comes in.

It is in some such expensive way as this that a democracy must learn the hard lesson of self-government. It is an expensive method, but it seems to be the only sure one. It may be, too, that large enterprises such as the management of traction and gas will interest the better elements of the community sufficiently to get them into the municipal game. Men who have never thought it worth their while to "dabble in politics" while bigger business was to be done on the outside, will turn their energies into public business. At any rate, the American idea is faith in the people, the whole people, and in the virtue of education. A part of education is responsibility.

Getting Nervous

THE controversy between Governor Cummins and Senator Elkins is very interesting physiologically as an example of that nervous irritation which so often results from a constant pressure. A year ago, when the Senate was confronted with the conservative duty of interring the Esch-Townsend railroad rate bill for a season, it adopted the expedient of referring it to Senator Elkins' Interstate Commerce Committee, with instructions to investigate. During the summer the committee held solemn hearings—by way of marking time until it could be determined how insistent the demand for rate regulation was going to become. Ex-Senator Faulkner, now of the railroad entourage, was an interested and even active spectator. Considering all the circumstances, we suppose nobody thought there was any harm in letting the railroads put in all the testimony they pleased. We do not suppose those investigations will have any more effect upon the question at issue than the innocent twittering of the robins has. Senator Elkins is a gentleman of urbane humor. We think if anybody had said four months ago that his committee hearings were an innocent and transparent farce he would merely have smiled. But there has been so much said about the rate business of late—the hot gridiron has been so frequently applied! So, when Governor Cummins alleges a farcical character in the hearings, the Senator gets vexed; breaks out in a long letter; says his committee is traduced. Well-a-day! Perhaps Senator Aldrich will be rushing into defensive print before long.

Affectionate Bloodshed

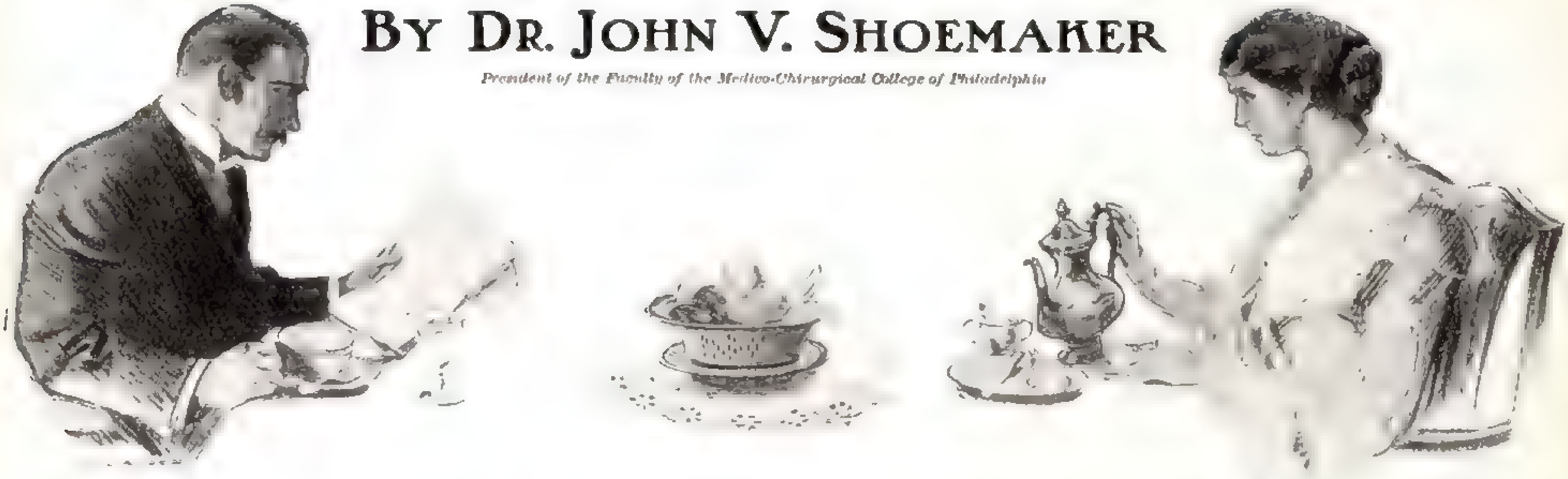
IT APPEARS there is a bill to prohibit the use of automatic repeating shotguns in the Territories, and the President either approves it as calculated to preserve our wild game, or disapproves it because its author quoted him in quotation marks, instead of out of quotation marks as the White House rule prescribes. The real point of interest, however, lies in the illustration of the proper sportsmanly solicitude for beast and bird. A true sportsman loves the free creatures of the woods and mountains, and wishes to kill them only in that nice balance of affectionate bloodshed which brings a maximum of pleasure to the hunter without threatening to exterminate the objects of his regard. He stands properly upon the distinction between sport and slaughter.

Only a sportsman can deal with the problem. The unsportsmanly mind is hopelessly baffled thereby. It at once falls into the confusion of wondering why, if the purpose of the wild creatures is to be killed for somebody's amusement, it isn't as well to use a Gatling-gun as anything else; and where lies the virility in killing animals with weapons against which the tiger is as helpless as the rabbit; or why it stimulates courage to travel a thousand miles to get up a little fictitious show of rescuing one's self from a bear, when the poor bear's only idea was at any cost to avoid being forced into the fatally threatening attitude.

Fuel for the Human Engine

BY DR. JOHN V. SHOEMAKER

President of the Faculty of the Medico-Chirurgical College of Philadelphia



THE raw egg is generally supposed to be a most valuable food—a belief which illustrates rather strikingly the profundity of popular ignorance about the matters of diet. In convalescence, or when appetite fails, the best thing possible, according to the widely-accepted notion, is a free indulgence in eggs beaten raw with milk or sherry. Yet the truth is that there are few things so indigestible as a raw egg, which possesses little nutritive value, being very slightly acted upon, if at all, by the digestive fluids, and passing almost unchanged through the stomach and intestinal canal. Eggs are an ideal food, but they must be cooked, at least a little, in order to be wholesome.

Fresh vegetables have been called "beauty-making" foods; and such in reality they are, because whatever is healthful contributes to beauty. Like eggs and milk, they furnish an ideal element of the dietary; and nowadays we even go so far as to prescribe them for so specific a purpose as that of making the hair grow rapidly and luxuriantly. Odd, is it not? And yet not altogether so, when one considers that sulphur, which enters to a considerable extent into the structure of the hair, as well as of the nails, is a plentiful ingredient of onions, spinach, peas and beans.

Growing children should eat plenty of onions, beans and peas for the sake of the sulphur and iron they contain—these two elements contributing importantly to the make-up of the body, and especially to the structure of the bones. Even those vegetables which, like spinach, hold but a small percentage of actual nutriment contribute mineral salts which are valuable in the dietary, and which, together with plant-albumin, are thus supplied in easily-assimilable shape, being broken up by cooking and made easy to digest. An active constituent of the bile in the liver is sulphur, so that, in eating such garden products, we assist in the manufacture of one of the most important secretions.

Rosy Carrots for Rosy Cheeks

THERE was more than a germ of truth in the old-time belief that spinach makes a clear complexion and carrots a rosy skin. As for beans and peas, they contain more nutriment, pound for pound, than beef—holding, as they do, an extraordinarily large percentage of the substance called "protein," which goes to make muscle and blood. Of the fruits (respecting which I shall have something more to say later) it may be remarked that what has already been said about vegetables applies to them also in a general way. But, like vegetables, they are more wholesome cooked than raw.

For health, and beauty incidentally, one should eat plain and simple food, such as fresh vegetables and fruits, eggs, milk and broths. It is better to consume less in the way of solids, and to strengthen the digestive organs by giving them less work to do. For meats a person of weak digestion should substitute, to a great extent at all events, chicken broth, beef broth, clam broth and oyster broth, which, if properly prepared and not too highly seasoned, are taken up quickly by the body. In this way the fibrin, by which meats are woven together, is got rid of, and their useful earthy salts are conveyed into the stomach in such shape as to be easily absorbed.

Many people tax their stomachs unduly by eating the cereals in too large quantities. These foods, though very good for some folks, are not always easy to digest. Also, they eat breads of "whole wheat," graham, or other coarse flours, under the impression that they are more wholesome. The fact, however, is quite the opposite; for, although the coarse and branny flours do contain more nutriment than the fine bolted, they are much less digestible, the larger particles not being assimilated. Quantity for quantity, they make less flesh and blood, and supply less fuel for the body-machine.

The fashionable disease of the day, appendicitis, is frequently caused by indiscretions of diet. People whose digestive apparatus is weak and irritable should be on their guard against this malady—especially if they suffer occasionally from pains in the region of the appendix. They should eat simple food, avoiding cereals, fish, pork, veal, liver, fried meats, raw fruits and fats and oils, all of which are indigestible. So far as possible, they should restrict themselves to roast and baked meats, invariably lean, to cooked fruits, and to such vegetables as spinach, peas, boiled or baked potatoes, stewed carrots and stewed onions; to which may be added eggs, broths and milk.

Indiscretions in Eating

FOR people with weak digestion there is no better food than milk—more particularly skim milk, which is free from the indigestible butter-fat. Fat of any kind has a tendency to upset the digestion, unless one exercises a good deal in the open air—in which case it is burned in the body as fuel. For the clerk, the business man, the literary worker, or the schoolgirl nothing is more valuable in the way of food than skim milk, of which from a pint to four quarts a day may be taken, the amount depending upon the individual and the conditions of his or her life. Many cases of kidney trouble are controlled by this simple means, milk being substituted for more solid articles of diet. If it does not agree, it can always be made to do so by mixing it with equal parts of very hot water, or of barley-water, or else by adding a tablespoonful of lime water to each glass.

In considering the tea and coffee question, one should realize that there is absolutely nothing nutritious in either of these beverages. Such being the case, although producing a brief effect, like that of a cigar, they add nothing to the well-being of the body. It would be much better if people could be persuaded, instead, to take hot water, which, swallowed in moderate quantities, helps digestion (its mere warmth assisting the process of assimilation), washes abnormal secretions out of the digestive organs and glands, and stimulates the kidneys and liver, helping them to act. A most judicious way to begin the day is by sipping a tumblerful of very hot water.

Most people eat too much—a fact well illustrated by cases, frequently observed, where persons grow plump on a comparatively small amount of food. Few human beings who do not live outdoor lives can consume without disadvantage to their physical economy three or four hearty meals a day; for the body requires no such great supplies, and there is difficulty in disposing of the surplus.

No question can there be of the fact that much of the apoplexy and kidney trouble of to-day is due to excessive eating of meat, which, when consumed in over-large quantities, produces inactivity of the digestion. Many people partake heartily of flesh food three times a day. They have meat for breakfast, a luncheon that is almost a dinner, and at the regular dinner, perhaps, two or three kinds of meat. Late in the evening, very likely, they go to a restaurant, where fish and fowl are served for supper, with dessert and alcoholic drinks.

Is it surprising that under such circumstances the organs should become irritable and eventually diseased? A common cause of apoplexy, especially in large cities, is overfeeding. The circulation becomes clogged, and at length an engorged blood-vessel gives way. The same may be said of kidney troubles, which are commonly treated nowadays, and with success, by depriving the patient of complex foods and substituting a simple diet.

The way in which things hot and cold are mixed up at meals is extraordinary, when one comes to think of it. A common practice is to begin the dinner with hot soup and wind up with ices—the frozen material necessarily bringing digestion to an abrupt pause. Often the ice, in the shape of Roman punch, is introduced in the middle of the repast. Is it surprising that, after imprudent indulgence of this kind, people get up in the morning with a furred tongue and a headache? It is a sort of abuse that, in numerous instances, brings about disorders of the nervous system; and many women who break down with neurasthenia owe their prostration to no other cause. Hot soup, frozen grapefruit, hot meats and vegetables, ices, hot coffee and ice-cold wines alternately heat and chill the digestive organs until they are reduced to helplessness.

In Europe wine is customarily drunk with meals. When, not very long ago, I was traveling along the Rhine, I noticed that the native wines were always served tepid, and when, one day, I asked to have my wine cooled, my entertainers thought that I was crazy. The practice of drinking iced wines is of very recent origin even in our own country; and I understand, on excellent authority, that fifty years ago connoisseurs of champagne in the United States preferred it hot.

Fruits, generally speaking, hold comparatively little nutriment, but the plant-albumin and earthy salts which they contain are extremely valuable, and are in such form as to be easily taken up by the body. By cooking, however, these materials are broken up in such a way as to render them more easily assimilable. As for vegetables, fresh ones are decidedly preferable to the canned, because they have not undergone the changes requisite for preserving them. For example, in order to preserve tomatoes, a hot fluid must be poured over them to coagulate the albuminous matter; but in fresh tomatoes one gets the unmodified constituents, just as Nature provides them. Among fruits, by the way, the banana is commonly suspected to be indigestible; but it seems at least likely that its unfavorable reputation in this regard arises chiefly from the common habit of swallowing it in lumps insufficiently chewed.

Waste in the Kitchen

DIETETIC experts of the Government have drawn from recent investigations the conclusion that, in the average household, a large part of the nutriment contained in the vegetables used is wasted. When potatoes are soaked in cold water after peeling, from one-fourth to one-half of their nourishing substance is dissolved out of them, to be thrown away with the water; and it is reckoned that in this way a bushel of potatoes loses an amount of nutriment equal to that contained in a pound of lean sirloin steak. If, on the other hand, the potatoes are put directly into boiling water after being peeled, the loss is reduced by fifty per cent.; and, when they are boiled in their "jackets" it represents a total of only one per cent.

The water in which carrots have been boiled is often perceptibly yellow and sweetish to the taste, containing as it does something like one-fourth of the nutriment of the vegetable. This, of course, is thrown away.

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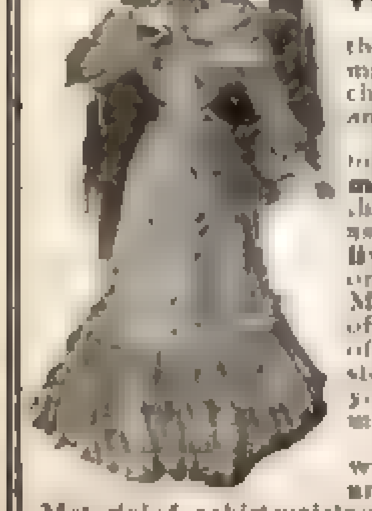

The most nourishing of all foods are chicken and turkey, the percentage of nutriment their flesh contains being greater even than in peas and beans. Oysters and clams, though so largely composed of water, are likewise highly nutritious. An oyster is eighty-nine per cent. water, but the remaining eleven per cent. is practically solid nutriment and easily digested. The same may be said of nine per cent. of the substance of the clam. Hence the excellence of clam broth and oyster broth as food for weak stomachs.

Interesting lessons that have a bearing upon the problem of body-nutrition are obtained from observation of the methods adopted in the training of men for racing, football, and other contests demanding the utmost attainable vigor and endurance. In such circumstances the aim is to reduce the fat and water in the tissues of the body, to increase the activity of the muscles, and to educate both muscles and nerves so that they will respond readily to a call upon them for exertion. Judicious exercise is accompanied by carefully-regulated diet, consisting in part of plenty of meat, lean and underdone; to which is added toast or stale bread, with moderate quantities of fresh vegetables. Pastry and sweets are barred, and in general those substances which are classed as "fuel foods" (fats, sugar and starchy things) are withheld.

Under such conditions a man, undergoing active outdoor exercise, uses up, as fuel for the body-machine, any superfluous fat that may be stored in his tissues. Incidentally he gets rid of all superfluous water, and his muscles acquire elasticity and firmness. With certain modifications, the same dietetic principles are employed nowadays for reducing the weight of any person who finds himself or herself becoming too fat—bread, potatoes, pastry and sweets being forbidden, and green vegetables and broths, with a moderate indulgence in lean meat, supplemented by fresh fruits, being recommended.

Among the most common errors is that of trying to persuade elderly persons to overeat. Old people do not need so much food as those who are younger and more vigorous; and, if they eat more than they require, they are unable to dispose of the surplus. A light diet, easy of digestion, is what they want, with comparatively little meat. As Sir Henry Thompson, a famous authority, says, "The typical man of eighty or ninety years, still retaining a respectable amount of energy of body and mind, is lean and spare, and lives on slender rations."

Respecting our internal mechanism, we have in these days a fairly accurate knowledge. We know pretty well what goes on inside of us, and the relative values of all kinds of foods for running the body-machine and keeping it in repair have been definitely ascertained. There is no excuse, therefore, for carelessness in such matters, attention to, or neglect of, which must have so important a bearing upon our comfort in life and even upon our prospects of survival.

The Exclusive Contract

A Reply to Mr. Armour

BY JOHN C. SCALES

IN THIS, my third, reply to Mr. Armour's many attempts to prove the philanthropic beneficence of private car lines, I submit for candid consideration a dispassionate review of the pernicious rather than philanthropic methods employed by these private lines.

Methods so adroitly put in force that, before even the producers of the perishable products of the country were aware of what was taking place, the Armour car lines had (through the operation of these exclusive contracts) closed the iron hand of extortion upon every fruit and vegetable section of the country, and I except no section where perishable commodities are raised in marketable quantities: east, west, north or south.

Mr. Armour has had the temerity to attempt a defense of this exclusive contract. It is, therefore, proper to show what the essence of this contract is. Lack of space compels the citation of but two clauses. The first clause binds and compels the railway to haul no refrigerator cars other than Armour cars, or, if cars other than Armour be hauled, that the profit made by every such car must be paid to the Armour firm to the extent of the artificial Armour charge above the ordinary or natural charge as fixed by the law of competition. The second clause gives the Armour corporation a free license to charge any price it sees fit for the icing of cars. It is unnecessary to go any further: those two clauses are the life-blood of the exclusive contract. No wonder that Mr. Armour has labored and that his attorneys have fought to defend the exclusive contract. With that contract in universal force (and this is what the Armour private car line corporation is attempting), what would be the probable result?

The answer is simple: The ultimate ownership by the Armour corporation of *every* refrigerator car in the United States. To show what that ownership would mean and to what extent extortion is already practiced through the operation of the exclusive contract, and what that extortion means in cold figures to the producers and consumers of the perishable products of the country, I take at random from a mass of private car line icing bills in my possession the few following and I ask the most serious consideration of each item, because these are simply specimens of thousands of like charges which can be produced if the private car lines wish them exhibited. The first icing bill coming to my hand is on a car of strawberries from East St. Louis to Chicago:

Icing charge	$45 00
This car was iced with 4 tons ice worth $2.50 per ton	10 00
Net profit	$35 00

The second bill is on a car of canteloup melons from Carlyle, Indiana, to Chicago (216 miles):

Icing charge	$50 63
The bunkers of this car hold but 4 tons of ice; this ice was worth under the rules governing the Railway Central Traffic Association territory (which rules govern Carlyle and Chicago and also East St. Louis and Chicago) $2.50 per ton	10 00
Net profit	$40 63

The third bill is on a car of strawberries from Humboldt, Tennessee, to Chicago:

Icing charge	$84 00
Cost of initial icing and re-icing	20 00
Net profit	$64 00

Particular attention is called to this third bill, because the Illinois Central Railroad icing charge from New Orleans to Chicago is but $30 per car, and as the distance from New Orleans to Chicago is quite double the distance of Humboldt, Tennessee, it follows that the railway charge as against the private car line exclusive contract charge would have been $15 from Humboldt to Chicago, instead of $84, so that the profit made on this car was undoubtedly $69 instead of $64.

The fourth bill is on a car of pineapples, Mobile to Cincinnati:

Icing charge	$45 00
Cost of initial and re-icing	11 50
Net profit	$33 50

It is proper to state that the railway icing charge on cars of pineapples from New Orleans to Cincinnati is $11.50, as against the private car line charge of $45 from Mobile to Cincinnati, the pertinent fact being borne in mind that New Orleans is somewhat the greater distance.

The fifth bill is on a car of peaches, Grand Rapids, Michigan, to Boston:

Icing charge	$55 00
Cost initial and re-icing	20 00
Net profit	$35 00

The sixth bill is on a car of peaches, Lakota, Michigan, to Rockford, Illinois:

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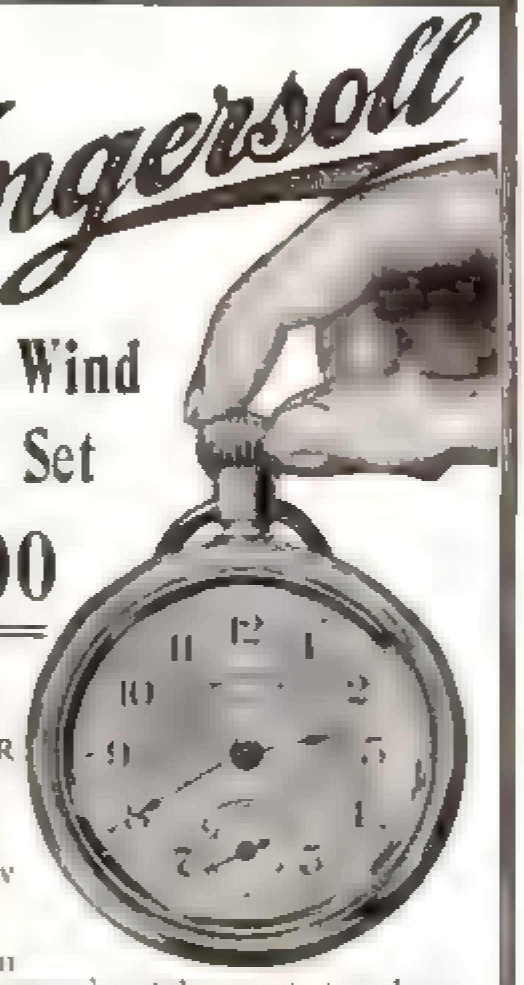

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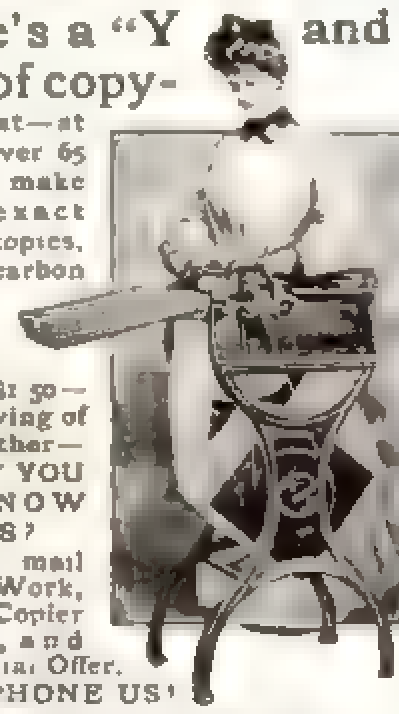

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Icing charge	$37 50
Cost initial and re-icing	7 25
Net profit	$30 25

The initial and re-icing cost in third, fourth, fifth and sixth bills (as doubtless the others also) bears a still further profit in addition to the net profit shown, as is easily evidenced by the fact that I have numberless railway (mark particularly *railway*, not private car line) icing bills in my possession where the entire railway icing charge from New York points to Chicago is but $5 per car.

Reckless Charges

I have before me one private car line exclusive contract icing bill to which I ask very particular attention. This bill shows 4280 pounds of ice furnished (a trifle over two tons), upon which is levied the reckless and heartless charge of $67.20, a charge of over $30 per ton. I could extend this list indefinitely from icing bills in my possession, but it is unnecessary. Let me rather state tersely the situation as it really is.

To grasp the vast aggregate of the enormous tax paid annually to private car lines by the consumers of this country in the form of excessive icing charges, it is only necessary to state that the amount levied by private car lines in the icing of refrigerator cars at a single station on one line of railway during the shipping season of 1905, over and above the legitimate price (as demonstrated by a comparison of railway charges for similar services for like distances), amounted to $32,000. Multiply that enormous, illegitimate $32,000 by the thousands of similar shipping stations scattered over our vast network of railways, and some faint conception will be had of why the private car lines are able to summon to their aid every agency they can command in a mad effort to stem the tide of remedial legislation. In view of this deplorable situation, there is but one question to ask, and from the Senate of the United States must come the answer. Is the great public who are the sufferers to appeal in vain to Congress for relief—relief from these outrageously excessive and exorbitant icing charges, this unnecessary, enormous and unlawful tax levied upon the producer and consumer of every article of perishable food which, for the preservation of the health and the comfort of our people, must reach as regularly the table of the humblest as the richest home in our land?

The Mysterious Royalties

I have sought in vain to find in Mr. Armour's various private car line exploitation articles some reference, however slight, to royalties. What are private car line royalties? They are a new, cunningly conceived device which has been hatched to defraud the public—a new form of extortion, to be added to the already extortionate icing charges. I take the first Armour icing bill which comes to my hand containing this infamous royalty charge; the bill is on a car of cauliflower from Long Island, New York, to Chicago, upon which bill the following items appear:

Icing.	$36 00
Royalty.	15 00
	$51 00

These royalty charges, for which absolutely nothing whatsoever is furnished, are so vicious as to seem incredible. Outrageously excessive icing charges are certainly bad enough, for at least some ice is furnished for the money paid—even if only two cakes to the car, as was shown at one of the hearings of the Interstate Commerce Commission. *But for the royalty charge the private car line furnishes absolutely nothing save the ink with which the charged item is put upon the icing bill.*

What does it eventually mean if these royalty charges are permitted to stand upon icing bills unchallenged? It means that these special royalty charges will universally be added to the already outrageous icing charges. Is it not high time the people of these United States awakened to the enormities being perpetrated upon them by these private car lines that, not satisfied with the already colossal icing tax unlawfully levied, have hatched this new tax, which, if not scotched, is to be added to the already great burden borne by the public—a burden placed upon it by so apparently trivial a means as the icing of refrigerator cars by private car lines operating under no restraint of law?

The bursting of buds in Springtime—

The unfolding of the tiny leaves—the little sprouts of grass—the mating of the birds—

—the awakening of new life are all evidences of the action of the great energy of Nature.

We need a similar form of Energy to renew our bodies and to help us work and think.

And the best way to get it is by eating

EGG-O-SEE 10¢

[illegible] there is in wheat—the natural food for everybody—direct from nature, replete with natural Energy.

EGG-O-SEE eaters are not troubled with [illegible] and digestive troubles—they're the clear headed—alert [illegible]

Just the food for children going to school.

Prepared under conditions of scrupulous cleanliness.

Every grocer in the country sells EGG-O-SEE—the whole wheat cereal. If your grocer has not received his supply, send us 10 cents and [illegible] Rocky Mountains and we will send you a package of EGG-O-SEE and a copy of the book, **"-back to nature."**

FREE "-back to nature" book

Our 32 page book, **"-back to nature"** outlines a plan of right living [illegible] for 7 days and recipes for preparing the necessary [illegible] for bathing, eating [illegible] By following the precepts, abounding and vigorous health is sure to result.

[illegible]

EGG-O-SEE CEREAL COMPANY
422-472 Front Street **Quincy, Illinois**

A Savings Account

Do you enjoy the peace of mind that comes from having your money deposited in an absolutely safe bank, earning for you

4 Per Cent Compound Interest?

About three fifths of one per cent of the people of the United States live in Cleveland. Cleveland banks hold six per cent of the total savings deposits of the entire country. These banks have paid 4 per cent on savings deposits for sixty five years.

Send for booklet "A" giving interesting facts about Cleveland as a [illegible] and the advantages of BANKING BY MAIL.

The Cleveland Trust Company
(Savings Bank)
Assets Over Twenty-eight Million Dollars
Fifty-five Thousand Individual Depositors.
Cleveland, Ohio

SQUABS How we raise and prepare squabs for market; prices, profits, care of breeders. Details of managing the one of the most perfectly equipped Squab Plants in the world. **Sent Free.**
ROYAL SQUAB CO., Show Room, 168 C East 42d St., New York

FISHERMEN!!

WHY NOT USE THE

NEW AMERICA REELS?

The only really **new** reels on the market. They represent the greatest advance in reel construction in 25 years. The original and only **TAKE-DOWN** Full Ball Bearing Micrometer Drag Patent Throwout Automatic Level winder **ROCKFORD REELS**, Pivot Bearing Spiral Gears, **TAKE-DOWN** $5.00 and $7.50. Ask your dealer, but don't take a substitute. We will ship direct.

AMERICA CO., 650 North Street, Momence, Ill.

THIRTY TOURS TO EUROPE

under superior management; exceptional advantages. Fall Tours Around the World; Annual Oriental Cruise Feb. 7th, '07, Str. Arabic. Program W Free.
Frank C. Clark, 96 Broadway, New York.

Twenty Songs

By STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Edited by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

THOSE persons who believe that America has no folk music fail to take into consideration the importance of Foster's Melodies. Of the 160 or more songs by this composer scores are in every American household. "Old Folks at Home," which is also known as "Swanee River," is sung all the world over. As a token of the esteem in which he is held by Kentuckians a statue of Foster, paid for by popular subscription, will be unveiled at Louisville in June. Kentucky thus bestows upon the author of "My Old Kentucky Home" a greater honor than ever paid before to an American [illegible]

[illegible] contains the twenty best known songs by the founder of American folk music. The refrain in most of the numbers is arranged for chorus, but, if desired, the songs may be sung throughout by a solo voice. The accompaniments, which in the original editions show evident marks of hasty composition, have been carefully revised by the editor so as to better adapt them to the modern piano. The words and music of Foster's songs are most happily wedded both in meaning and spirit. Their simple but inimitable style has given them a permanent place in the hearts of the people.

Price, Postpaid, 50 Cents

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY, 27 MASON STREET, BOSTON

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To give good wear and perfect satisfaction to the consumer
Woodhull, Goodale & Bull
MAKERS SYRACUSE, N. Y.

WEAR GOOD CLOTHES
THEY NEED NOT BE EXPENSIVE CLOTHES

The man who buys
"The Guaranteed Kind"
gets maximum value at minimum cost—$10.00 to $25.00.
Our Style Book "C" and Set of Souvenir Post Cards FREE on request.
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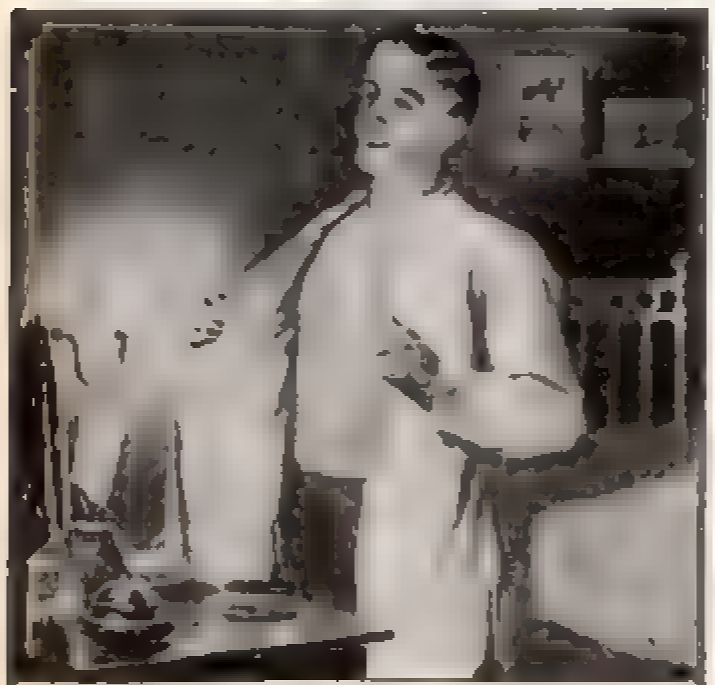


ON AND OFF LIKE A COAT
Cluett
COAT SHIRTS
ARE MADE OF THE BEST WHITE OR COLOR ... $1.50 AND MORE.
Send for Booklet and Dealer's Name.
CLUETT, PEABODY & CO.
Largest Makers of Collars and Shirts in the World
459 River Street, Troy, N. Y.

My several replies to Mr. Armour have thus far unavoidably had reference only to the icing of refrigerator cars by private car lines, but in the investigations made there has necessarily been included the whole field of rates and rate-making, so that in taking up this wider consideration of the question of rates it becomes obligatory upon me, as representing the National League of Commission Merchants—the one organization of all others most closely affiliated with the producers and consumers of the perishable and semi-perishable products of the country—again to state the unwavering position of that organization touching rate legislation. I therefore once again most emphatically reiterate that it is not contended by this National League, or its representatives, or the numberless agricultural and business organizations with which it is associated, that the railways should surrender to the Government the original or initial rate-making power. This function logically and in the nature of things should be, as it now is, lodged in the railways. It is, however, contended (and this is a sane contention) that the Government should be and is vested with the power under the Constitution to create an agency whose duty it shall be to declare, upon proper complaint and sufficient evidence, a practice or rate discriminatory, unjust or excessive, and to substitute a proper rate or practice in place of that found to be excessive, unjust, discriminatory or defective, said substitution, as to its lawfulness, to be subject to review by the court.

The railways obtain from the people the right to exist; it is then only proper that the Government, which is but the delegated will of the people, and whose duty it is to guard their rights, should see to it that all transportation rates and practices are laid in strict equity and justice, and the struggle now being waged for the correction of railway and private car line abuses and evils is nothing more or less than a struggle for justice in treatment.

There is one potent, all-important fact which should be recognized at once by the railway interests, and that is that this struggle for redress of grievances is being carried on not upon a radical but a conservative basis. Who can predict the final outcome should the railway interests by their stubbornness and short-sightedness continue their opposition to the just and reasonable demands now being made for proper and conservative legislation, which will without question ultimately prove as much to the benefit of the railways as the public? Railway managers must certainly by this time see and understand that, if the moderate demands for conservative legislation now being made are not complied with, sooner or later this now conservative movement for remedial rate legislation will slip from the hands of the conservative to the radical elements of the country. If proper rate regulation is not obtained by the party now in control, then it will be obtained by some party which will be elevated to power upon this very rate question, and, furthermore, the longer remedial legislation is deferred, the more radical it will be when finally attained.

Fortunately for the public and the railways, the attitude of the legislators, with a few conspicuous exceptions, is such as to warrant the hope and belief that Congress as a whole is fully awake to the necessity of formulating and passing a rate bill broad enough to embrace every phase and element of transportation and moderate enough to do every interest justice.

Editor's Note—This article will be concluded next week

Oddities and Novelties

OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

PAPER STUFFS OF THE FUTURE—Though Wood-Pulp Vanishes There Will be Plenty of Substitutes.

IN THE expectation that the available supply of wood-pulp for paper-making will be exhausted after a while, the Government Bureau of Chemistry is looking around for other possible materials. Fortunately, it finds that there is no lack of them.

Tens of thousands of tons of cornstalks are wasted annually in this country—which is a pity, inasmuch as they furnish an admirable raw material for paper-making. By suitable refining processes the whitest of cellulose can be got from them, convertible into any kind of paper, even to "cream-laid note."

The waste of sugar-cane, known as "bagasse," as it comes from the presses, is first-rate paper stuff. All kinds of paper can be made from it—especially heavy and strong cardboards. Of cotton-plant stalks, which nowadays are burned, the same thing may be said; and likewise of the refuse from the manufacture of hemp and flax, which can be worked over into excellent paper stock.

HIGHER POTATO CRITICISM—It Shows that Potatoes Aren't Always Just Potatoes.

IN THIS country a potato is always a potato. Europeans are more discriminating; they recognize certain varieties as most suitable for certain purposes. For example, the potato that is best for salad or for frying in deep fat is likely to be poorest for boiling, and vice versa.

The Department of Agriculture is anxious to encourage the recognition and appreciation of such points in potatoes. It is making a study of the texture, color, flavor and cooking qualities of different varieties. For one thing, it has ascertained that, to be mealy, a potato should have at least eighteen per cent. of starch. There should be enough starch in the cells of the tuber, that is to say, to rupture them in the process of boiling.

Americans want a potato that has a starchy flavor, a white inside, and a mealy consistency when cooked. On the other hand, the French, for culinary purposes, regard as desirable a yellowish potato, firm or soggy when boiled—which means a low per cent. of starch. In Germany potatoes are divided into two classes—those for cooking, and those for starch-making and distilling.

The American market calls for potatoes two or three inches long, from five to ten ounces in weight, oval in shape, and with as few irregularities as possible. Such tubers make least waste and have the best appearance when cooked. The demand differs somewhat, however, in various parts of the country. Thus in the North a light-yellow or whitish skin is preferred; in parts of the South a pink skin. Virginia folk like huge potatoes, and would buy one big enough for a meal for a family if they could get it.

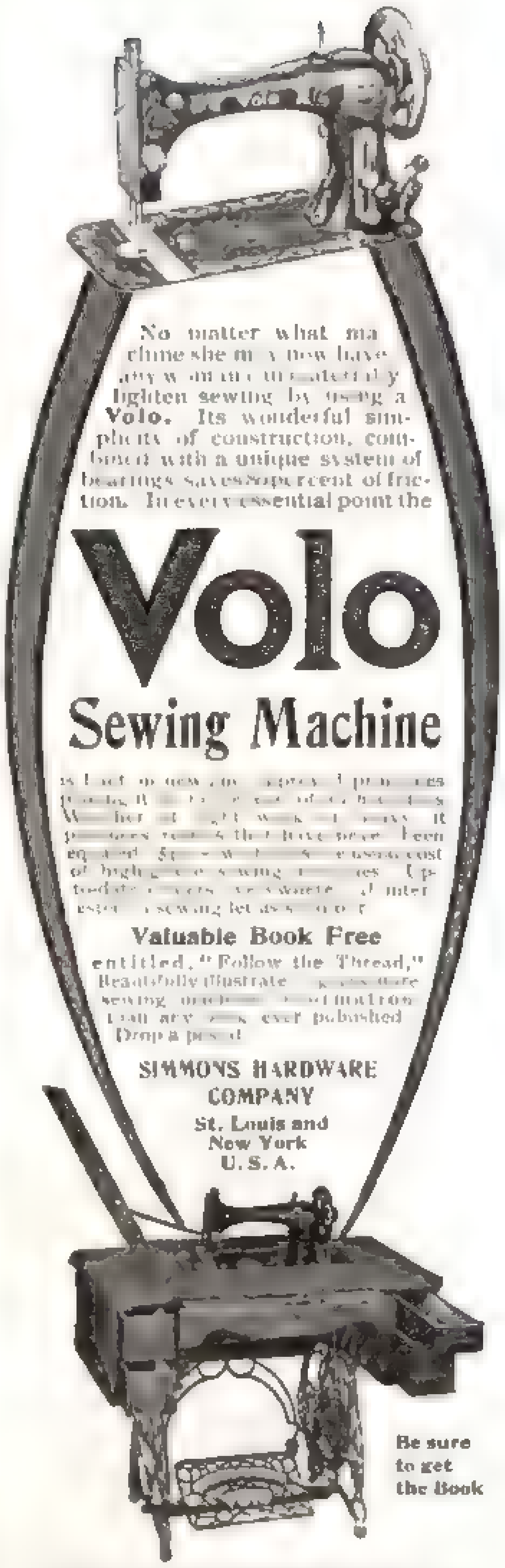
OUR OWN ASBESTOS—Two New Discoveries Will Save Us from Seeking This Material Abroad.

THERE is prospect that before long we may become independent of imported asbestos, supplies of which have hitherto been obtained mainly from Canada. Two great deposits of this curious and useful mineral have recently been discovered in this country—one of them at the bottom of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, and the other about fifteen miles from Casper, Wyoming. In the latter locality, it is said, something like 325,000 tons are in sight.

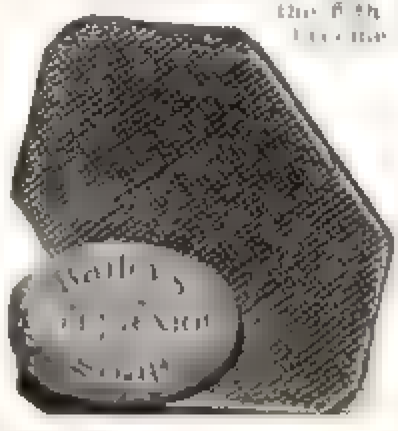
Asbestos is a kind of hornblende. In the deposit near Casper it occurs in huge "dikes" one hundred feet in width, showing along the side of a mountain like slices in a cake. Many thousands of years ago the places now occupied by these dikes were chasms in the rocks, which were filled in by hot volcanic stuff thrown up from below. The hot stuff in cooling underwent a peculiar form of crystallization, which gave to it the structure characteristic of asbestos.

By the use of simple machinery rock of this kind is torn to pieces and converted into a mass of soft and silky-looking fibre, which may be carded, spun and woven like silk, cotton or flax.

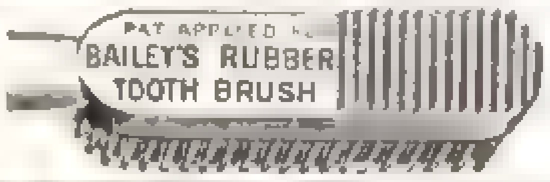
Its value depends largely on the length of the strands of fibre. As everybody knows, the material is utilized for a great variety of purposes—among other things, as an insulating substance, for roofing, for theatre curtains, for lamp-wicks, for gloves, and for car-heaters.

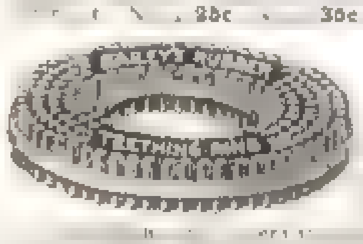


No matter what machine she may now have any woman can materially lighten sewing by using a Volo. Its wonderful simplicity of construction, combined with a unique system of bearings saves 50 per cent of friction. In every essential point the
Volo
Sewing Machine
Valuable Book Free
entitled, "Follow the Thread,"
SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY
St. Louis and New York U. S. A.
Be sure to get the Book



Unlike bristle brushes, sponges or wash cloths
Bailey's Rubber Brushes
are always clean, perfectly sanitary, and the whole family



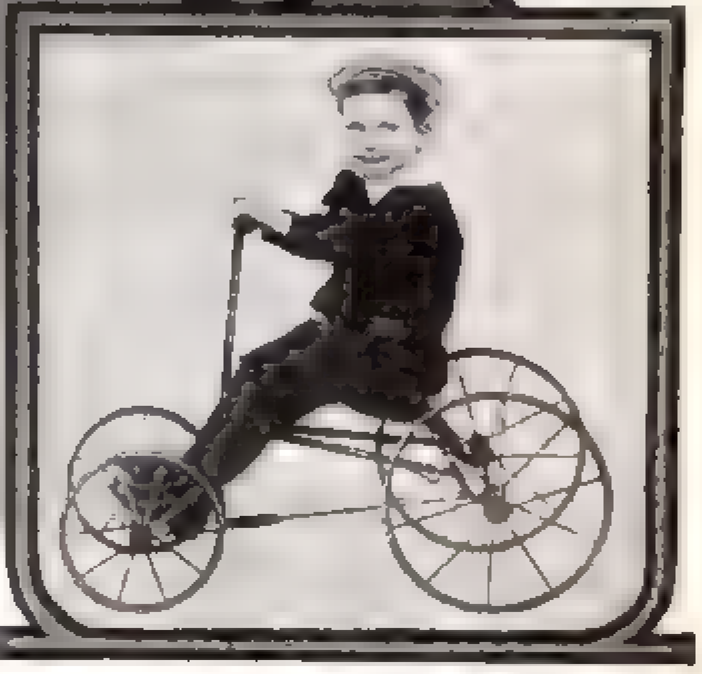


Baby's Teeth
cut without irritation
Rubber Catalogue Free
C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., Boston, Mass

(Patented)
$513.00 Clear Profit in 51 Days from an Investment of $135.00
Portable. No pin boy needed. Be first to start it in your town. Booklet free.
AMERICAN BOX BALL COMPANY, 1300 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind

WABASH

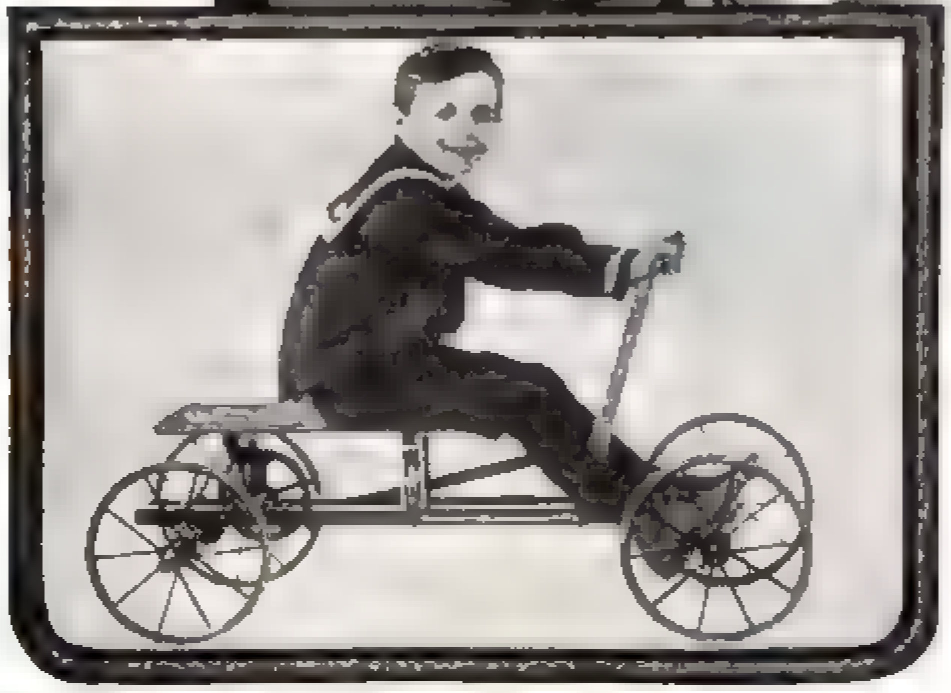
WABASH COASTER

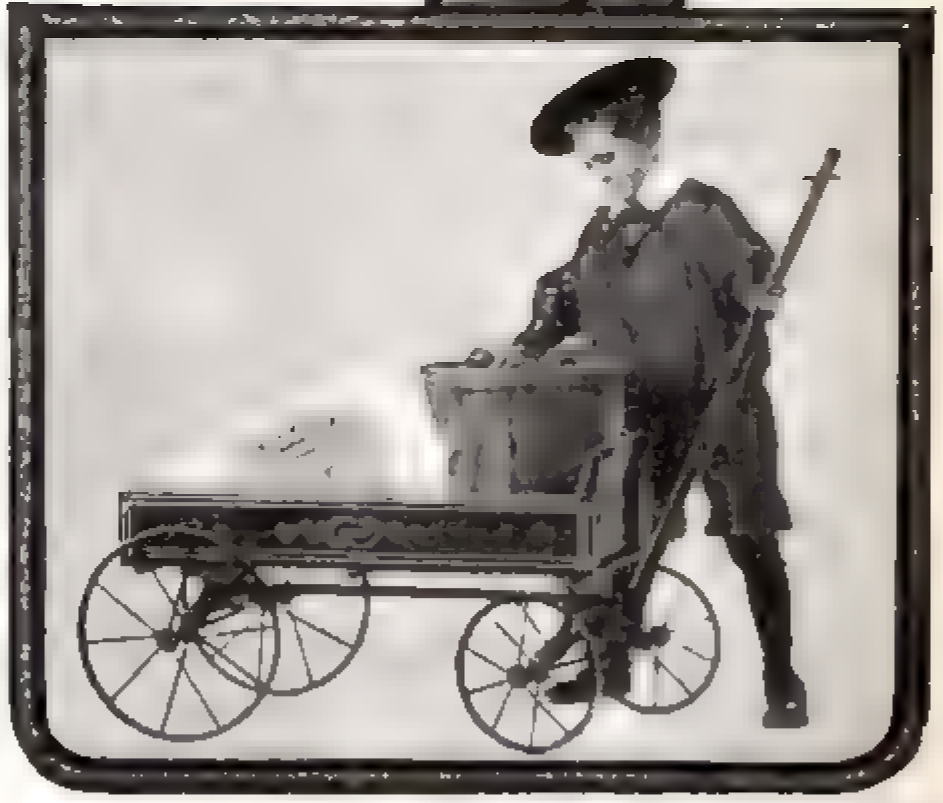


Wabash Hand Car No. 20

A real compact, light running machine. Made especially for [illegible]. Wheel base wide enough to prevent upset. Safe and strong. A fine exerciser for the little ones. Price **$3.50**

FUN





A Wagon Load of Fun

It's outdoor fun. Fun that means rosy cheeks, laughing faces—sturdy boys and girls with active, well-developed bodies and happy dispositions.

Wabash Limited No. 250

A strong, handsome vehicle designed especially for speed. Low built, well balanced, handsomely finished. Geared so that not an ounce of power is lost. Forced bearings. Wabash wheels, steel or rubber tires. Price **$5.50**

Wabash Farm Wagon No. 32

A well built, strong, easy running wagon. Every portion carefully and accurately made and finished. Its running gear and box designed to carry heavy loads without a mishap. Handsomely finished in Red and Green with decorative stripes and ornaments. Price . . . **$4.50**

The Wabash Coaster Wagon

"FUN FOR ALL—ALL THE YEAR"

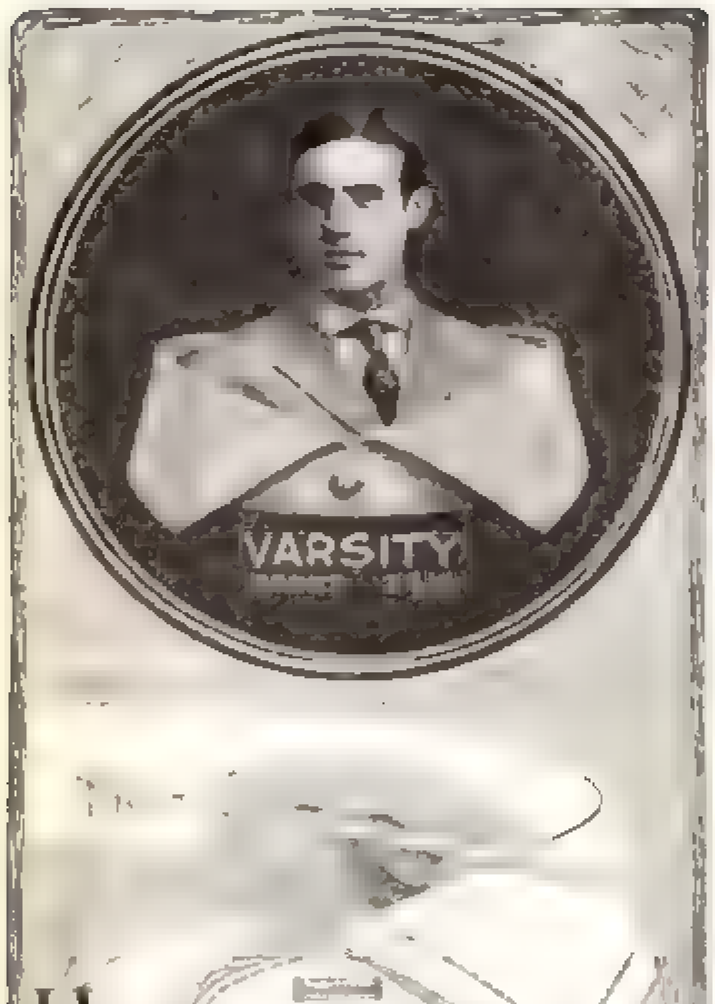
It's a whole gymnasium in itself. It develops the muscles of the youngsters in a healthy, natural manner. While they are at play they exercise every muscle of their bodies, and enjoy every minute while doing so. There is more safe, healthful fun to the square inch, and more aid to sturdy growth and development for your boy to be gotten out of a Wabash vehicle than from any other investment you can make.

Wabash Coaster Wagon No. 37 is designed for general use. It can carry any load, from a sack of grain to a basket of eggs. It is well balanced to prevent tipping. Its running gear is so arranged that it can turn readily on a narrow walk. The steel axles and specially made Wabash wheels that will not bend or break while in ordinary use, are features that insure long life to the wagon and make it run lightly and easily. The body is as carefully made as the running gear. There are five hard wood strips across the bottom to strengthen it. These are arranged on scientific principles of construction to meet any strain that may be put upon them. The tongue or handle is jointed and so attached to the running gear that the wagon is never out of control while coasting, making steering absolutely certain and safe, no matter how rough the road. This especial wagon is furnished with a hand brake that is effective and quick in action, enabling the rider to control the speed even on the steepest hill. If desired, the sides can be removed without disturbing any other part. The box is 34 inches long, 15 inches wide, and 5 inches deep. Wheels are 11 inches in diameter—axles of ½ inch steel rods. The wagon is handsomely finished in natural wood trimmed in a bright red. All exposed metal parts are fully protected against rusting. **Price $4.00**

Most dealers sell Wabash vehicles. In case yours does not, order direct from us.

If you are interested in planning a good time for your boys and girls, send for our jolly booklet, "Fun With a Wagon," free upon request.

WABASH MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 14 Mill St., Wabash, Ind.



How Many Trips to the Laundry?

Mark your collars and see. These collars outwear others because they are [illegible] made. They are fitted together by hand, stitched wrong side out, turned and expertly shaped by hand, then stitched again. [illegible] much greater strength than [illegible] machine [illegible]. Then so they will fold more times without breaking, the inside material is cut away at the corners where fold collars break first.

Corliss-Coon Collars

are 2 for 25c.

"Varsity" shown above has easy, graceful lines that suggest both style and comfort. There is plenty of tie space for any style of cravat.

Ask your furnisher to show you Corliss-Coon Collars. [illegible] Regular sizes 12 to 19½ — quarter sizes [illegible]

Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. V, Troy, N. Y.

The Safety Razor

that will not Cut and Slash the Face.

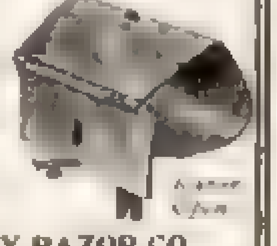
"Two Minute" Safety Razor.

You can shave yourself in a dress suit, if you want to, with a Two Minute Safety Razor. The lather can't drip over your garments. This [illegible] is built for quick action and does perfect work. No exposed blade corners to cut and slash the face. Washed and dried as easily as a dinner plate. [illegible] Makes it easy to shave [illegible]. Separates [illegible] and put together again. No man who loves a clean, perfect shave can afford to be without it.

Sold Only On 30 Days Trial Plan.

Complete — Triple silver plate [illegible] with ebony handle, [illegible] edge, Sheffield steel [illegible] leather case, $3.00.

Ask your dealer. If he can't supply you, write us. Get our Free Booklet anyway.



UNITED STATES SAFETY RAZOR CO.
Shop Office, No. 90, Adrian, Michigan, U. S. A.

NECK TIE HOLDER

A Practical Ornament for a Gentleman's Apartment

[illegible] ties are kept [illegible] By mail 35c [illegible]

Chester Tie Holder Company
Detroit, Mich.

PATENTS No attorney's fee until patent is allowed. Write for [illegible]

FRANKLIN H. HOUGH, Atlantic Bldg., Washington, D. C.

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Rules for Two

A woman is known by the servants she keeps.

Condensed milk should be used in a small flat.

A cook in the kitchen is worth two in the employment office.

A cook believes that indigestion is the sincerest form of flattery.

Keep your servants in good humor, if you can—but keep your servants.

A coquette is the sort of girl that would trim her hats with Cupid's wings.

Don't marry for money, but never let money stand between a girl and her happiness.

The difference between a bad break and a *faux pas* indicates the kind of society you are in.

There is only one worse break than asking a woman her age: it is looking incredulous when she tells it.

Don't read Browning to a Chicago girl or discuss the price of lard with the lass from Beacon Street.

Dinner calls are now made on any week-day afternoon. In your early career they were made on a fish-horn.

It is not good form to rehearse your domestic difficulties in public, but it is mighty interesting to your auditors.

Converse with your servants occasionally. You'll always get a lot of interesting information about your neighbors.

Tact is the art that enables you to call a bigger man a liar without being knocked down for it, or to pay a woman a compliment that will make her cry.

—*Chester Field, Jr.*

A Mistaken Diagnosis

IN THE boom days of Wichita one of the characters of the city was a lawyer, big-paunched, big-voiced, big-necked, and given to making political speeches.

He had a nasty way of talking about other people. One night, while he was haranguing in the street, one of the men whom he had attacked several times got excited, drew a knife and stabbed the orator.

He fell to the street, writhing and shouting: "I'm killed! I'm killed!"

They took him into a billiard-room and laid him out on a billiard-table. Word got to the newspaper offices and the reporters came hurrying down.

The lawyer was stretched on the billiard-table, delivering his last speech, he said. In the middle of an impressive paragraph he saw the reporters.

He raised himself and bellowed: "Draw nigh, draw nigh, ye hell-hounds of the press, and see a Ro-o-man die!"

And then the doctor came and found the knife had penetrated him about a sixteenth of an inch.

When the Pitchfork Rests

SENATOR TILLMAN, of South Carolina, although noted for his bluntness and uncouthness of speech, shows in his utterances at times a wonderful familiarity with English and classic literature. He is, in fact, more profuse in classic quotations than any other member of the Senate. It has been a wonder to many of his acquaintances how he gets a chance to read. He now reads very little except in the newspapers and magazines, but Mr. Tillman was a farmer up to the time when, at the age of forty-three, he became Governor of South Carolina, and until then he lived quietly on his farm ten miles from a railroad. He inherited from his uncle a large and carefully selected library, the books also being carefully annotated by this uncle, who was a man of great intellectual strength and literary taste. It was Mr. Tillman's habit every day about noon, during all these years, to come in from his fields and lie down on the floor of his piazza, propping his head and

Fitchburg-Puritan Cloths

(London Shrunk)

are the finest worsted fabrics obtainable at home or abroad.

The best tailors and the best dressers may prejudicially consider them "imported" but we assure you they are "Fitchburg-Puritan" (London Shrunk).

By the way, do you know what "London Shrunk" means?

Ask your tailor; also ask him why "Fitchburg-Puritan" cloths are called "imported." Also, ask yourself why you ask for "imported" worsteds when "Fitchburg-Puritan" cloths are made in this country.

American Woolen Company

Wm. M. Wood, President
Boston, Mass.

INCHES
1
2
3
4
½

100 Key-West Havana Seconds $1.90

From factory direct to you

Will you pay $1.90 for a hundred "Key-West Havana Seconds" — cigars made of the quality of tobacco used in cigars that sell over the counter at "3 for a quarter" and for which any cigar dealer would gladly pay you 5¼c apiece? Made of Key West shorts, which is the trade name of tobacco leaf that is too short to go into the high priced cigars. It doesn't make a pretty cigar, but you can't smoke looks — so, after all, the tobacco is just the same. The finest Key West Havana Shorts — no cigar shorter than 4½ inches, some even longer — hand made and money back if you aren't elated. This is one of our great values — to introduce our method of selling from factory direct to the smoker at factory prices.

None sold after June 5th at this price—
and not more than 100 to one smoker

Send $1.90 for 100. We reserve the right, however, to return your order and refund your money after a certain quantity of this brand is sold, as this price is made just to "get acquainted."

THE EDWIN CIGAR CO., Dept. A, 64-66-68 West 125th St., New York

REFERENCES: Corn Exchange Bank, United States Exchange Bank, N. Y., Dun and Bradstreet's.

ORIENT Friction Drive Buckboard

Lowest Priced Motor Car In the World

A Remarkable Motor Car for $400

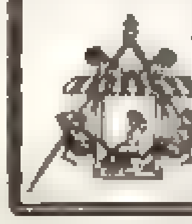
4 H. P. Air-Cooled. Weight 550 lbs. [illegible] and reverse. Active agents desired for unassigned territory. Write for new 1906 catalogue and agency proposition.

WALTHAM MFG. CO., Waltham, Mass., U. S. A.

Commencement Day

Exercises, Songs, Drills, Plays, Novel Entertainments, etc., can be found in our Catalog specially compiled for this purpose. It will be sent on request.

FREE Write for it To-Day.
CREST TRADING CO
51 L Witmark Bldg., N. Y.



STEEL SWINGS

Biggest of all—room for 9. The only Screechless Swing — Roller Bearing. Springs all [illegible] ONE AT COST? Write today.

D. H. BAUSMAN, Bausman, Pa.,
10 Post Street (Lancaster Co.)

REMOVES EVERY WEED—50c

With the **Champion** you or the children can remove dandelions, plantain or other weeds from your lawn, easily and without stooping. Just push the sharp prongs through the crown of the weed, and pull out with a twisting motion, and up comes the weed, roots and all, and the ejector throws it out. The prongs are steel, set into a malleable head, which is firmly fixed to a 3 ft. handle. It's unbreakable and will last for years. Price, Express Prepaid, 50c. Guaranteed Satisfactory. Money back if it doesn't do the work.

CHAMPION WEED PULLER COMPANY CHICAGO

The Florsheim SHOE

Look for Name on Shoe

The Berkeley

Velvet Calf,
Blucher Oxford,
Medium Round Toe,
Common Sense Heel.

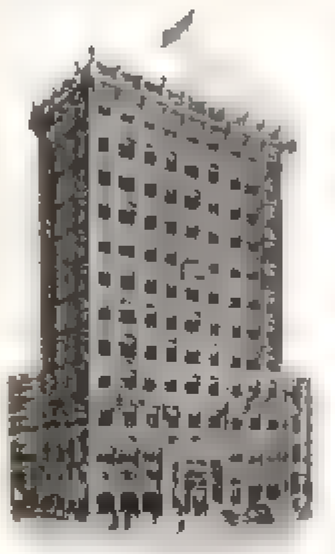
¶ Designed for men who prefer sensible, high-grade footwear for business or general wear.

You never have to "break in" a Florsheim. It gives genuine comfort from the start.

Florsheim & Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Style Book shows "a fit for every foot." Send for it. Most styles sell for $5.00.

ONE DOLLAR



Deposited Weekly with this Institution

AT 4% Interest

Will Increase as follows:

In 5 Years, $293
In 10 Years, 650
In 20 Years, 1,614

Larger Amounts in Proportion

¶ Deposits received by the 16th of any month draw interest from the 1st of that month.

¶ No matter at what distance you live you can obtain the same advantages as if you lived next door to this large, safe bank.

¶ Send for our booklet, "Banking by Mail."

STRONG LIBERAL UNION TRUST COMPANY COURTEOUS PROGRESSIVE
Dept. A.
Providence, R. I.
Surplus, $1,500,000.00 Deposits, $15,000,000.00

A $20 Mantel

Freight prepaid — Money back if not satisfied $8.50 extra for beautiful tile front, hearth and grate — Solid Oak — Golden finish — Quarter sawed Veneered columns — 82 inches high — Bevel Glass — By our "FACTORY PRICE PLAN" we can sell you any style or price mantel at from 25 to 50 per cent less than your local dealer — AND WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

We issue a handsome catalog containing a hundred [illegible] styles and kinds. Write us today.

National Lumber Co., 1647 Fifth Ave., McKeesport, Pa.

shoulders up against a pillow resting on the back of an inverted chair, and in this position with a book in his hands he would read for hours. He is a man of wonderful power of concentration, and he would become so absorbed in his book that he would forget all else around him, including his large family of children, who frequently were playing not only around but over him.

When Mr. Tillman came to Washington as Senator he gave up this habit, probably because the piazzas were not convenient for improvising this favorite lounge, part floor and part chair, but he did not give it up altogether when he moved to Columbia to become Governor. One day a visitor came upon the portico of the Governor's mansion, and, to his surprise and bewilderment, saw a man lying down on the floor near the door, reading a book. The man did not look up, and the visitor, after some hesitation, rang the doorbell over his head. Still the man continued undisturbed, reading. In a few minutes the servant came, and the visitor asked to see the Governor.

"Law!" exclaimed the old negro somewhat chagrined, being concerned for the dignity of the house and the State, "dey de Gov'ner down dar on de flo'."

After the Years

When you went back to the old home place had the mountain become a hill?
Had the raging river your boyhood knew shrunk down to a peaceful rill?
Were the monster trees in the old front yard but half of their former size?
Was something gone — and you don't know what — from the blue of the arching skies?
Was the swimming-hole but a muddy pool where once it was crystal clear?
Were the apples but half as big and red as they were in that other year?

When you went back to the old home place did the red barn seem too small?
It didn't look like the one you'd known? Was the mighty waterfall
That used to roar in your boyish ears but a little dash of spray
That fell so light you could hardly hear a dozen feet away?
Were the corn rows only half as long as they were in the long ago,
When you measured them with aching arms and the weight of a heavy hoe?

When you went back to the old home place had the mill pond dwindled down?
Was Main Street only a muddy track in the heart of a sleepy town?
And the well that was fathoms, fathoms deep, with its wheel and creaking chain,
Did it seem to you like a shrunken thing when you looked at it again?
Was something gone, of the bygone days, from the sod and the arch of sky
That we used to see when we played as boys in the old days — you and I?

Nay, Heart, the mountain rises high as it did of yore; the rill
Was a river once and the boys near by see a raging river still.
The well is fathoms, fathoms deep and the apples ripe and red;
The sod is cool and green and soft, and the sky up overhead
Is blue and clear, and the days are rare and glad as they used to be —
But where is the Heart of the olden time — hast thou brought it back with thee?

— *J. W. Foley.*

More Trouble

A CLERK in one of the leading Washington jewelry stores was showing his line of clocks to an Irishman who wanted to present one to his wife on the third anniversary of their marriage. The salesman had exhausted all of his stock except some cuckoo clocks on a shelf near by. The Celt asked to see them and the clerk took them down, thinking that at last he would make a sale. After telling Pat the price, the latter asked if they struck the hours. Instead of answering directly, the clerk wound the timepiece and set the hands at a few seconds to twelve. As the little door opened Patrick's eyes bulged with interest, but when the chirping ended he plainly showed his disapproval. The man behind the counter, not to be daunted, said:

"Well, how do you like it?"

Pat thought a moment and then replied earnestly: "Faith an' it's all right, except on one point. It's trouble enough to remimber whin to wind it without havin' to think of fadin' the bird."

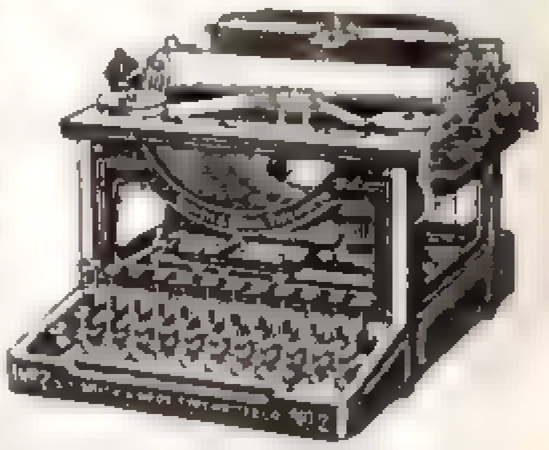
THE man who already knows the value of "personal appearance" in reinforcing his other good qualities, appreciates the perfection of Kuppenheimer Clothes.

You will always be in good company if you wear Kuppenheimer Clothes. Let our Guarantee Label be your guide. Go to the merchant in your city who advertises Kuppenheimer Clothes. A booklet, Styles for Men, Volume 41, sent upon request.

THE HOUSE OF KUPPENHEIMER
MAKERS OF GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHES
CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON

Copyright, 1906, B. Kuppenheimer & Co.

The Typewriter that's the result of 20 years of Knowing How



The L. C. SMITH & BROS. TYPEWRITER (writing in sight) *had* to be out of the ordinary; the work that's in it, the brains that conceived it, *compelled* it. Not only the best, but the newest and most modern devices that make for office economy and a contented operator; a construction that will stand up under hard usage and long service — *but back of it all*, our unbroken faith with the public, our knowledge.

Illustrated Catalogue free for the asking.

L. C. SMITH & BROS., TYPEWRITER CO., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.
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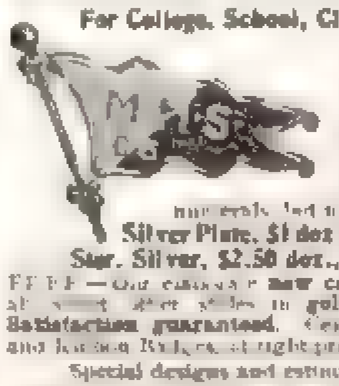
BUY FROM THE MANUFACTURER CLASS PINS OR BADGES
For College, School, Class Club, Society or Lodge.



Made as ordered in any way or material. [illegible] for those classes wishing to economize. Either of the two styles here illustrated, enameled in one or two colors and showing any letters or numerals, [illegible] than shown in illustration.

Silver Plate, $1 doz., Sample, 10c.
Ster. Silver, $2.50 doz., Sample, 25c.

FREE — Our elaborate new catalog, [illegible] all [illegible] styles in gold and silver. Satisfaction guaranteed. Celluloid Buttons and Ribbon Badges at right prices.

Special designs and estimates free.
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POSITIONS OPEN

Salesman, $1500; Advertising Man, $2000; Cost Clerk, $1200; Draughtsman, $1500; Manager, $3000; Bookkeeper, $1000; and over 3000 other first class positions now open in all parts of the country. Other opportunities paying $1000-$5000 a year coming to us every day. We will tell you frankly what we have in your line if you will write us today, stating age, experience, salary and location desired.

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Dr. Goose and The Clothier

WHEN you buy a suit of clothes, and pay a fair price for it, you take it for granted, and usually the dealer states explicitly, that the garment is of dependable material and tailored in the best possible manner.

But;—you often find your confidence violated. Why? Because it is estimated that 80 per cent of all clothes are "faked" into shape by Dr. Goose, the Hot Flat-Iron; and naturally *lose* that shape by Wear and Dampness.

And with the shape vanished,—the *style* disappears also.

Your protection against Flat-Iron *trickery*, is knowledge of the Fact;—and the moral courage to *insist* on having SINCERITY CLOTHES.

You may procure any desired style and fabric in SINCERITY CLOTHES, *and*,—the assurance that every garment is tailored *sincerely*, that the Materials are honest; and that high-class Designing and good, Hand-Sewing have produced the style that first attracts you,—and the *permanence* which makes SINCERITY CLOTHES a standard of excellence from Maine to California.

For, remember this:—there can be no *permanent style* in clothes, without *sincere* workmanship at every stage of making.

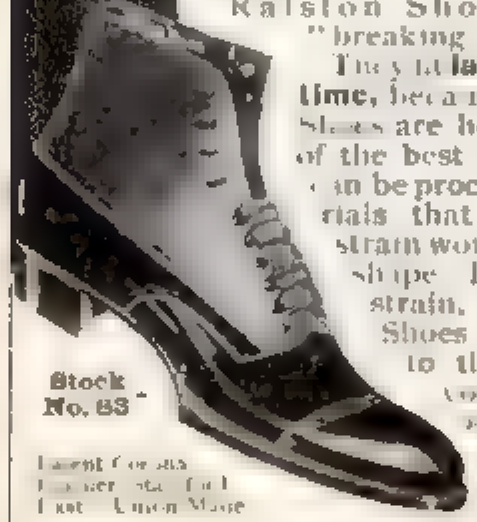
There is a Test by which you can detect Flat-Iron shaped clothes. If you want it, enclose a 2 cent stamp and we will send it to you.

SINCERITY CLOTHES are sold in most cities and towns by reputable dealers.

Look for the label of the SINCERITY CLOTHES MAKERS in your next Suit or Overcoat purchase.

It reads as follows:—

SINCERITY CLOTHES
MADE AND GUARANTEED BY
KUH, NATHAN AND FISCHER CO.
CHICAGO



Ralston HEALTH SHOES $4

FIT FIRST, LAST AND ALL THE TIME

They fit **first**, because the Ralston Shoe is built over an anatomical last, carefully moulded to follow every curve of the foot—even the sole is constructed to conform to the natural curve of the foot bottom. Here is the secret of Ralston immediate comfort, and the reason Ralston Shoes need no "breaking in."

They fit **last and all the time**, because Ralston Shoes are honestly made of the best leathers that can be procured—materials that even under strain would keep their shape. But there is no strain, for Ralston Shoes are shaped to the feet when you buy them.

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New Spring Style Book Free [illegible]

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4% PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK 4%
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CAPITAL & SURPLUS TWO MILLION DOLLARS

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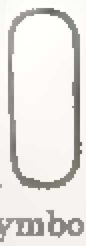
Send for booklet "P" explaining how you can open a savings account by mail with one dollar and upwards.

THE BANK THAT PAYS 4%

SAMARIS

(Continued from Page 5)

have heard somewhere that these picture-inscriptions, when inclosed in a cartouche like this"—he drew rapidly— "or this"  "indicate that the subject of the inscription was once a king.

"And on every wall, every column, I saw the insignia of ancient royalty, and I saw strange hawk-headed figures bearing symbols engraved on stone—beasts, birds, fishes, unknown signs and symbols; and everywhere the lotus carved in stone—the bud, the blossom half-inclosed, the perfect flower."

His dreamy eyes met the gaze of the Tracer, unseeing; he rested his sunburnt face between both palms, speaking in the same vague monotone:

"Everywhere dust, ashes, decay, the death of life, the utter annihilation of the living—save only the sparkle of reborn waters slowly covering the baked bed of the stone-edged pool—strange, luminous water, lacking the vital sky tint, enameled with a film of dust, yet, for all that, quickening with imprisoned brilliancy like an opal.

"The slow filling of the pool fascinated me; I stood I know not how long watching the thin film of water spreading away into the dimness beyond. At last I turned and passed curiously along the wall where, at its base, mounds of dust marked what may have been trees. Into these I probed with my riding-crop, but discovered nothing except the depths of the dust.

"When I had penetrated the ghost of this ancient garden for a thousand yards the light from the opening was no longer of any service. I lighted a candle; and its yellow rays fell upon a square portal into which led another flight of steps. And I went down.

"There were eighteen steps descending into a square stone room. Strange gleams and glimmers from wall and ceiling flashed dimly in my eyes under the wavering flame of the candle. Then the flame grew still—still as death—and Death lay at my feet—there on the stone floor—a man, square-shouldered, hairless, the cobwebs of his tunic mantling him, lying face downward, arms outflung.

"After a moment I stooped and touched him, and the entire prostrate figure dissolved into dust where it lay, leaving at my feet a shadow shape in thin silhouette against the pavement—merely a gray layer of finest dust shaped like a man, a tracery of impalpable powder on the stones.

"Upward and around me I passed the burning candle; vast figures in blue and red and gold grew out of the darkness; the painted walls sparkled; the shadows that had slept through all those centuries trembled and shrank away into distant corners.

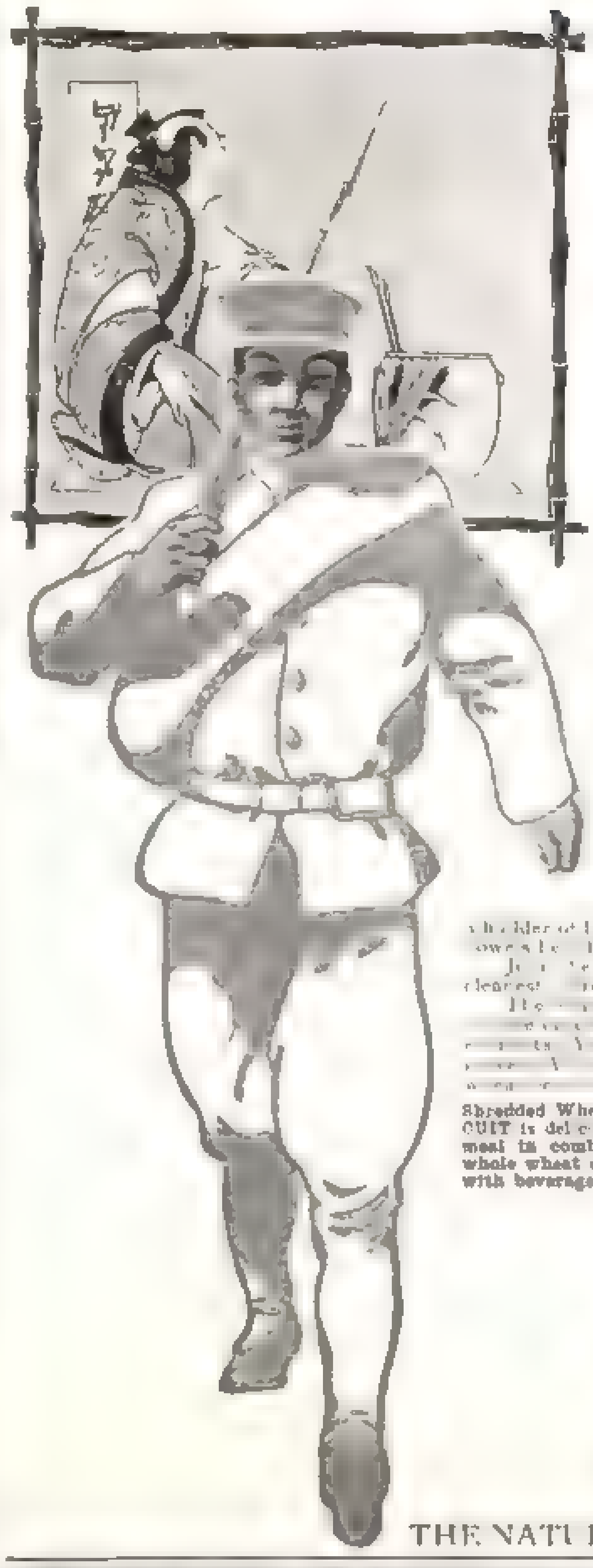
"And then—and then I saw the gold edges of her sandals sparkle in the darkness, and the clasped girdle of virgin gold around her slender waist glimmered like purest flame!"

Burke, leaning far across the table, interlocked hands tightening, stared and stared into space. A smile edged his mouth; his voice grew wonderfully gentle:

"Why, she was scarcely eighteen—this child—lying there so motionless, so lifelike, with the sandals edging her little upturned feet, and the small hands of her folded between the breasts. It was as though she had just stretched herself out there—scarcely sound asleep as yet, and her thick, silky hair—cut as they cut children's hair in these days, you know—cradled her head and cheeks.

"So marvelous the mimicry of life, so absolute the deception of breathing sleep, that I scarce dared move, fearing to awaken her.

"When I did move I forgot the dusty shape of the dead at my feet, and left, full across his neck, the imprint of a spurred riding-boot. It gave me my first shudder; I turned, feeling beneath my foot the soft, yielding powder, and stood aghast. Then—it is absurd!—but I felt as a man feels who has trodden inadvertently upon another's foot—and in an impulse of reparation I stooped hastily and attempted to smooth out the mortal dust which bore the imprint of my heel. But the fine powder flaked my glove, and, looking about for something to compose the ashes with, I picked up a papyrus scroll. Perhaps he himself had written on it; nobody can ever know, and I used it as a sort of hoe to



The Plucky Little Jap

[illegible] of cereal foods in the [illegible] "[illegible] biscuit" [illegible]

[illegible] Wheat has always [illegible] But when [illegible] the whole wheat in [illegible] form, that's

Shredded Wheat Biscuit

[illegible] keeps the stomach sweet and clean and the [illegible]

[illegible] Wheat, the [illegible]

[illegible] the starch [illegible]

[illegible] IN DIGESTIBLE FORM

Shredded Wheat is made in two forms, BISCUIT and TRISCUIT. The BISCUIT is delicious for breakfast with hot or cold milk or cream, or for any meal in combination with fruit or vegetables. TRISCUIT is the shredded whole wheat cracker, crisp, nourishing and appetizing. Delicious as a toast with beverages or with cheese or preserves.

The "Vital Question Cook Book" [illegible]

"It's All in the Shreds"

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CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR

A Triumph in Sugar Making!

Sold only in 5 lb. sealed boxes!

IMAGINATION COULD NOT CONCEIVE OF A HANDIER AND PRETTIER FORM THAN IS PRESENTED IN "CRYSTAL DOMINO SUGAR."
NEITHER COULD THE MOST PARTICULAR PEOPLE ASK FOR MORE PERFECT PURITY OR ECONOMICAL PEOPLE FOR LESS WASTE

HIGHEST GRADE IN THE WORLD. BEST SUGAR FOR TEA AND COFFEE.

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Aseptic Paper Drinking Cups [illegible] pocket or purse [illegible] for school children [illegible] the theatre, or in the [illegible]

ASEPTIC DRINKING CUP CO.
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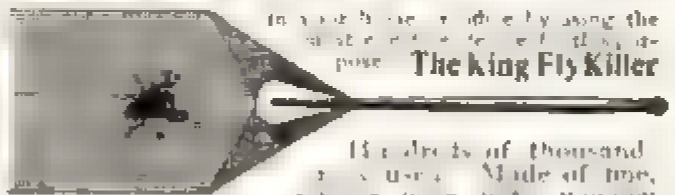

Get Rid of the Flies

[illegible] by using the [illegible] The King Fly Killer

Hundreds of thousand [illegible] Made of fine, [illegible] wire [illegible] wooden handle. [illegible] Order today. [illegible] Sent post paid for 15 cents; two for 25 cents; five for 50 cents; one dozen for $1.00

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CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $2,500,000.00

4% ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

BANK BY MAIL—Absolutely safe. [illegible] compound interest [illegible] than is paid by most banks. Money deposited with us [illegible] years [illegible] years [illegible] years. [illegible] of interest paid on small [illegible]. You may begin with $1.00 or more. Money can be withdrawn at any time upon proper notice.

Full information and Booklet "C" sent free upon request.

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A Shoe that Doubles a Woman's Capacity for Work or Pleasure.

Red Cross
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There's nothing that tells so on a woman's strength as feet that hurt.

If you could see the foot in the shoe, you would know *why* they hurt.

At every step, the sole of the shoe takes the load of the foot. Thousands of times a day.

This constant rubbing draws the feet, makes them burn, throb, ache. The constant strain tortures the nerves of the feet and they in turn tire out the whole system.

The Red Cross Shoe is absolutely comfortable, it saves the strength because it removes this strain.

The sole of the Red Cross Shoe is *flexible*; it is so supple that though of regular thickness, it *follows every movement of the foot*.

"It bends
with the foot"

This sole is made of leather tanned and finished by our exclusive process. It is found in no other shoe; it outwears other soles.

The heel, (of the same buoyant leather with stitched top) takes the jar off the spine.

The Red Cross is the lightest and coolest shoe for summer. Made in all styles. Our booklet shows the importance of foot-comfort. Write for it.

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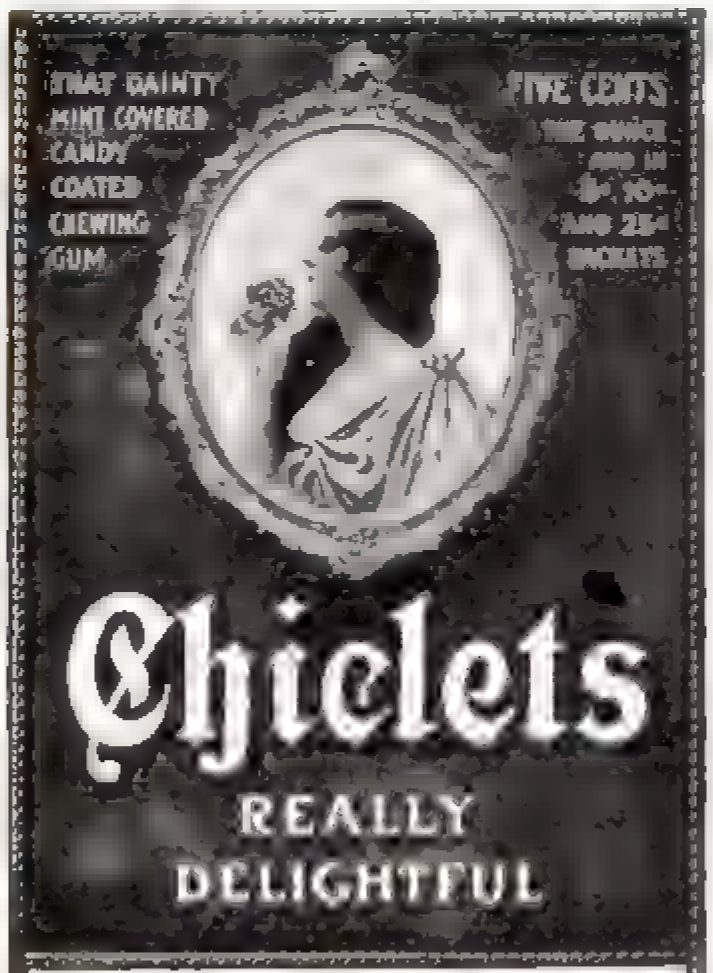
THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED CANDY COATED CHEWING GUM
FIVE CENTS THE OUNCE AND IN 5¢ 10¢ AND 25¢ PACKETS
Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL

JUST RIGHT AFTER DINNER

Try Them! If you can't buy Chiclets in your neighborhood [illegible] packet. [illegible] Chiclets

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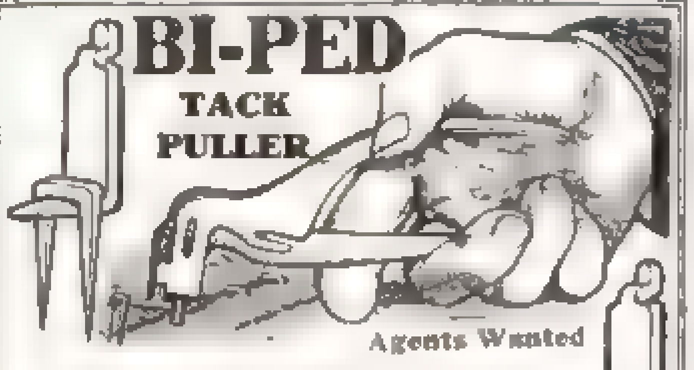
Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Canada



Agents Wanted

One Foot for Matting Tacks
One Foot for Carpet Tacks

The *only* tool that lifts tacks *easily*, [illegible] post paid [illegible] 25 cents, also a

Kangaroo Trick Lock, Free, and a Package of Interesting Matter and Samples of Specialties.

General Specialty Mfg. Co., 1043 Arcade Building, Phila.

scrape him together and smooth him out on the stones."

The young man drew a yellowish roll of paper-like substance from his pocket and laid it on the table.

"This is the same papyrus," he said. "I had forgotten that I carried it away with me until I found it in my shooting-coat while packing to sail for New York."

The Tracer of Lost Persons reached over and picked up the scroll. It was flexible still, but brittle; he opened it with great care, considered the strange figures upon it for a while, then turned almost sharply on his visitor.

"Go on," he said.

And Burke went on:

"The candle was burning low; I lighted two more, placing them at her head and feet on the edges of the stone couch. Then, lighting a third candle, I stood beside the couch and looked down at the dead girl under her veil-like robe, set with golden stars."

He passed his hand wearily over his hair and forehead.

"I do not know what the accepted meaning of beauty may be if it was not there under my eyes. Flawless as palest amber-ivory and rose, the smooth-flowing contours melted into exquisite symmetry; lashes like darkest velvet rested on the pure curve of the cheeks; the closed lids, the mouth still faintly stained with color, the delicate nose, the full, childish lips, sensitive, sweet, resting softly upon each other—if these were not all parts of but one lovely miracle, then there is no beauty save in a dream of Paradise. . . .

"A gold band of linked scarabs bound her short, thick hair straight across the forehead; thin scales of gold fell from a necklace, clothing her breasts in brilliant discolored metal, through which ivory-tinted skin showed. A belt of pure soft gold clasped her body at the waist; gold-edged sandals clung to her little feet.

"At first, when the stunned surprise had subsided, I thought that I was looking upon some miracle of ancient embalming hitherto unknown. Yet, in the smooth skin there was no slit to prove it, no opening in any vein or artery, no mutilation of this sculptured masterpiece of the Most High, no cerements, no bandages, no gilded carven case with painted face to stare open-eyed through the waiting cycles.

"This was the image of sleep—of life unconscious—not of death. Yet it was death—death that had come upon her centuries and centuries ago; for the gold had turned iridescent and magnificently discolored; the sandal-straps fell into dust as I bent above them, leaving the sandals clinging to her feet only by the wired silver core of the thongs. And, as I touched it fearfully, the veil-like garment covering her vanished into thin air, its metal stars tinkling in a shower around her on the stone floor."

The Tracer, motionless, intent, scarcely breathed; the younger man moved restlessly in his chair, the dazed light in his eyes clearing to sullen consciousness.

"What more is there to tell?" he said. "And to what purpose? All this is time wasted. I have my work cut out for me. What more is there to tell?"

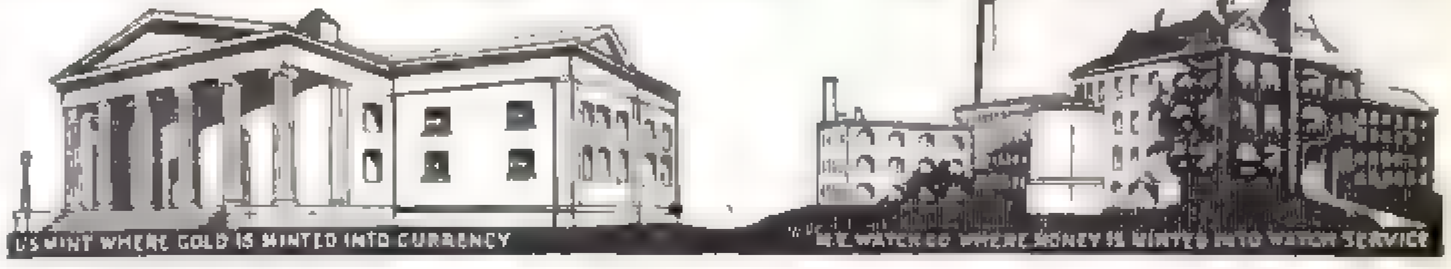
"What you have left untold," said the Tracer, with the slightest ring of authority in his quiet voice.

And, as though he had added "Obey!" the younger man sank back in his chair, his hands contracting nervously.

"I went back to El Teb," he said; "I walked like a dreaming man. My sleep was haunted by her beauty; night after night, when at last I fell asleep, instantly I saw her face, and her dark eyes opening into mine in childish bewilderment; day after day I rode out to the fallen pillar and descended to that dark chamber where she lay alone. Then there came a time when I could not endure the thought of her lying there alone. I had never dared to touch her. Horror of what might happen had held me aloof lest she crumble at my touch to that awful powder which I had trodden on.

"I did not know what to do; my Arabs had begun to whisper among themselves, suspicious of my absences, impatient to break camp perhaps and roam on once more. Perhaps they believed I had discovered treasure somewhere; I am not sure. At any rate, dread of their following me, determination to take my dead away with me, drove me into action; and that day when I reached her silent chamber I lighted my candle and, leaning above her for one last look, I touched her shoulder with my finger-tip.

WATCH COST MINTED INTO WATCH SERVICE


U.S. MINT WHERE GOLD IS MINTED INTO CURRENCY
N.E. WATCH CO. WHERE MONEY IS MINTED INTO WATCH SERVICE

YOU CAN take a gold nugget to the United States Mint and have it coined into money of a definite value, absolutely guaranteed by the Government.

Just so every penny of the small price you pay for a New England Watch is "Minted" into Watch-Service, stamped with our name and **absolutely guaranteed** by us.

Our factory is as specifically prepared to "mint" watch-cost into watch-service as the Government is to convert nuggets into dollars.

For over a quarter of a century we have been specialists in watch making. There's no lost motion in our factory, no waste of a fraction of a cent of your watch-money. Every penny is "minted" into real watch-value.

New England Watches are cheap in price only. They are second to none either in material or workmanship. Each New England Watch is tested 12 times, timed for 6 days and in 6 different positions—tested with the tests of actual use—proven to be an honest, trustworthy time-keeper.

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10 Kt.
Gold Filled
Price $7 50
Sterling Silver,
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New England
Watches
FOR LADIES AND MEN
Prices $5.00 to $24.00

Ask your jeweler to show you New England Watches. If he doesn't keep them just give us his name and address and we'll make it easy for you to examine, test and buy a New England Watch.

Write us for a free copy of the handsome and instructive Blue Book of watches for ladies, or Red Book of watches for men. Don't forget to give us your dealer's name and address.

No. 9633
10 Kt.
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Price $6 25

New England Watch Company, 32 Maiden Lane, New York

10 Days Free Trial

Send no Money Simply write us a postal card saying *"send me your catalogues and free trial offer"* and we will send you by return mail, free, postpaid, the handsomest art catalogue of the season and [illegible] new and marvelous propositions, the most liberal bicycle offers ever made by [illegible].

OUR CATALOGUES SHOW [illegible] illustrations of all our models, the [illegible] explain every detail of construction [illegible] the difference between high class material and work and [illegible]. We explain how we can manufacture bicycles of the very best material, [illegible] the finest equipment, coaster-brakes, puncture-proof tires and sell direct to the rider at [illegible].

We Ship on Approval to any person, anywhere, without a cent deposit, pay the freight and allow ten days free trial on all our bicycles. *Write for our catalogues* [illegible] *and send us your order on these terms. Do not buy elsewhere until you try our wheel 10 days free.*

We will convince you that we sell **Better Bicycles at Lower Prices** and broader guarantee than any other manufacturer or dealer in the world. We have **reliable** bicycles for men and women, boys and girls [illegible] highest grade [illegible]. We have [illegible]

Bicycle Dealers [illegible] Orders filled [illegible] **Rider Agents make money** [illegible] of immense value to you.

Tires, Coaster-Brakes, built-up-wheels, saddles, pedals, parts and [illegible] everything in the bicycle line are sold by us at half the [illegible]. Ask for our tire and sundry catalogue. [illegible]

Do Not Wait but write us a [illegible]. Do not think of buying a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful [illegible]. It [illegible] a postal to learn everything [illegible] now.

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TRADE MARK

THE Carbo Magnetic RAZOR

NO HONING—NO GRINDING

No new blades—no annual tax—the first purchase price is the only expense

There is [illegible] honing and grinding. The Carbo Magnetic [illegible]

[illegible] "Hints on Shaving," Free [illegible] without any risk [illegible] Carbo Magnetic [illegible]

Hollow Ground as in picture	Double Concave for extra heavy beards	Set of Two in Leather Case	Carbo Magnetic Strop
$2.50	$3.00	$5 50	$1.00 Strop-Aide, 25c

Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN, 443-444 Broadway, NEW YORK

BANKS We invite bankers and [illegible] capital [illegible] California [illegible]

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and list "WHAT TO INVENT," free to any address. Patents secured or fee returned.
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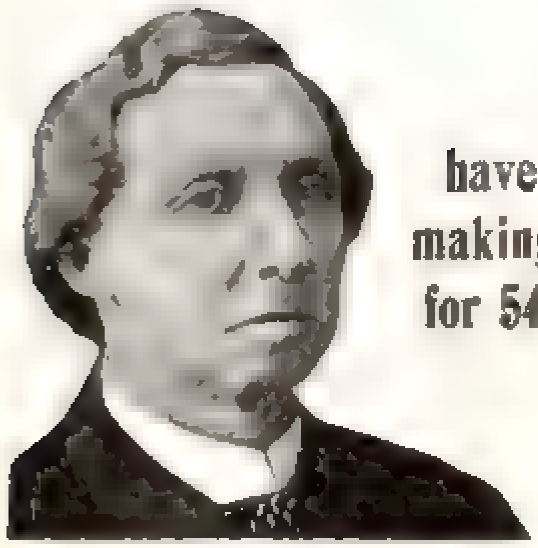

I have been making shoes for 54 years

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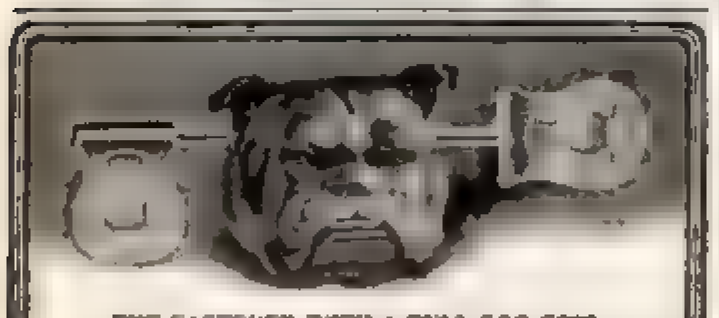

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Cuff Holders, - - - 20c | Bachelor Buttons, - 10c

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"The appalling wonder of it consumed me; fear, incredulity, terror, apathy succeeded each other; then slowly a fierce shrinking happiness swept me in every fibre.

"This marvelous death, this triumph of beauty over death was mine. Never again should she lie here alone through the solitudes of night and day; never again should the dignity of Death lack the tribute demanded of Life. Here was the appointed watcher—I, who had found her alone in the wastes of the world—all alone on the outermost edges of the world—a child, dead and unguarded. And standing there beside her I knew that I should never love again."

He straightened up, stretching out his arm: "I did not intend to carry her away to what is known as Christian burial. How could I consign her to darkness again, with all its dreadful mockery of marble, all its awful emblems?

"This lovely stranger was to be my guest forever. The living should be near her while she slept so sweetly her slumber through the centuries; she should have warmth, and soft hangings and sunlight and flowers; and her unconscious ears should be filled with the pleasant stir of living things. . . . I have a house in the country, a very old house among meadows and young woodlands. And I—I had dreamed of giving this child a home ——"

His voice broke; he buried his head in his hands a moment; but when he lifted it again his features were hard as steel.

"There was already talk in the bazar about me. I was probably followed, but I did not know it. Then one of my men disappeared. For a week I hesitated to trust my Arabs; but there was no other way. I told them there was a mummy which I desired to carry to some port and smuggle out of the country without consulting the Government. I knew perfectly well that the Government would never forego its claim to such a relic of Egyptian antiquity. I offered my men too much, perhaps. I don't know. They hesitated for a week, trying by every artifice to see the treasure, but I never let them out of my sight.

"Then one day two white men came into camp; and with them came a Government escort to arrest me for looting an Egyptian tomb. The white men were Joram Smiles and that Eurasian, Emanuel Gandon, who was partly white, I suppose. I didn't comprehend what they were up to at first. They escorted me forty miles to confront the official at Shen-Bak. When, after a stormy week, I was permitted to return to Sais, my Arabs and the white men were gone. And the stone chamber under the water-garden wall was empty as the hand I hold out to you!"

He opened his palm and rose; his narrowing eyes clear and dangerous.

"At the bazar I learned enough to know what had been done. I traced the white men to the coast. They sailed on the Scythian Queen, taking with them all that I care for on earth or in Heaven! And you ask me why I measure their distance from me by a bullet's flight!"

The Tracer also rose, pale and grave.

"Wait!" he said. "There are other things to be done before you prepare to face a jury for double murder."

"It is for them to choose," said Burke. "They shall have the choice of returning to me my dead, or of going to hell full of lead."

"*Exactly*, my dear sir. That part is not difficult," said the Tracer quietly. "There will be no occasion for violence, I assure you. Kindly leave such details to me. I know what is to be done. You are outwardly very calm, Mr. Burke—even dangerously placid; but though you maintain an admirable command over yourself superficially you are laboring under terrible excitement. Therefore it is my duty to say to you at once that there is no cause for your excitement, no cause for your apprehension as to results. I feel exceedingly confident that you will, in due time, regain possession of all that you care for most —— Quietly, quietly, my dear sir! You are not yet ready to meet these men, nor am I ready to go with you. I beg you to continue your habit of self-command for a little while. There is no haste—that is to say, there is every reason

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to make haste slowly. And the quickest method is to seat yourself. Thank you And I shall sit here beside you and spread out this papyrus scroll for your inspection."

Burke stared at the Tracer, then at the scroll.

"What has that inscription to do with the matter in hand?" he demanded impatiently.

"I leave you to judge," said the Tracer. A dull tint of excitement flushed his lean cheeks; he twisted his gray mustache and bent over the unrolled scroll which was now held flat by weights at the four corners.

"Can you understand any of these symbols, Mr. Burke?" he asked.

"No."

"Curious," mused the Tracer. "Do you know it was fortunate that you put this bit of papyrus in the pocket of your shooting-coat—so fortunate that—in a way—it approaches the miraculous?"

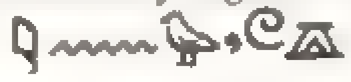
"What do you mean? Is there anything in that scroll bearing on this matter?"

"Yes."

"And you can read it? Are you versed in such learning, Mr. Keen?"

"I am an Egyptologist—among other details," said the Tracer calmly.

The young man gazed at him, astonished. The Tracer of Lost Persons picked up a pencil, laid a sheet of paper on the table beside the papyrus, and slowly began to copy the first symbol:



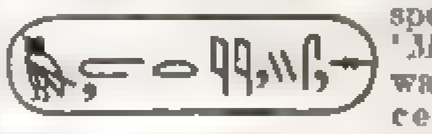
III

"THE ancient Egyptian word for the personal pronoun, '*I*,' was *dnuk*," said the Tracer placidly. "The phonetic for *a* was the hieroglyph a reed; for *n* the water symbol ; for *u* the symbols for *k* Therefore, this hieroglyphic inscription begins with the personal pronoun or *I*. That is very easy, of course.

"Now, the most ancient of Egyptian inscriptions read vertically in column; there are only two columns in this papyrus, so we'll try it vertically and pass downward to the next symbol which is inclosed in a sort of frame or cartouche. That immediately signifies that royalty is mentioned; therefore, we have already translated as much as 'I, the king (or queen).' Do you see?"

"Yes," said Burke, staring.

"Very well. Now this symbol, number two, spells out the word '*Meris*' in this way: M (pronounced *me*) is phonetically symbolized by the characters



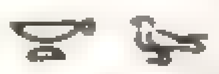
r by (a mouth) and the comma and the hieroglyph ; *i* by two reeds and two oblique strokes, and *s* by This gives us Meris, the name of that deposed and fugitive king of Egypt who, after a last raid on the summer palace of Mer-Shen, usurping ruler of Egypt, was followed and tracked to Sais, where, with an arrow through his back, he crawled to El Teb and finally died there of his wound. All this Egyptologists are perfectly familiar with in the translations of the boastful tablets and inscriptions erected near Sais by Mer-Shen, the three hundred and twelfth sovereign after Queen Nitocris."

He looked up at Burke, smiling. "Therefore," he said, "this papyrus scroll was written by Meris, ex-king, a speculative thousands of years before Christ. And it begins: 'I, Meris the King.'"

"How does all this bear upon what concerns me?" demanded Burke.

"Wait!"

Something in the quiet significance of the Tracer's brief command sent a curious thrill through the younger man. He leaned stiffly forward, studying the scroll, every faculty concentrated on the symbol which the Tracer had now touched with the carefully sharpened point of his pencil:



"That," said Mr. Keen, "is the ancient Egyptian word for 'little,' '*Ked*.' The next, below, written in two lines, is 'Samaris,' a proper name—the name of a woman. Under that, again, is the symbol for the number 18; the decimal sign, and eight vertical strokes, Under that, again, is a hieroglyph of another sort, an ideograph representing a girl with a harp; and, beneath that, the symbol

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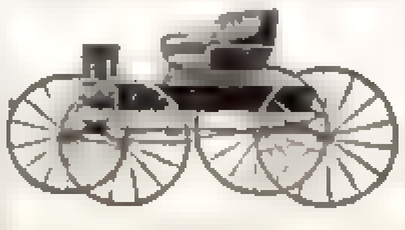

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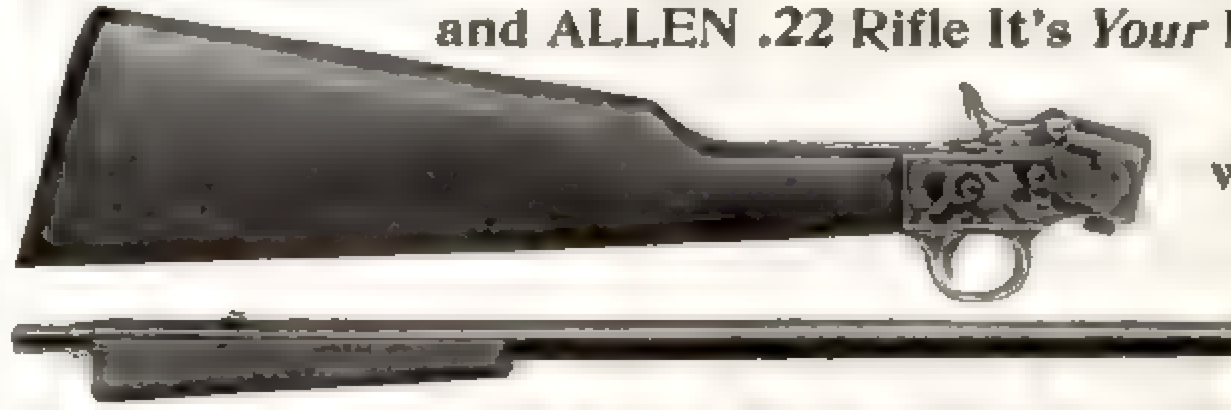

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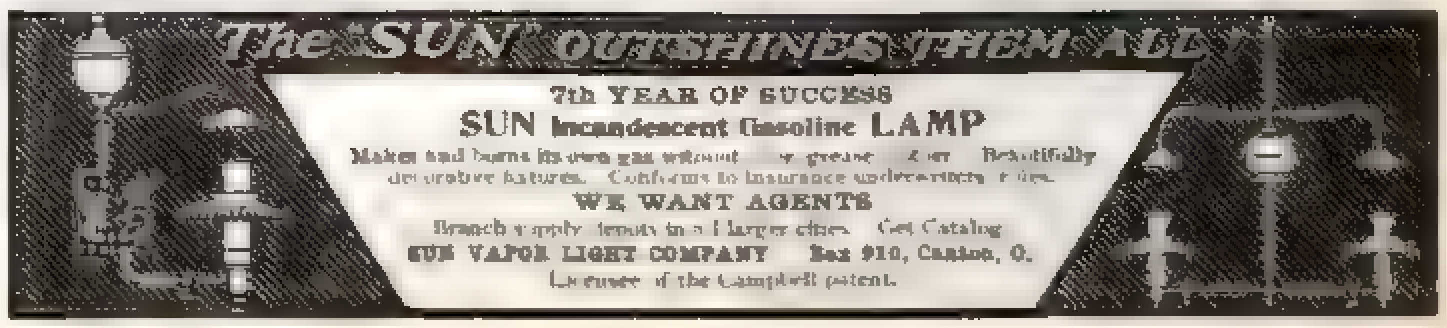

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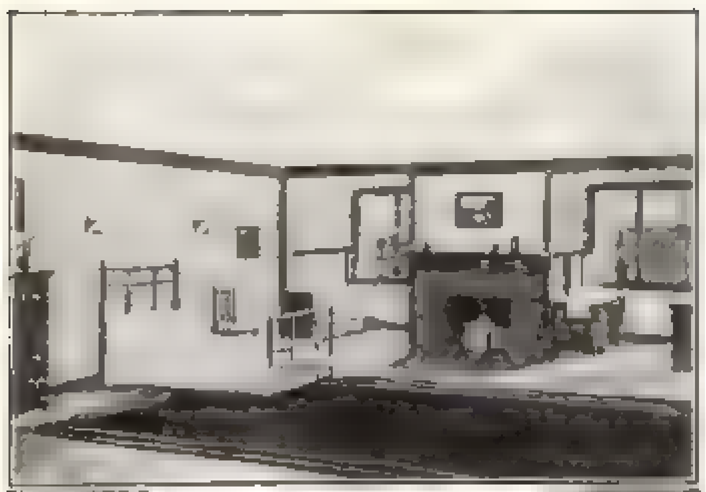

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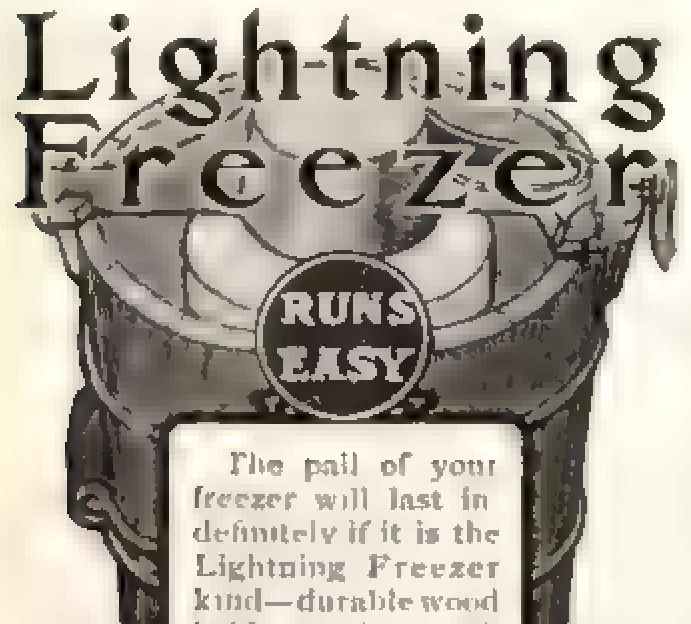

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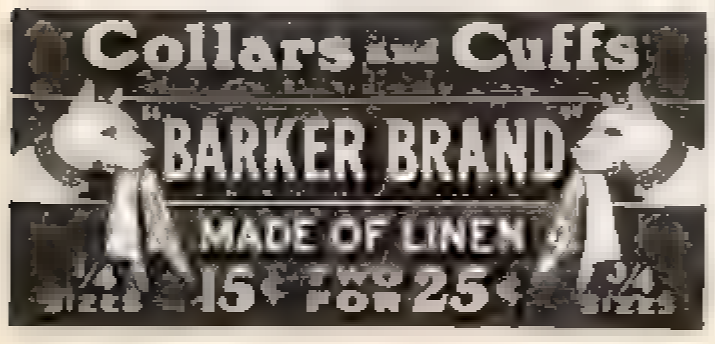
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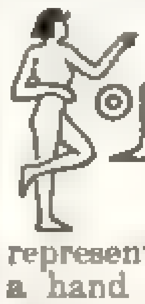
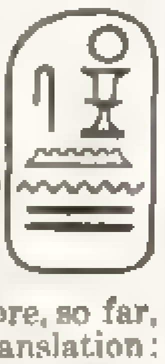
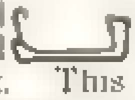
which always represented a dancing girl  and also the royal symbol inclosed in a cartouche,  which means literally, 'The Ruler of Upper and Lower Egypt.' Under that is the significant symbol  representing an arm and a hand holding a stick. This always means *force*—to take forcibly or to use violence. Therefore, so far, we have the following literal translation: 'I, Meris the King, little Samaris, eighteen, a harpist, dancing-girl, the Ruler of Upper and Lower Egypt, to take by violence——'"

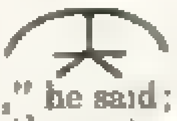
"What does that make?" broke in Burke impatiently.

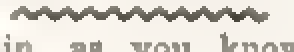
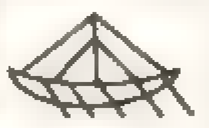
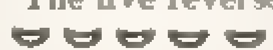
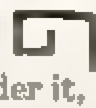
"*Wait!* Wait until we have translated everything literally. And, Mr. Burke, it might make it easier for us both if you would remember that I have had the pleasure of deciphering many hundreds of papyri before you had ever heard that there were such things."

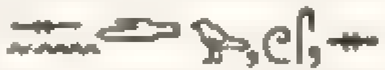
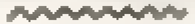
"I beg your pardon," said the young man in a low voice.

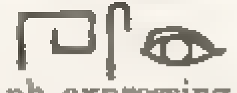
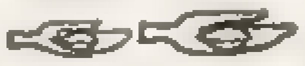
"I beg yours for my impatience," said the Tracer pleasantly. "This deciphering always did affect my nerves and shorten my temper. And, no doubt, it is quite as hard on you. Shall we go on, Mr. Burke?"

"If you please, Mr. Keen."

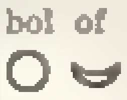
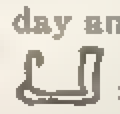
So the Tracer laid his pencil point on the next symbol 

"That is the symbol for night," he said; "and that  is the water symbol again, as you know; and that  is the ideograph, meaning a ship. The five reversed crescents  record the number of days voyage; the sign  means a house, and is also the letter H in the Egyptian alphabet.

"Under it, again, we have a repetition of the first symbol meaning *I*, and a repetition of the second symbol meaning 'Meris, the King.' Then, below that cartouche, comes a new symbol,  which is the feminine personal pronoun, *sentus*, meaning '*she*'; and the first column is completed with the symbol for the ancient Egyptian verb, *nehes*, 'to awake,' 

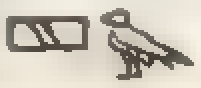
"And now we take the second column,  which begins with the jackal ideograph expressing slyness or cleverness. Under it is the hieroglyph meaning 'to run away,' 'to escape.' And under that, Mr. Burke, is one of the rarest of all Egyptian symbols; a symbol seldom seen on stone or papyrus,  except in rare references to the mysteries of Isis. The meaning of it, so long in dispute, has finally been practically determined through a new discovery in the cuneiform inscriptions. It is the symbol of two hands holding two *closed* eyes; and it signifies hypnotic power."

"You mean that those ancients understood hypnotism?" asked Burke, astonished.

"Evidently their priests did; evidently hypnotism was understood and employed in certain mysteries. And there is the symbol of it; and under it the hieroglyphs  meaning 'a day and a night,' with the symbol  as usual present to signify force or strength employed. Under that, again, is a human figure stretched upon a typical Egyptian couch. And now, Mr. Burke, *note carefully* three modifying signs: first, that it is a *couch* or *bed* on which the figure is stretched, not the funeral-couch, not the embalming slab; second, there is no mummy-mask covering the face, and no mummy-case covering the body; third, that under the recumbent figure is pictured an *open* mouth, not a *closed* one.

"All these modify the ideograph apparently representing death. But the sleep symbol is not present. Therefore it is a sound inference that all this simply confirms the symbol of hypnotism."

Burke, intensely absorbed, stared steadily at the scroll.

"Now," continued Mr. Keen, "we note the symbol of force again, always present; and, continuing horizontally, a cartouche quite empty except for the mid-day sun. That is simply translated: the mid-day sun illuminates nothing. Meris, deposed, is King only in name; and the sun no longer shines on him as 'Ruler of Upper and Lower Egypt.' Under that despairing symbol, 'King of Nothing,' we have the phonetics which spell *sha*,  the word for garden. And,

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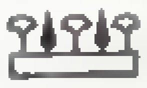
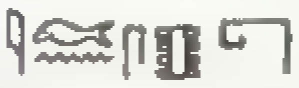
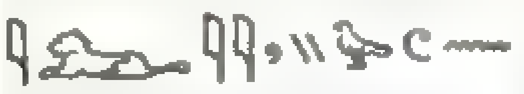
just beyond this, horizontally, the modifying ideograph meaning 'a *water*-garden';



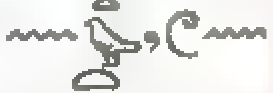
a design of lotus and tree alternating on a terrace. Under that is the symbol for the word '*anch*,' a 'wall.' Beyond that,



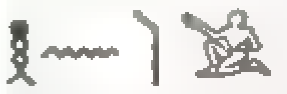
horizontally, is the symbol for 'house.' It should have been placed under the wall-symbol, but the Egyptians were very apt to fill up spaces instead of continuing their vertical columns. Now, beneath, we find the imperative command, 'arise!'



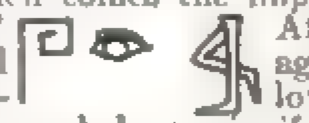
And the Egyptian personal pronoun '*entuten*,' which means 'you' or 'thou.'



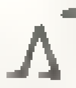
"Under that is the symbol



which means 'priest,' or literally, 'priest-man.' Then comes the imperative 'awake to life!'



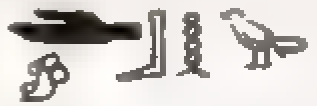
After that, our first symbol meaning '*I*,' followed again, horizontally by the symbol



signifying 'to go.'

"Then comes a very important drawing—you see? the picture of a man with a jackal's head, not a dog's head. It is not accompanied by the phonetic in a cartouche as it should be. Probably the writer was in desperate haste at the end. But, nevertheless, it is easy to translate that symbol of the man with a jackal's head. It is a picture of the Egyptian god, Anubis, who was supposed to linger at the side of the dying to conduct their souls. Anubis, the jackal-headed, is the courier, the personal escort of departing souls. And this is he.

"And now the screed ends with the cry. 'Pray for me!'



the last symbol on this scroll—this strange missive written by a deposed, wounded and dying king to an unnamed priest. Here is the literal translation in columns:

I
Meris the King
little
Samaris
eighteen
a harpist
a dancing-girl—
Ruler of Upper and Lower Egypt
took forcibly—night
by water
five days
ship
house
I
Meris the King
she
awake

cunning
escape
hypnotize
King of Nothing
place forcibly
garden
water-garden
wall
house
Arise. Do
Thou
Priest-Man
Awake
To life
I go
Anubis
Pray

"And this is what that letter, thousands of years old, means in this language of ours, hundreds of years young: 'I, Meris the King, seized little Samaris, a harpist and a dancing-girl, eighteen years of age, belonging to the King of Upper and Lower Egypt, and carried her away at night on shipboard—a voyage of five days—to my house. I, Meris the King, lest she lie awake watching cunningly for a chance to escape, hypnotized her (or had her hypnotized) so that she lay like one dead or asleep, but breathing, and I, King no longer of Upper and Lower Egypt, took her and placed her in my house under the wall of the water-garden. Arise! therefore, O thou priest; (go) and awaken her to life. I am dying (I go with Anubis!) Pray for me!'"

IV

FOR a full minute the two men sat there without moving or speaking. Then the Tracer laid aside his pencil.

"To sum up," he said, opening the palm of his left hand and placing the forefinger of his right across it, "the excavation made by the falling pillar raised in triumph above the water-garden of the deposed King, Meris, by his rival, was the subterranean house of Meris. The prostrate figure which crumbled to powder at your touch may have been the very priest to whom this letter or papyrus was written. Perhaps the bearer of the scroll was a traitor and stabbed the priest as he was reading the missive. Who can tell how that priest died? He either died or betrayed his trust, for he never aroused the little Samaris from her suspended animation. And the water-garden fell into ruins and she slept; and the Ruler of Upper and Lower Egypt raised his columns, lotus-crowned, above the ruins; and she slept on. Then—*you* came."

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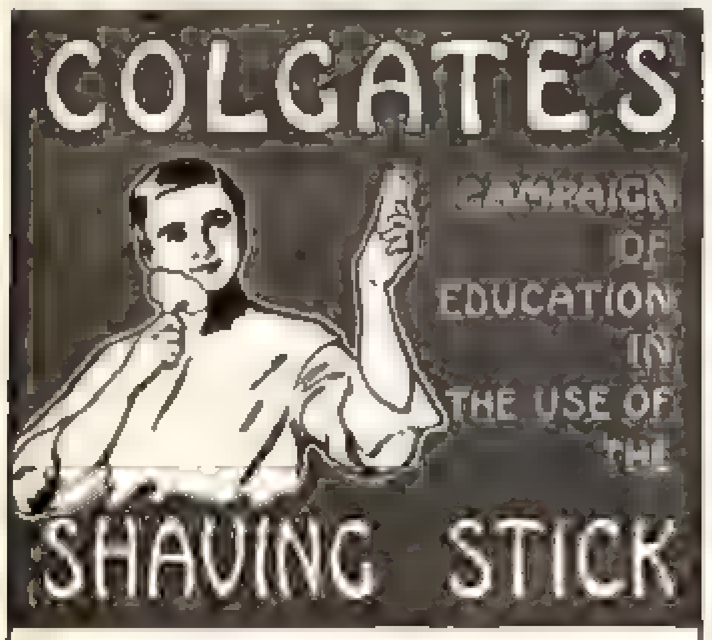
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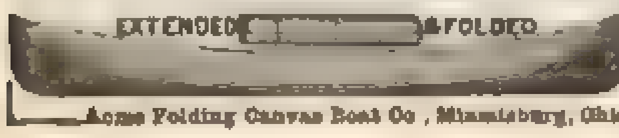

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Burke stared like one stupefied.

"I do not know," said the Tracer gravely, "what balm there may be in a suspension of sensation, perhaps of vitality, to protect the human body from corruption after death. I do not know how soon suspended animation or the state of hypnotic coma, undisturbed, changes into death—whether it comes gradually, imperceptibly freeing the soul; whether the soul hides there, asleep, until suddenly the flame of vitality is extinguished. I do not know how long she lay there with life in her."

He leaned back and touched an electric bell, then, turning to Burke:

"Speaking of pistol-range," he said, "unstrap those weapons and pass them over, if you please."

And the young man obeyed as in a trance.

"Thank you. There are four men coming into this room. You will keep your seat, if you please, Mr. Burke."

After a moment the door opened noiselessly. Two men handcuffed together entered the room; two men, hands in their pockets, sauntered carelessly behind the prisoners and leaned back against the closed door.

"That short, red-haired, lame man with the cast in his eye—do you recognize him?" asked the Tracer quietly.

Burke, grasping the arms of his chair, had started to rise, fury fairly blazing from his eyes; but, at the sound of the Tracer's calm, even voice, he sank back into his chair.

"That is Joram Smiles? You recognize him?" continued Mr. Keen.

Burke nodded.

"*Ex*actly—alias Limpy, alias Red Jo, alias Big Stick Joram, alias Pinky; swindler, international confidence-man, fence, burglar, gambler; convicted in 1887, and sent to Sing Sing for forgery; convicted in 1898, and sent to Auburn for swindling; arrested by my men on board the S. S. Scythian Queen, at the cabled request of John T. Burke, Esquire, and held to explain the nature of his luggage, which consisted of the contents of an Egyptian vault or underground ruin, declared at the custom-house as a mummy, and passed as such."

The quiet, monotonous voice of the Tracer halted, then, as he glanced at the second prisoner, grew harder:

"Emanuel Gandon, general international criminal, with over half a hundred aliases, arrested in company with Smiles and held until Mr. Burke's arrival."

Turning to Burke, the Tracer continued: "Fortunately, the Scythian Queen broke down off Brindisi. It gave us time to act on your cable; we found these men aboard when she was signaled off the Hook. I went out with the pilot myself, Mr. Burke."

Smiles shot a wicked look at Burke; Gandon scowled at the floor.

"Now," said the Tracer pleasantly, meeting the venomous glare of Smiles, "I'll get you that warrant you have been demanding to have exhibited to you. Here it is—charging you and your amiable friend Gandon with breaking into and robbing the Metropolitan Museum of ancient Egyptian gold ornaments, in March, 1903, and taking them to France, where they were sold to collectors. It seems that you found the business good enough to go prowling about Egypt on a hunt for something to sell here. A great mistake, my friends—a very great mistake, because, after the Museum has finished with you, the Egyptian Government desires to extradite you. And I rather suspect you'll have to go."

He nodded to the two quiet men leaning against the door.

"Come, Joram," said one of them pleasantly.

But Smiles turned furiously on the Tracer. "You lie, you old gray rat!" he cried. "That ain't no mummy; that's a plain dead girl! And there ain't no extrydition for body-snatchin', so I guess them niggers at Cairo won't get us, after all!"

"Perhaps," said the Tracer, looking at Burke, who had risen, pale and astounded. "Sit down, Mr. Burke! There is no need to question these men; no need to demand what they robbed you of. For," he added slowly, "what they took from the garden grotto of Saïs, and from you, I have under my own protection."

The Tracer rose, locked the door through which the prisoners and their escorts had departed; then, turning gravely on Burke, he continued:

"That panel, there, is a door. There is a room beyond—a room facing to the south, bright with sunshine, flowers, soft rugs, and draperies of the East. *She* is there—like a child asleep!"

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Burke reeled, steadying himself against the wall; the Tracer stared at space, speaking very slowly:

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Burke, ghastly white, straightened up, quivering in every limb; the Tracer, as pale as he, laid his hand on the secret panel.

"If—if you dare say it—the phrase is this: '*O Ket Samaris, Nehes!*'—'O Little Samaris, awake!'"

"I—dare. In Heaven's name open that door!"

Then, averting his head, the Tracer of Lost Persons swung open the panel.

A flood of sunshine flashed on Burke's face; he entered; and the paneled door closed behind him without a sound.

Minute after minute passed; the Tracer stood as though turned to stone, gray head bent.

Then he heard Burke's voice ring out unsteadily:

"O Ket Samaris—Samaris! O Ket Samaris—*Nehes!*"

And again: "Samaris! Samaris! O beloved, awake!"

And once more: "*Nehes!* O Samaris!"

Silence, broken by a strange, sweet, drowsy plaint—like a child awakened at midnight by a dazzling light.

"Samaris!"

Then, through the stillness, a little laugh, and a softly tremulous voice:

"*Ari un āhā, O Entuk sen!*"

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Cameron drew Bishop aside. "Now, what do you think of that?" he whispered hoarsely. "Here I am, seventy-one years old and seventy of those years in politics, and he asks me to consult with Nicholas Murray Butler!"

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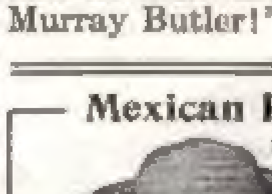
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THE QUEST OF THE COLONIAL

(Concluded from Page 11)

junk shops, village carpenter shops, and even two pair that we found on a street stand in an out-of-the-way corner of Naples. It is well to cultivate the habit of gathering such things—the small change of furniture, so to speak.

The front door was itself without its knob, and there was a homely one of white crockery there with a similar one for the bell wire. Fortunately, in our possession was a pair, found long before in Pennsylvania, of beautiful oval knobs, of brass, attractively grooved in rays, and they took the place of the unsightly white ones.

The old knocker had long since disappeared, leaving upon the door only the marring marks of bolt-holes stuffed with putty. By sheer luck an ancient knocker, found in Quebec and long treasured, was not only precisely the style of knocker for the door, but its bolts exactly fitted into the ancient holes so that it was not necessary to damage the door in the slightest degree in putting it on. A number of old residents have said, "Why, I see you have found the original knocker!"

In addition to the brass knocker and brass knobs beneath the white portico, there was a brass knob on either side of the steps at the foot of the rail. These last knobs, however, did not appear to be of that metal; for so long a period that village memory ran not to the contrary they had passed as knobs of iron painted green; but a thorough polishing showed the brass.

The banisters needed a few new spindles, and the village carpenter, himself a relic of the past, a man of eighty, was willing to replace them but was fluttered by the very thought. Weeks went by. But when, one day, a spindle to serve as a pattern was pried out of its place and carried to his shop and laid down before him, all was at once simplified. "Why, of course!" And that afternoon he appeared at the inn with the new pieces made carefully out of a mahogany plank, and forthwith proceeded to put them in place.

With the gate beside the house there was more difficulty. A stone wall was there, and in the wall a gap with a pair of iron sockets to support the gate, which long before had gone—gone none knew whitherward, perhaps on some old-time night of Hallowe'en.

The old carpenter shook his head. "A long and expensive job! The hinges will have to be made specially to fit these sockets to begin with!" He shook his head dolefully. "And I haven't any suitable wood, either!" And, after another presentation of the case on our part, "What do you want a gate for, anyway?" he asked whimsically.

But, driving with a friend a few days afterward, a fallen fence and gate were spied. The owner, found, had no use for the gate. It looked as if it would fit the gap in the stone wall. And so we triumphantly carried it home, and it was not only found to be a perfect fit in width, but its hinges were precisely the kind of hinges needed for the sockets and of precisely the needful size. The gate needed to be turned upside down, to match the way of swinging, but that was easily done. The friend assisted, and gleefully helped to saw and nail.

After a while it came to us that one more thing, and that a trifle radical, needed to be done. The inn was a little too large. We did not really need more than the two lower stories. But to lessen the roominess it was not necessary to tear anything down. A partition was placed across the hall, at the head of the upper flight of stairs, shutting off the entire third floor completely; a partition simply constructed by setting up packing-frames which had been on screen doors shipped from the city. The frames fitted with almost no trouble at all. They were easily covered with a few hangings, giving them an air of completeness. And there was a far greater sense of coziness, and a house easier to keep warm; and at the same time, by a convenient arrangement of doors, we were still able to go into the third floor, through a door into the room at the head of the stairs and from that room into the next, and so around the screen, and thence, if desired, to the outlook. The original builder could not have made it more ready to our hand in this respect.

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EVERYBODY knew ages ago that gases and free carbon—smoke—possess the most vital heat elements in coal. We were the first to pen them up in a heater. Escape up the chimney is impossible in the **Underfeed.** They must pass *through* the fire that burns at the top and are consumed. This *waste* in other furnaces becomes *heat* in the **Underfeed.** Fuel is replenished from below by means of a lever. Easily operated. The **Underfeed** gets as much heat out of a ton of *cheapest coal* as any other furnace does from a ton of highest grade coal. Clean, Uniform, Abundant heat at lowest possible cost is the **Underfeed** *Gospel of Furnace Saving*, which enables us to emphasize the truth that the

Peck-Williamson UNDERFEED Furnace Saves 1-2 to 2-3 on Your Coal Bills

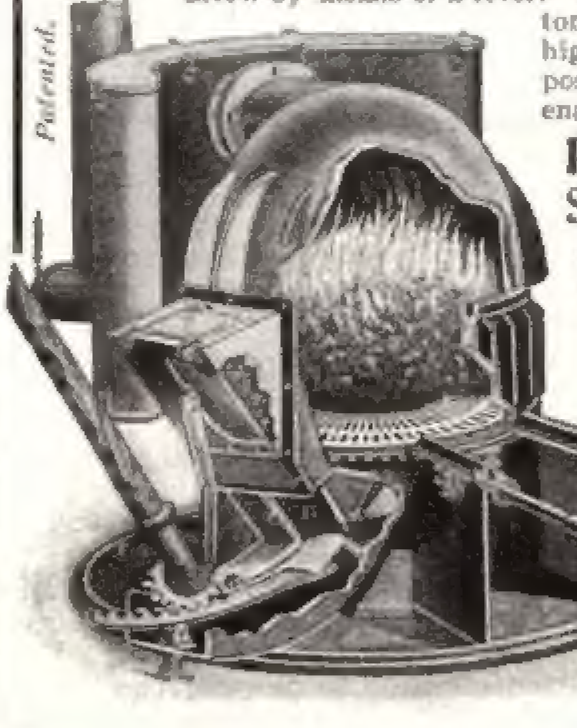
The **Peck-Williamson Underfeed** *pays for itself* in a short time and then commences to *work* and *save money for you.* Owners are its most enthusiastic endorsers. Mr. E. C. Hamilton, Washington C. H., Ohio, recently wrote us:

"The **Underfeed Furnace** placed in my house by you has given the most complete satisfaction. With it we have found the long-sought-for economy in heating expense—my *coal bills* have been *less than one-half* what they were in former winters, and the comfort of a warm house both day and night has been something we never enjoyed until we installed this furnace."

Is not voluntary evidence like this convincing?
We've hundreds of such letters.

We'd like to send you the Underfeed booklet filled with fac-simile testimonials volunteered by our patrons. It's FREE. So are heating plans and services of our Engineering Department. Write to-day, and please give name of local dealer with whom you prefer to deal.

The Peck-Williamson Co., 329 W. 5th St., Cincinnati, O.
Dealers are invited to write for our very attractive proposition.



HOME STUDY COURSES

JOHN F. GENUNG, A.M., PH.D.
Professor of English.

OUR School affords the home student an opportunity to pursue a Complete High School Course under professors in leading American colleges and universities. The Courses in English are given by Prof. Genung, of Amherst; History, by Prof. Wells, of Yale; Latin, by Prof. Harkness, of Brown; Greek, by Prof. Chase, of Harvard. An eminent specialist is at the head of every department.

Students may register at any time and may take up complete courses or pursue special branches. Special attention is given to students preparing for college. We also offer instruction in Commercial and Normal Branches.

Every reader of THE POST who is interested in home study and correspondence teaching is invited to send for a free copy of our eighty-page catalogue and full information in regard to our home study courses.

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 17, Springfield, Mass.

Fat squabs—when you buy them ask for **PLYMOUTH ROCK** squabs, which are the **largest and best.** Breed squabs to make money. Raised in **four weeks**, sell for **$2.50** to **$6** doz. No mixing food, no night labor, no young to attend. Work for women which pays. We were **first**; our famous **PLYMOUTH ROCK straight big Homers**, our books and our breeding methods revolutionized the industry and have been widely copied.

During the past year our trade was the largest since beginning; for 1906 our Homers will be better than we ever sold. Visitors welcome at farm, correspondence invited. First send for our beautifully printed and illustrated **Free Book, "How to Make Money with Squabs."**

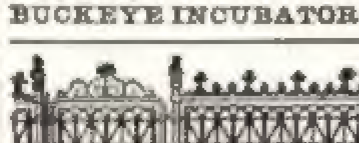
SQUAB BOOK FREE

Plymouth Rock Squab Co., 433 Howard Street, Melrose, Mass.

$1. Per Month

to $2. per month rents any incubator. Rent pays for it. **We Pay the Freight.** **40 Days Trial** at same prices. Buy plans and parts and build one. Prices, ready to use: 50 egg $5.00; 100 egg $9; 200 egg $12.75. Brooders, $3.50 up. Guaranteed. Catalog free.

BUCKEYE INCUBATOR CO., Box 21, Springfield, O.

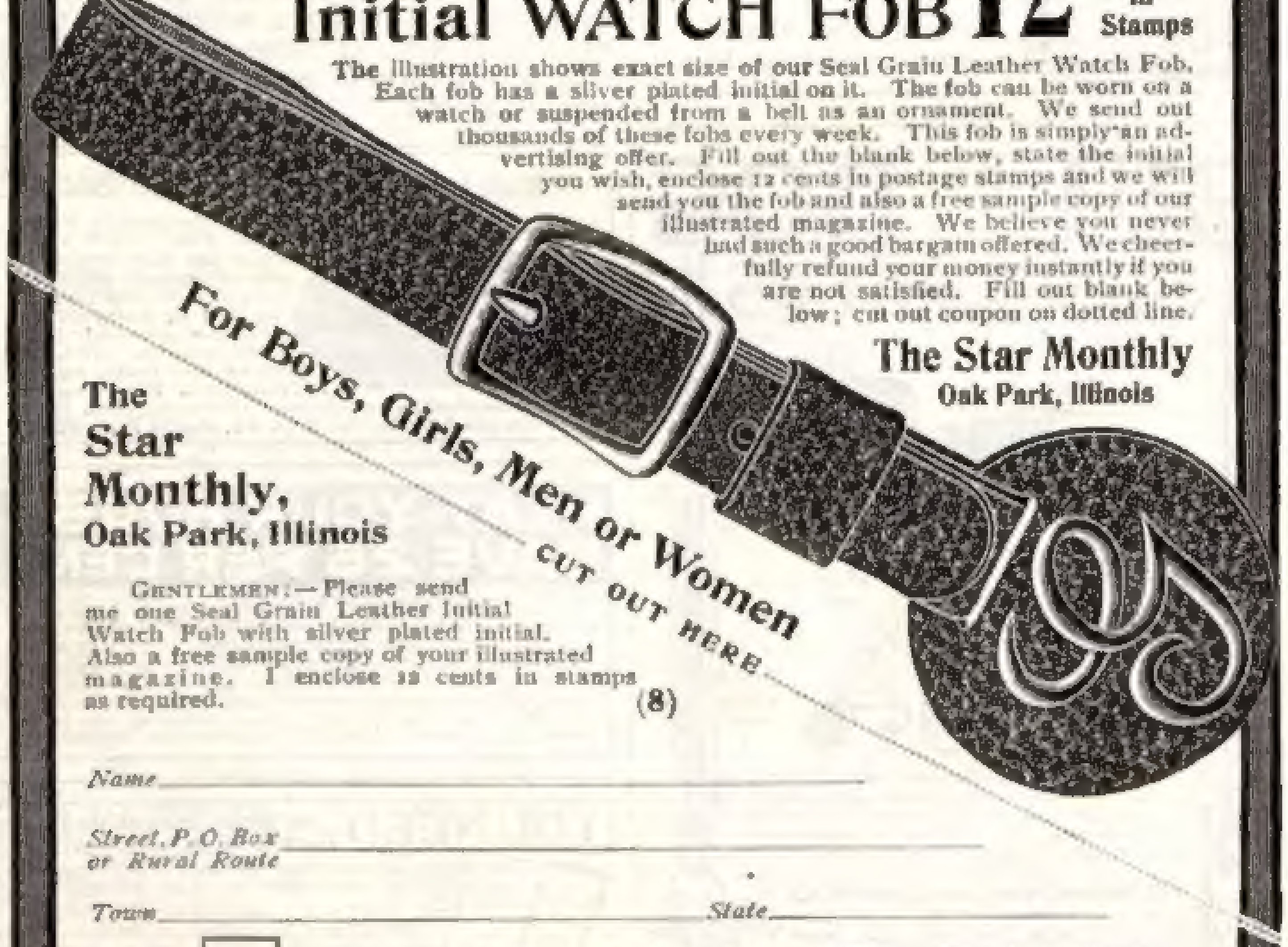


Lawn Fence

30 beautiful designs cheap as wood. Large catalogue Free. Special prices to churches and cemeteries.

WARD FENCE CO., Box 90, Portland, Indiana.

This Seal Grain Leather Initial WATCH FOB 12 cts. in Stamps


For Boys, Girls, Men or Women
CUT OUT HERE

The illustration shows exact size of our Seal Grain Leather Watch Fob. Each fob has a silver plated initial on it. The fob can be worn on a watch or suspended from a belt as an ornament. We send out thousands of these fobs every week. This fob is simply an advertising offer. Fill out the blank below, state the initial you wish, enclose 12 cents in postage stamps and we will send you the fob and also a free sample copy of our illustrated magazine. We believe you never had such a good bargain offered. We cheerfully refund your money instantly if you are not satisfied. Fill out blank below; cut out coupon on dotted line.

The Star Monthly
Oak Park, Illinois

The Star Monthly,
Oak Park, Illinois

GENTLEMEN:—Please send me one Seal Grain Leather Initial Watch Fob with silver plated initial. Also a free sample copy of your illustrated magazine. I enclose 12 cents in stamps as required. (8)

*Name*____________________

*Street, P. O. Box or Rural Route*____________________

*Town*________________ *State*________________

Initial Wanted ☐ Write or Print Name Plainly. Address Your Letter Like This ☞ **The Star Monthly, Oak Park, Ills.**

I Am the Paint Man

Two Gallons Free to Try—6 Months Time to Pay.
You Pay No Freight to Try My Paint.

I AM doing a great business in my Made-to-Order Paint. Orders to have Paint made are pouring in from every state and territory in the Union.

I have any number of customers in every large city—and nearly every town and hamlet in the United States.

The growth of my business has been phenomenal. During the past six months I have doubled my factory capacity three times to take care of my orders.

Public buildings are being painted with my made-to-order paint.

Churches are being painted with my made-to-order paint.

City residences are being painted with my made-to-order paint.

Farmers' homes are being painted with my made-to-order paint.

O. L. Chase Made-to-Order Paint has "caught on" in public favor. People see the point.

Paint made to order for each individual customer lasts longer and looks better than any other paint possible to get—because it's made right, and FRESH WHEN USED—

Is better than the local painter can make because of my big fresh stock of paint materials—my expensive grinding and mixing machines—and my complete factory equipment—

Is better than "dealer's shelf" ready-mixed paint—which is, necessarily, stale paint on account of being made so far in advance of the time it's used.

Dealers keep ready-mixed paint on their shelves until sold—maybe 6 months—maybe 6 years.

When I advertised my new paint, made in a new way, and sold on a new plan, I said "I'll take all the risk—I'll ship my paint on a test—and pay all the freight."

This was an innovation in the Paint business and people took me at my word—accepted my proposition.

Even during the winter months I have received advance orders for thousands of gallons of paint for Spring painting—which is now being made fresh and shipped.

There is a reason for all this.

I Am The Paint Man.

I have a new way of manufacturing and selling Paint. And it's unique—it's better.

Before I invented my plan, Paint was sold in two ways, either ready-mixed, or the ingredients were bought and mixed by the local painter.

Now, ready-mixed paint settles in the can while on the dealer's shelves—forming a sediment—a cement-like substance—in the bottom, which can never again be properly stirred or mixed for painting.

Another thing—a most important thing—the chemical action of the mineral in Ready-mixed Paint, when standing in oil, attacks the oil and eats the life out of it—and you know *oil* is the very life of all Paint.

Paint really cannot be properly made by the local painter on account of the lack of heavy grinding and mixing machinery, grinding and mixing machines are expensive, and are only found in large, well-equipped paint factories like mine.

My paint is unlike any other Paint in the world.

It's ready to use—but not ready-mixed.

After each order is received my paint is made to order, packed in hermetically sealed cans, with the very day it is made stamped on the can by my factory inspector. I ship my pigment—which is white lead, zinc, drier, and coloring matter freshly ground and mixed after the order is received—in separate cans—and in other cans I ship my OILO,—which is pure, old process linseed oil—the kind you used to buy years ago before the paint manufacturers, to cheapen the cost of paint, worked in adulterations.

My Paint is made to order fresh for each individual order after the order is received. In ordering your paint made to order by me, you do away with the probability of getting stale ready-mixed paint that has settled on the dealers' shelves.

You avoid getting a paint that has half the life eaten out of it—that has half of its value gone through the chemical action of the mineral pigment upon the oil while standing in the cans.

I make the most liberal offer for you to test

O. L. Chase
Made=to=Order Paint

I sell my Paint direct from my factory to users, at my very low factory price. You pay no dealers' or middlemen's profits, and I pay the freight on six gallons or over.

And in addition to this my Paint is so good that I make this wonderfully fair test offer:

When you receive your shipment of paint—all freight prepaid—you can use two full gallons—which will cover 600 square feet in two coats.

If, after using that much of my paint you are not perfectly satisfied with it, you can return the remainder of the order to me, and the two gallons you have used will not cost you one penny.

Now, no other Paint manufacturer has ever made such a liberal offer.

It's because I make the finest paint, put up in the best way, that I can make this offer.

And I go even further:

I sell all my paint on 6 months' time if desired. This gives you an opportunity to paint your buildings when they need it, and pay for the paint at your convenience.

8 YEARS GUARANTEE

Back of My Paint Stands My 8 Year Officially Signed, Iron-Clad Guarantee

This is the longest and most liberal guarantee ever put on a paint, and I can give an eight year guarantee on my paint solely because the full life of the paint goes on your buildings—It's fresh when you get it—no life is lost in the paint cans on the dealers' shelves. I deliver to you the full life of the Paint and I guarantee it for 8 years.

MY $50,000 BOND

My 8 Year Guarantee is Backed by a $50,000 Bond

I would like to be your individual Paint maker, making your paint to your order. I will take all the risk—pay all the freight and satisfy you or let you return the unused portion of paint at my expense. I want to give you full particulars regarding my plan of manufacturing and selling paint.

I want to send you, free, a copy of the most elaborate Paint Book ever issued by any Paint manufacturer, "My Fresh Paint Book."

This book gives more information on the question of good paint—how it's made and how it's sold—and answers more questions on the subject of paint than any book ever published.

It also contains extra large, fancy, color samples of paint in all colors. You should get this book at once, no matter where you think of buying paint. To get it, free, fill out the coupon given below and mail it to me at once—I will do the rest.

O. L. Chase

The Paint Man,

719 S. Olive Street,
St. Louis, Mo.

NOTICE ***To those who already have my Paint Book and are in correspondence with me:***

Owing to the immense volume of mail received by me last fall, my Correspondence Department was slightly behind in their work, and I take this way of notifying you that with my increased factory facilities I am now caught up with my orders and am manufacturing and shipping paint promptly to every one. Send in your order at once and it will have immediate attention. I guarantee prompt shipment on all orders for spring paint. O. L. Chase

Cut along this line, fill in your name and address and mail to me NOW

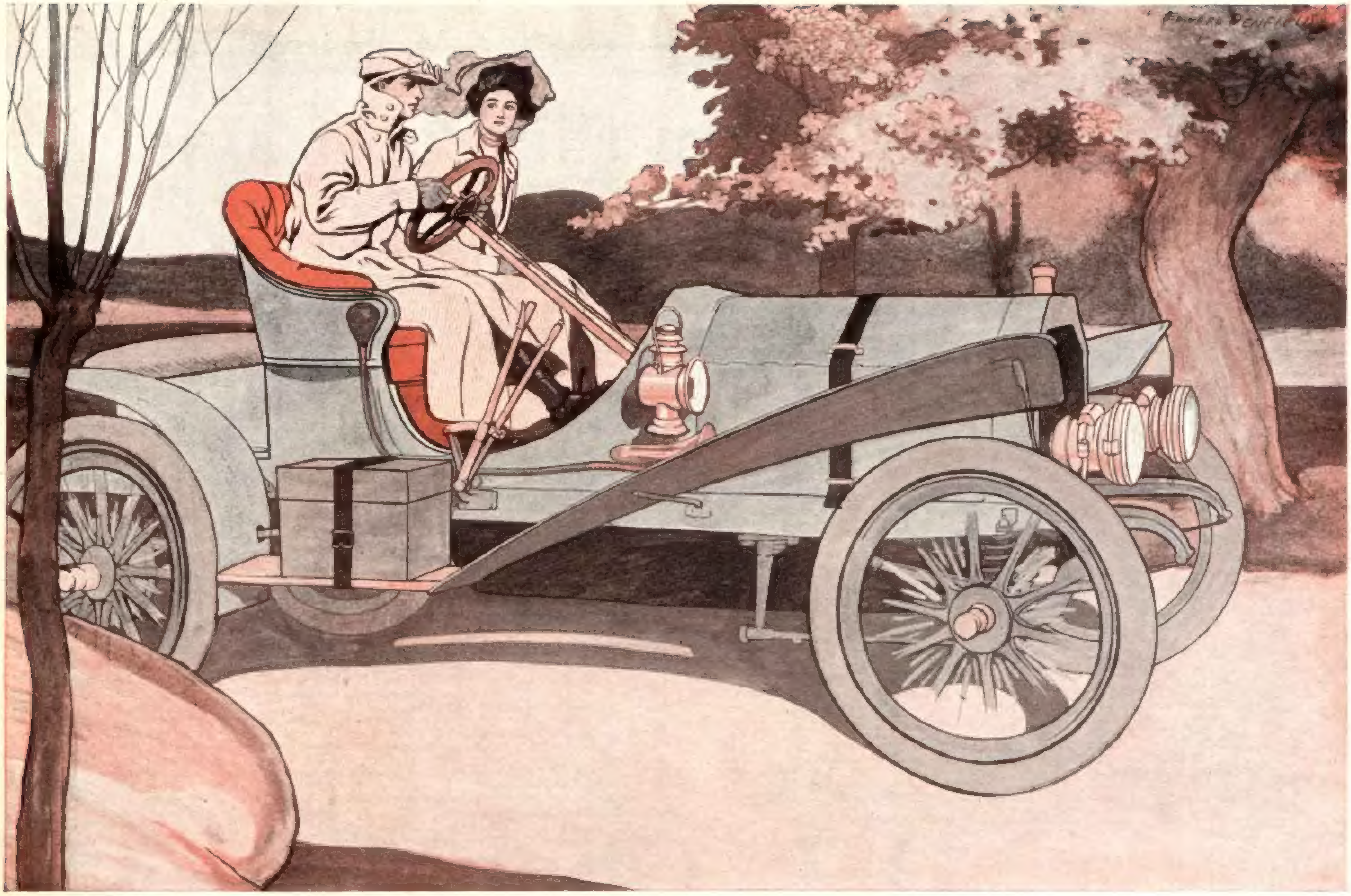
COUPON
No. 2

O. L. Chase,
The Paint Man,
St. Louis, Mo.

Without placing myself under any obligations to you, I request that you send me your Fresh Paint Book containing color samples, also your instruction book, "This Little Book Tells How to Paint." I expect to have some painting to do about ____________________, and want to post myself on your method of making paint to order before buying.

Name ____

Address ____



YOUR BEST ENTERTAINER—the

OLDSMOBILE

City or country, hill or level—all roads are alike. Life is one grand holiday when you drive a Gentleman's Roadster.

This machine is a runabout edition of the Oldsmobile Palace Touring Car, Model S. Its price $2250. It is equipped with 26 to 28 horse power, four-cylinder, water-cooled motor located under hood. Here are four practical reasons why the Oldsmobile Four-cylinder car gives complete satisfaction:

It requires the smallest money investment of any car of anything like equal capacity.

It has speed and power (26 to 28 h. p.) in excess of all requirements.

Style of the most approved form.

Simplicity of parts, united with high-grade, fully tested material and skilled workmanship, giving it uniform dependability.

Our Model S booklet giving further reasons and facts, telling why this is the representative American car—the product of brains appealing to brains—sent on request.

Member of Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

OLDS MOTOR WORKS

Lansing, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian trade supplied from Canadian Factory, Packard Electric Co., Ltd., St. Catherines, Ont.

CATALOG COUPON

Kindly send me information regarding cars checked. I am interested.

Model B ....
Model S ....
Model L ....
Delivery Cars ....
Passenger Traffic Cars ....
9 May

Name ....

Address ....

SPECIAL COUPON

We will send one of our handsome Art Calendars to every Oldsmobile owner. Fill out the following and mail at once. *9 May*

Car Number ....
Model ....

When and from whom purchased ....

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Present Owner ....

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MOTOR TALK COUPON

Enclosed find 25 cents, for which have MOTOR TALK, *a magazine devoted to automobiling, sent to me for 1 year.*
9 May

Name ....

Address ....